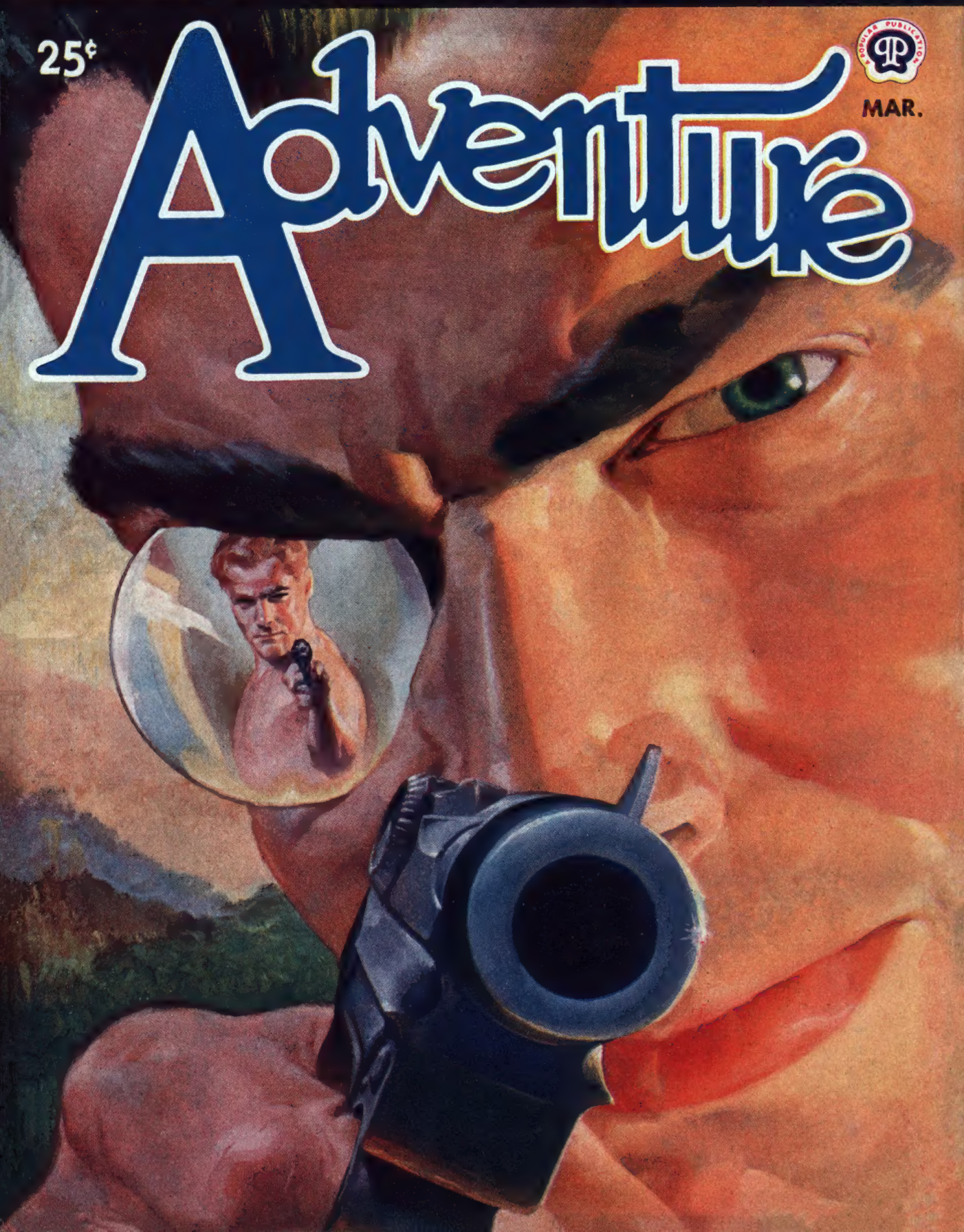
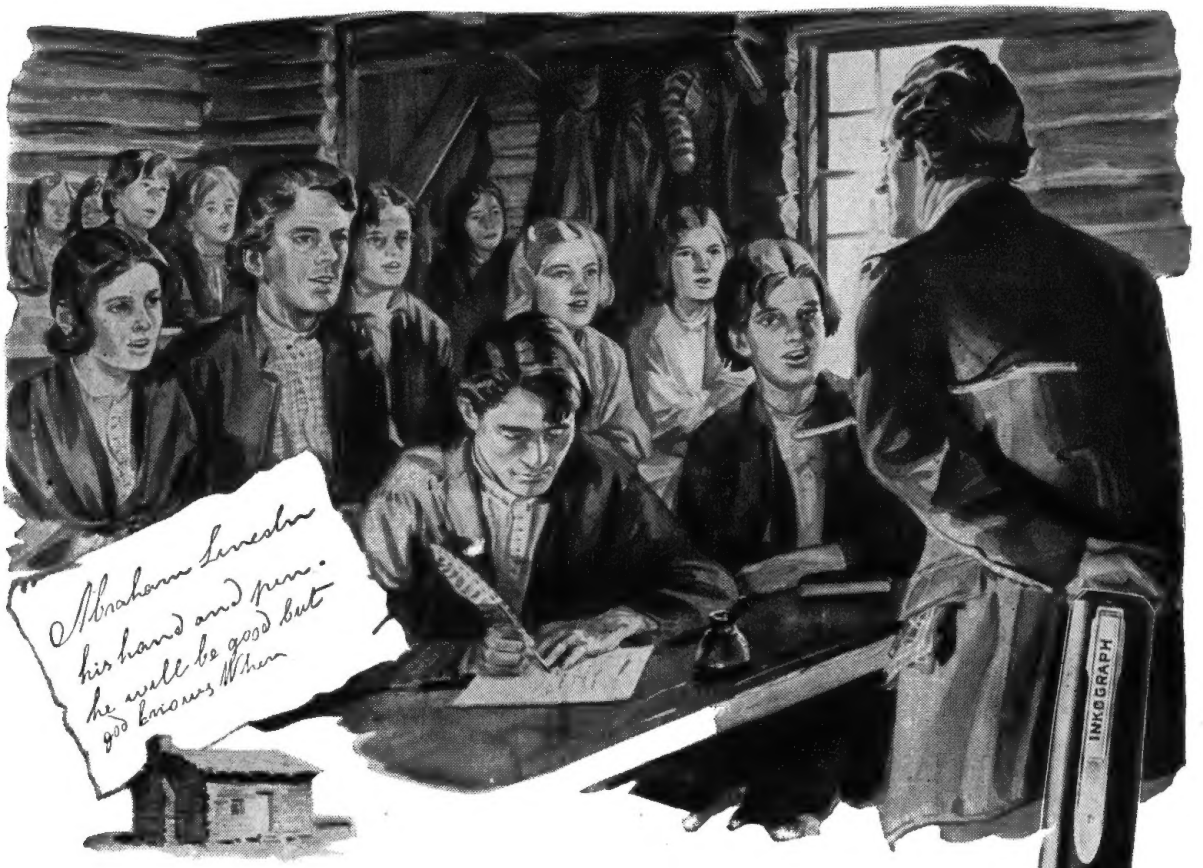
CLEARED FOR ACTION by R.W. DALY





Young Abe larned pen writin'...

In old Kaintuck, the log-cabin "blab school" mentor with faith in "lickin' and larnin' "... taught young Abe his a-b's and the rudiments of pen writin'.

With turkey buzzard quills and ink of the wild brier root or home-boiled sumac berries and oakbark, the boy did easy lines from the copy books. A few years later he penned long passages from Plato. As a young man, he served as a scribe for unlettered folk, wrote notes for neighbors to kin back in the mountains or the East.

Called by his country and destiny to the Presidency, his hand wrote documents that still live... the Gettysburg Address, the Emancipation Proclamation, the letter to Mrs. Bixby, in which the heart not of a man, but of a nation, consoles a mother for five sons dead.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN knew only crude writing aids... sharp quills, iron pens. Today statesman and schoolboy alike have an infinitely finer implement—the Inkograph...built with precision, smooth flowing, fast acting, with its 14kt. solid gold ball-like point that writes with the ease of a soft lead pencil. Costing little, it has the appearance and workmanship associated with pens of higher prices.

At leading dealers. Inkograph on barrel and clip marks the genuine.

• • •

Exclusive features...

Suits any hand or style of writing...Writes smoothly on any quality paper...Withstands child's roughest usage... Unequalled for clear carbon copies with original in ink. Point won't bend or spread...Does lettering and ruling without smudge or blot...Gives years of unfailing service...Fully guaranteed.

INK-O-GRAPH $2

Inkograph Co., Inc., 200 Hudson St., N. Y. C. 13

DICK WON ALL AROUND WHEN...

AFTER GUARDING HIS HORSE ALL NIGHT, DICK O'NEIL, EX-MARINE AND OWNER OF "IWO JIMA", LONG SHOT, OVERHEARS SUSPICIOUS CONVERSATION ON MORNING OF BIG RACE

I'M GOING TO HIRE A NEW TRAINER, MR. O'NEIL. ANY CHANCE YOU'D CARE TO TALK BUSINESS TONIGHT?
SOUNDS GOOD TO ME, MR. HILL
I LIKE HIS LOOKS
3

TO GET SMOOTH, GOOD-LOOKING SHAVES WITH SPEED AND COMFORT, TRY THIN GILLETTE BLADES. THEY'RE KEEN, LONG-LASTING AND FIT YOUR GILLETTE RAZOR PRECISELY. THUS THEY PROTECT YOUR FACE FROM THE IRRITATING EFFECT OF MISFIT BLADES. ASK FOR THIN GILLETTES
THIN
Gillette
BLADES
4 for 10¢

◆ ◆ ◆ THE APRIL ISSUE WILL

Adventure
(Registered U. S. Patent Office)

Vol. 114, No. 5 for March, 1946 Best of New Stories

THE NOVELETTE

Jonah-Lucky.....JOHN SCOTT DOUGLAS 50

The *Kingfisher* had run into a school of fifty-pounders off Isla Fernandina—two-pole fish that were as good as money in the bank. Bait-tanks were full, the weather perfect and it looked like a bonanza cargo cannery-bound for sure. There was only one fly in the ointment—the human equation that wouldn't equate in the person of the unluckiest mate on any San Diego clipper afloat. Plus the most superstitious crew that ever baited up at the lookout's yell: "Tuna off the starboard quarter!"

SHORT STORIES

O'Brien and Obrenov.....PHILIP JOSÉ FARMER 38

It was a tough break for both that their respective commands had to share the thankless task of guarding the same occupied German town. And their joint misfortune that Schutzmiller, that arch-Nazi, had to go and get himself captured exactly where their zones of authority joined. If they hadn't been drinking-brothers-under-the-skin—though one had been nursed on vodka and the other on Kentucky corn—the battle might have gone to Schutzmiller or Goethe after all, instead of winding up as it did in such an explosion of complete international amity.

The Buck-Baiting of Charley Hoe Handle..... JIM KJELGAARD 66

Horse Jenkins was without doubt one of the most hard-boiled wardens what ever hauled a poacher out of the cutover but that wily Injun sure had him stymied. It was bad enough for Charley to shoot bucks out of season but for him to cozen Horse into helping him tote his kill home was more than Jenkins could swallow.

The Lieutenant Follows His Nose.....DONALD BARR CHIDSEY 70

It was really an abomination, that Embargo Act of Mr. Jefferson. Now it became necessary for a man to smuggle *out* as well as *in* if he wanted to make a living, dodge not only foreign warships but also his own country's revenue cutters. It was all very confusing to Martin Palmer, who couldn't keep his politics straight and only wanted to ply his pilot trade. But not half as confusing as it was to Lieutenant Wallace of the Coast Guard whose nose was as off course as his cutter that foggy night beyond the Connecticut shoals.

Ballots and Blue-Mountain Dew.....NARD JONES 80

Whether it comes in jugs or old used bottles or just plain fruit jars with screw tops hard liquor out of the Blue Mountains of Umatilla County, Oregon packs authority. Take the time, for instance, Weston elected a

Published once a month by Popular Publications, Inc., 2256 Grove Street, Chicago 16, Illinois. Editorial and executive offices, 205 East Forty-second Street, New York City 17, N. Y. Henry Steeger, President and Secretary, Harold S. Goldsmith, Vice-President and Treasurer. Entered as Second Class Matter, October 2, 1935, at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under the act of March 3, 1879. Yearly subscription $2.50, two years $4.50, three years $6.50 in advance in the United States, its possessions and all countries that are members of the Pan-American Postal Union. $1.00 additional for all other foreign countries. Single copy, 25 cents. Subscription Dept., 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. Trade Mark Registered. Copyright, 1946, by Popular Publications, Inc. All rights reserved under Pan-American Copyright Convention. Printed in U. S. A.

wet mayor on a dry ticket and every teetotaler in town got crocked at the polls and you'll see why we say other brands of moonshine are just mother's milk by comparison!

SERIALS

Cleared for Action (1st of 2 parts).....R. W. DALY 10

John Bull and Boney were at each other's throats and every French ship from the Mediterranean to the Caribbean was fair game for any craft that flew the White Ensign. Farmery Gosselyn, R. N.—captain in spite of himself of His Majesty's thirty-two-gun frigate *Warwick*—was completely uncertain about his qualifications for being a naval hero. He suspected strongly it had been as much of a mistake on the Admiralty's part to give him command as it had been to deprive his friend Pamplin of it. But if that's the way the lords of the blue wanted things, who was he to quibble! There was the Frenchman, *L'Espoir,* ready to give battle, and in a minute he'd know just how much Nelson-blood he had in his veins.

Chains for Columbus (conclusion).....ALFRED POWERS 100

Still wearing the Great Admiral's fetters, Francisco Perez staggers out of the jungle to encounter civilization for the first time in all those weary years. And there, in the sprawling New World city of Santo Domingo, countering the suspicion and treachery he meets with the vast treasure at his disposal, he finally learns of Columbus' death and makes his plans to return the chains to their first wearer.

FACT STORIES

My Beat Is the North Pole.....HENRY ASBJORN LARSEN 88

As told to Al Williamson

Only three times in history has a ship sailed from coast to coast around the top of the North American continent. Roald Amundsen did it from east to west at the beginning of the century. Sergeant Larsen, on his famous RCMP patrol, made a round trip of it. This is the account of his fabulous two-way Northwest Passage.

Freshwater Mystery.....R. A. EMBERG 126

Ships that pass in the night, never to be heard from again—schooner *Celeste,* collier *Cyclops,* Flying Dutchmen all, contribute to the mystery annals of the sea. But no saltwater vanishing is stranger than the loss of the *Père Marquette Eighteen* that foundered in Lake Michigan in 1910. Her disappearance has never been explained.

VERSE

Death of an Old-Timer.....FRANCES GALWEY 87

This tale is told at every bar from Lourenço Marques to Zanzibar. How Poop Deck Pappy, though he was dead, heard the bosun's order, "Heave ahead!"

Of Heroes.....NORMAN H. SOKOLOW 97

You've got you a hero yen? Listen! I'll tell you of men.
But it ain't no bedtime story—

DEPARTMENTS

The Camp-Fire..... Where readers, writers and adventurers meet 6

Ask Adventure..... Information you can't get elsewhere 128

Ask Adventure Experts..... The men who furnish it 136

Lost Trails..... Where old paths cross 142

The Trail Ahead..... News of next month's issue 141

Cover painted for Adventure by Griffith Foxley

Kenneth S. White, Editor

THE CAMP-FIRE

Where Readers, Writers and Adventurers Meet

IT'S a sea-going issue this month so we've transferred the fire to the foc'sle stove, hung the oilskins up to drip dry and told cooky to keep the coffee hot-and-coming for a mug-up. Shove over and give R. W. Daly bunk room so he can sit and say a few words about "Cleared for Action." The author of the new two-part yarn that gets under way on page 10 hasn't been with us since the last of his Peter Dickoe stories appeared back in May '41. These, you will recall, were later collected in book form under the title "Soldier of the Sea."

Mr. Daly says—

There wasn't much research possible for writing "Cleared for Action," since I was at sea at the time, and a patrol frigate doesn't carry many books. The climax of the story is a fictionalized version of Sir Edward Hamilton's seizure of the Spanish 44-gun frigate *Hermione* in the autumn of 1799. The *Hermione* was in Puerto Cabello. Hamilton was ordered by Sir Hyde Parker to take her. She did have a large treasure aboard. Indeed, she was sold for something like two hundred thousand pounds, and Captain Hamilton became the hero of England. The deed is something of a classic in the Royal Navy.

During dull watches in CIC, aided by radarmen Curtis and DuMont, I doodled away an hour or two each day on the manuscript, and kept my eyes open during topside watches for anything that could go into a story. With Hamilton's action as the mainspring, I merely built a foundation, and by the end of an otherwise uneventful trip had the yarn completed.

We never touched Puerto Cabello, but there were chart portfolios, Coast Pilots, and all the navigational data a writer could hope for, readily available.

As for myself, I joined the Coast Guard Reserve as an Ensign shortly before the war, and am now on terminal leave as a Lieutenant-Commander. The government paid a lot of money to transport me on useless assignments on the *U. S. S. Poughkeepsie*, and I really have nothing to tell my little girl should she ever ask, "Daddy, what did you do in the Great War?"

JOHN SCOTT DOUGLAS, whom we asked for some material for this department to accompany "Jonah-Lucky," answered—

It's a far cry from the tuna grounds to the place I've been recently. Your letter was awaiting me upon my return from a five-day camping trip spent prowling around the Borego Desert, north of the Mexican border. December is a quaint time for a vacation, but I couldn't get away earlier, and as it turned out the weather was so mild that I didn't bother to pitch my tent. My sleeping bag lay beside a stream flowing from Palm Canyon, so known because the stream is lined by native California palms. It was through this valley that De-

(Continued on page 8)

LIGHTER MOMENTS

with fresh Dated Eveready Batteries

ONLY A MEMORY now—the days when you had to take "second choice" flashlight batteries—or none!

For "Eveready" Batteries are back! You can buy them. Ask for them at your dealer's.

The more *important* your flashlight is to you, the *more* this news will mean. For the world's largest-selling flashlight battery has never had an equal.

"Souvenir or no souvenir—you leave that here!"

Fresh DATED BATTERIES Last Longer
Look for the date line

EVEREADY
TRADE-MARK

The word "Eveready" is a registered trade-mark of National Carbon Company, Inc.

(Continued from page 6)

Anza led the party of 260 people who founded San Francisco, and it is filled with interesting spots, including aptly-named Hell Hole Canyon, a fascinating gorge which starts with cactus and mesquite and after considerable rough clambering over boulders and past brawling rapids brings you in the end, believe it or no, to a waterfall surrounded by such temperamental opposites as native palms and maidenhair ferns.

Regarding "Jonah-Lucky"—during the ten years I lived in San Diego, the home port of nine-tenths of the tuna fleet, I was often aboard the small boats known as "tuna clippers." I talked with tuna fishermen and captains, and I also became acquainted with the tuna-cannery officials and others associated with the industry. Over the years I became familiar with tuna boats, with the adventurous nature of the fishermen's lives, and heard many stories of narrow escapes from sharks, manta rays, swordfish, reefs, and from the hurricanelike storms known as *chubascos*. Too, there were other stories with tragic endings.

It is difficult to write of tuna fishing without dealing in superlatives. The tuna boat itself is utterly unique in design, with a large square bait-tank at the stern of smaller boats and two or three bait-tanks on the larger boats. Liquid in motion in these tanks, as well as in the Diesel-oil tanks and the ammonia-brine-coil fish wells 'midships, create a tremendous inertia in storms that's hard to control, and explains why many a tuna boat has turned turtle.

Large as fishing boats go, tuna boats are small compared with ocean-going ships, yet they regularly take catches as far as 700 miles off the Mexican and Central American coast, off Cocos and the Galapagos Islands, and from as far south as Peruvian coastal waters. Exploratory cruises have even taken tuna boats to Philippine seas, and the Marquesas Islands of the South Seas. Farther, you may gather, than boats engaged exclusively in fishing have ever sailed before for their catches. Some tuna boats can even sail 15,000 miles without refueling.

Superlatives are likewise needed to describe the lusty and colorful breed of men engaged in tuna fishing. They're the plutocrats among fishermen, for one thing, unhandicapped by closed seasons and unwilling to be stopped by weather. With some tuna boats capable of returning from a good cruise with as much as four hundred or more tons of tuna, and roughly 45% of the profits going to the eight or more men in the crew, and often the remainder as well to the same men if they own the shares in their own boat, you wonder why everyone doesn't turn tuna fisherman for a few years and retire.

The reasons are easily found. Physically, a man must be as rugged as a professional pugilist. Eight-man fishing crews have landed as much as thirty or forty tons of tuna in a single hour. Brother, that's work! Moreover, the risks are steep. Tuna fishermen are lost overboard in *chubascos*, have to abandon sinking boats in small skiffs or cling to nearly submerged boats in the hope of rescue, are usually quickly surrounded by sharks when they begin fishing and may lose an arm or a leg if they're pulled overboard, and sometimes, as in the case of the *Belle Isle*, a boat disappears without trace and the fate of her crew forever remains a mystery. All this adds up to a highly adventurous life, but not to one which makes a good insurance risk.

Before writing "Jonah-Lucky" I returned to San Diego to brush up on old contacts and to learn whether war had changed the picture. On the whole, it had not. The tendency toward larger boats with greater fuel, bait and fish capacity has continued until some newer boats are within a few inches of the 150-foot length which would change their classification. High wooden construction costs almost reached a par with steel construction so that some of the later boats have steel hulls. Nearly all new boats have brine-coil tanks, and older boats are reconverting to brine coils to eliminate the space in the fish wells once consumed by ice.

One of the most interesting points to me was the part tuna boats and tuna men played in the war. The Navy recognized that these boats had longer range and greater refrigeration space than other boats of comparable size, and enlisted the boats over a hundred feet in length, often with their original crews, for convoy duty and then for carrying high-octane gas and perishables such as meat and fresh vegetables to our forces on such hot corners as Midway and Guadalcanal. Known as Navy YP-boats, bearing numbers rather than names, they were soon called "Yippee boats." The record of the small Yippee boats in the war was a distinguished one that tuna captains, engineers, and fishermen now returned to civilian life can look back upon with a justifiable feeling of pride.

CORPORAL NORMAN H. SOKOLOW, USMCR, whose ballad "Of Heroes" appears on page 97, writes briefly from China, where he is currently stationed, to introduce himself on joining our Writers' Brigade. He says—

I am a graduate of the University of California at Los Angeles and was starting Law at Southern California when the war broke out. After a siege of pneumonia, I jumped from 4-F to the Marine Corps. I've served at Pearl Harbor, Eniwetok, Saipan, Okinawa, and now Tientsin, China. My duties have ranged considerably. For instance, on Okinawa, during a shortage of lumber for camp construction, I would venture into the woods to chop down pines,

(Continued on page 138)

YOU LEARN WHILE YOU EARN

There's rhyme and there's reason in that statement of I. C. S. advantages to you. The courses of these famous schools are especially designed for study in your spare time. At work you prove and apply what you learn. This system is backed up by 54 years of I. C. S. experience in training men in virtually every industrial and business field. It works so well that analysis shows about 99% of today's 100,000 active I. C. S. students are holding down jobs while they study. Many of the men now filling top positions in commerce and industry obtained their business or technical training from I. C. S. in just that way. What they achieved in *their* spare time, you can do in *yours*. Start *now*—as they did—by mailing this coupon:

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

ICS

BOX 3277-V, SCRANTON 9, PENNA.

Without cost or obligation, please send me full particulars about the course *before* which I have marked X:

Air Conditioning and Plumbing Courses
- ☐ Air Conditioning
- ☐ Heating ☐ Plumbing
- ☐ Refrigeration ☐ Steam Fitting

Chemistry Courses
- ☐ Chemical Engineering
- ☐ Chemistry, Analytical
- ☐ Chemistry, Industrial
- ☐ Chemistry, Mfg. Iron & Steel
- ☐ Petroleum Refining ☐ Plastics
- ☐ Pulp and Paper Making

Civil Engineering, Architectural and Mining Courses
- ☐ Architectural Drafting
- ☐ Architecture
- ☐ Bridge and Building Foreman
- ☐ Building Estimating
- ☐ Civil Engineering
- ☐ Coal Mining
- ☐ Contracting and Building
- ☐ Highway Engineering
- ☐ Lumber Dealer
- ☐ Reading Structural Blueprints
- ☐ Sanitary Engineering
- ☐ Structural Drafting
- ☐ Structural Engineering
- ☐ Surveying and Mapping

Communications Courses
- ☐ Electronics
- ☐ Practical Telephony
- ☐ Radio, General
- ☐ Radio Operating
- ☐ Radio Servicing
- ☐ Telegraph Engineering

Electrical Courses
- ☐ Electrical Drafting
- ☐ Electrical Engineering
- ☐ Electric Light and Power
- ☐ Lighting Technician
- ☐ Practical Electrician

Internal Combustion Engines Courses
- ☐ Auto Technician ☐ Aviation
- ☐ Diesel-Electric
- ☐ Diesel Engines ☐ Gas Engines

Mechanical Courses
- ☐ Aeronautical Engineering
- ☐ Aircraft Drafting
- ☐ Flight Engineer
- ☐ Foundry Work
- ☐ Heat Treatment of Metals
- ☐ Industrial Engineering
- ☐ Industrial Metallurgy
- ☐ Machine Shop
- ☐ Mechanical Drafting
- ☐ Mechanical Engineering
- ☐ Mold-Loft Work
- ☐ Patternmaking—Wood, Metal
- ☐ Reading Shop Blueprints
- ☐ Sheet-Metal Drafting
- ☐ Sheet-Metal Worker
- ☐ Ship Drafting ☐ Ship Fitting
- ☐ Tool Designing
- ☐ Toolmaking
- ☐ Welding—Gas and Electric

Railroad Courses
- ☐ Air Brake ☐ Car Inspector
- ☐ Diesel Locomotive
- ☐ Locomotive Engineer
- ☐ Locomotive Fireman
- ☐ Railroad Section Foreman

Steam Engineering Courses
- ☐ Boilermaking
- ☐ Combustion Engineering
- ☐ Engine Running
- ☐ Marine Engineering
- ☐ Steam Electric ☐ Steam Engines

Textile Courses
- ☐ Cotton Manufacturing
- ☐ Rayon Weaving
- ☐ Textile Designing
- ☐ Woolen Manufacturing

Business and Academic Courses
- ☐ Accounting ☐ Advertising
- ☐ Arithmetic ☐ Bookkeeping
- ☐ Business Correspondence
- ☐ Business Management
- ☐ Certified Public Accounting
- ☐ Commercial
- ☐ Cost Accounting
- ☐ Federal Tax
- ☐ First Year College
- ☐ Foremanship ☐ French
- ☐ Good English ☐ High School
- ☐ Higher Mathematics
- ☐ Illustrating ☐ Motor Traffic
- ☐ Postal Service
- ☐ Salesmanship ☐ Secretarial
- ☐ Sign Lettering
- ☐ Spanish ☐ Stenography
- ☐ Traffic Management

Name..... *Age*..... *Home Address*.....

City..... *State*..... *Present Position*..... *Working Hours*..... *A.M. to*..... *P.M.*

Canadian residents send coupon to International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Ltd., Montreal, Canada.
British residents send coupon to I. C. S., 71 Kingsway, London, W. C. 2, England.

A DISCOUNT TO DISCHARGED VETERANS—SPECIAL TUITION RATES FOR MEMBERS OF THE ARMED FORCES

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON GRANT

CLEARED FOR ACTION

By
R. W. DALY

HE ESTIMATED the Frenchman's strength with the knowledge born of long anticipation. "She's a thirty-eight at least," he said to his chief gunner. "Probably twenty-four pounders."

Gunner Harrison was sanguine. "Thirty-eight or fifty, sir, we'll have her by sunset."

Lieutenant Gosselyn nodded absently, glancing back to the quarterdeck where Captain Pamplin calmly went through the mechanics of bringing a thirty-two-gun frigate into action. After five years in the Mediterranean, this encounter with a Frenchman in the Bay of Biscay could either be a providential answer to prayer or a disaster, for in those five years little glory had come to rest in the *Warwick's* commission pennant. Glory was not to be won in the carrying of dispatches or the suppression of enemy privateers, and that was all that the past five years had afforded. Now, on her way back to Portsmouth to pay off, perhaps the guiding deity of the Royal Navy had arranged to give the *Warwick's* men something to talk about aside from the ways of Mediterranean women.

No doubt completely skeptical of the benevo-

lent God Who carried the luck of English sailors in hand, the Frenchman determinedly used the advantages of weather to bear down upon the *Warwick*. In that year, 1798, there were Frenchmen who were unwilling to accept the fact of English superiority on the high seas. Their attitude made for both quick promotion and fortunes in the Royal Navy, though the time would come, in the days of Buonaparte, when French ships would quit their ports only in great numbers to concert a great plan, leaving the British to hold the oceans in fief.

Watching the French frigate brace her yards in order to approach them as quickly as possible, Harrison said, "'Twill be a sin to sink such a lovely ship, sir."

Gosselyn was thinking of other things, though as a seaman he could heartily agree with the sentiment. He was thinking about Gosselyn Manor, in Sussex, and his brother, Sir Edwin, and his thoughts were not serene.

Harrison looked at him carefully, puzzled by his silence. In the years that Gosselyn had been first lieutenant of the *Warwick*, Harrison had learned almost to worship the slight, blond officer, whose gentle appearance and manner cloaked a physique and spirit hewn from English yew. The lad had knowledge of men and ships and the ways of the sea; he was a good officer and would make a good captain, when he was posted. Harrison hoped that the fatiguing years of Mediterranean duty hadn't made him fearful of a mere French thirty-eight.

"They know how to build," the gunner remarked loudly.

Gosselyn started, then smiled, aware of Harrison's anxiety. "That they do," he replied, "and they know how to fight, too. Mind your gun laying, now." He estimated the range, and turned to go below to his battle station in command of the main battery; it was time to prepare the crews to bring down a tricolor.

"Good luck, sir," Harrison called after him.

Echoing the sentiment, Gosselyn went down the ladder to the gun deck. The partitions had been knocked apart and struck into the hold, so that the gun deck had become an open gallery from stem to stern, with only sturdy deck stanchions in the way of the great guns. Approvingly, he noted the readiness of each eighteen-pounder; years of drill and action had moulded the crews into intelligent machines, designed to serve the guns with a minimum of wasted strength.

His junior in charge of the starboard battery came up to report that all was correct. Gosselyn was unable to disagree, and went along the row of thirteen grim, black cannon, only to remind his men of his presence and authority. He distributed words of praise where praise had the best effect and words of blame where a gun captain expected them.

BACK by the groaning mizzenmast, his tour was interrupted by the muffled, distant boom of a gun. Pulling out his watch, he noted the time; the battle had officially begun, even though he was well aware that the shot had been fired merely to scale the range. Later, when the dispatch had to be written about the engagement, he would have to supply details to Captain Pamplin, verifying and correcting the account, so that it would make sound sense to the Lords of the Admiralty, who either had never known the rough pitching of a man-of-war in a seaway, or had long forgotten the slatting flap of canvas sighing for a breeze.

"He's in a bit of a hurry to get this over with," Lieutenant Whitby remarked soberly.

"Who isn't?" Gosselyn asked calmly. The men who heard his rejoinder laughed appreciatively. It would make a good yarn in the tavern years to come, for the man who didn't want to get speedily away from the flying of round shot was either dead or stupid.

Feet pounded on the deck overhead as Captain Pamplin tacked away from the enemy. Though it might have seemed cowardly, Gosselyn both understood and appreciated the maneuver. When opportunity offered, Pamplin could let fly his engaged broadside, then quickly come about to discharge the lee, and possibly gain the weather, by passing astern of his opponent. The Frenchman would turn, too, but in that simple maneuver, seamanship would reward her most devoted follower, and no one was more fond of seamanship than Captain Pamplin.

Gosselyn went to a gunport. It was time for thirty-eight to begin firing; by English standards, she would open at great range. French tactics were intended to cripple ships by smashing their sailing gear, thus depriving them of that freedom of motion which was life and death in war. English tactics were found in the hearts of her officers, rather than in lengthy, reasoned treatises. No English captain spoke of the art of fighting a battle; he merely fought. The one task of Royal Naval commanders was to kill as many of the enemy as possible, on the assumption that dead men cannot handle ships or work ordnance.

The Frenchman bore two points abaft the *Warwick's* starboard beam. As Gosselyn watched, her port side flamed irregularly, and with a taut stomach, he waited for the broadside to strike. Anxiously, he forced himself to nod reassuringly to the gunners about him. The range was a thousand yards and the time of flight an eternity. Finally, he heard splashes to port, and knew that the French thirty-eight was expert in the trade of gunnery; her captain had crossed his target, and could commence continuous broadside fire.

Realizing that the order to return the compliment would be trumpeted by Captain Pamplin only when that doughty gentleman believed that muzzle blast would set the Frenchman ablaze, Gosselyn gave his lieutenants the task of checking the guns for minute criticism, so that the crews would be diverted from the unsettling business of being shot at with restraint placed upon answering. Any conversation was happier than silence; Captain Pamplin did not hold with the theory that men going to death should have nothing to say. When he wanted to pass a command, his voice was more than a match for the chatterboxes of the *Warwick*.

Gosselyn permitted himself the luxury of wondering what his brother, Sir Edwin, would do and say in this situation. Sir Edwin had been ready enough to praise the Navy as the place for a destitute youngster to find a substitute for the wealth which custom had bestowed on Edwin for having arrived at Gosselyn Manor as the first born. Sir Edwin had even vowed that he envied a lad who had a chance for glory and the gratitude of the nation, instead of being plagued by the tedious duties of a country squire. Sir Edwin had seemed quite sincere, as he could well afford to be, inasmuch as he had little of the martial in him other than conversation, and no cause

RESTRICTED
TO GOVERNMENT AGENCIES FOR 3 LONG YEARS

AVAILABLE AGAIN!
STAR
DOUBLE EDGE BLADES
MAKE YOUR DOUBLE EDGE RAZOR PERFORM MIRACLES

MADE BY THE
6NX
PROCESS

Here's the blade that brought about a revolution in double edge shaving . . . a *revelation* in keenness, smoothness —longer life! Try Star today.
Star Division, American Safety Razor Corporation, Brooklyn, N. Y.

to desert his ease for the sake of the nation.

Having been unable, when scarcely out of his crib, to argue against his brother's glowing patriotism, Gosselyn had found, too late, that his career was neither as glamorous nor as lucrative as Sir Edwin had predicted. If he could, he would gladly have exchanged burdens. Familiarity with death had not bred contempt in him. Far from it. Every time he viewed the casualties of battle, he found himself no braver than he had been as a midshipman. There was something about the violence that spilled men's blood, which was ever fresh with horror and revulsion. The baronet, snug in his rents and title, could easily prate to a youngster about creating his own estate out of prize money; he would never know the cost of getting such an estate.

Gosselyn stared at the enemy. Captain Pamplin had not squared yards to run, but slowly came back to the wind, so that range closed more rapidly, lessening the time his guns would be quiet.

The young lieutenant, steeling himself against the almost endless roar of the French guns, watched their muzzles grow, trying not to interpret the cries and thumps and crashes which resounded through the overhead. The range drifted to little more than pistol shot. Gunners methodically shifted quoins to depress barrels to aim at the waterline.

"Fire!" shouted Captain Pamplin.

The *Warwick's* battery exploded as one gun, and the impact drove her sideways to port. Carriages bounded back into tackle, strained lines for a second, and eased as the *Warwick* rolled a strake or two further under the water. The squat ship recovered and the guns slid forward a bit, before the crews manhandled them away from the ports to worm, sponge and reload them.

HEAD singing with the crash of the guns, Gosselyn squinted through the wispy, acrid smoke at the enemy. His broadside had struck well. He could count each shot. None, at that distance, had missed.

The Frenchman began to pull rapidly ahead of the *Warwick's* beam, as Pamplin bore to port, risking his stern to the enemy's guns. He had skillfully chosen his moment. The Frenchman's fangs were drawn for two minutes at the least. Two minutes was ample time for the *Warwick* to swing her stout stern halfway about, and to fire her port battery as it bore. And for the time that the Frenchman blanketed the *Warwick's* sails, the *Warwick* didn't have much need of the wind.

The evolution was the culmination of sound shiphandling, a seaman's eye, and the will to take a risk. It typified English superiority in its simplicity. The French captain was virtually helpless to prevent Pamplin from seizing the weather gage.

Gosselyn crossed the gun deck to the gunners who strained at their pieces to train the full forty degrees aft that the ports permitted. He noted with satisfaction that the thirty-eight was rounding to rather than veering, so that the range opened, while the enemy sought desperately to maintain the advantage of weather, the possession of which was inexorably, by natural forces, passing to his opponent.

The Frenchman should not have tried to retrieve his loss for in rounding to, his craft did not move much further away from the *Warwick's* battery, and the weather gage wasn't worth the increased slaughter afforded by the short range.

At precisely the most favorable moment, Captain Pamplin discharged his port guns. They had been slewed to train almost as a raking sight. English round shot tore through the Frenchman's counter, whereon the name *Audace* was tastefully lettered, and sowed death through the length of her gun deck before bounding into her bows. The screams of horribly mangled men rose above the fading reverberations of cannonfire.

Gosselyn felt his stomach muscles quiver. With little effort, he could imagine a similar salvo tearing through the *Warwick*, and he had to control an impulse to vomit. He heard himself hoarsely exhorting his men to load and fire, and was amazed that training could so order his outward self.

Tragically late, the French captain chose to veer instead of rounding to, and so kept his stern exposed for a second raking broadside from the *Warwick*. In that vacillation, he lost the fight, as well as the weather. The yards that Captain Pamplin gained by his opponent's indecision gave him the windward position with ease, and there, he controlled the struggle. If he chose to break off action, he could haul away; if he chose a fight to the death, he could bear down on his adversary. Captain Pamplin chose to bear down.

Sailing as close to the wind as he could, he drove the *Warwick* into the most favorable position for attack, temporarily breaking off the action as the range opened past that which he considered suitable to continue burning ammunition.

The two raking broadsides had brought the *Audace* to her knees. Her battery fired sporadically, at intervals of time indicative of a high proportion of casualties among her gun crews. Designers never intended to have their ships raked, or preferred not to think of such a happening.

Committed to a losing action, the French captain abandoned the classic laws of his country's tacticians, and directed his remaining gunners to maul the *Warwick's* hull, if only

for revenge. Being forced to close quarters, he wisely preferred to reduce the number of cutlass-bearing Britons who would vault his bulwarks and scour his decks. No longer did Lieutenant Farmery Gosselyn have to wonder about the effect of enemy shot; the evidence began to appear before his eyes.

He was walking along the line of blistered guns, encouraging his men, while waiting for Captain Pamplin to grapple from windward, when, nearby the foremast, a great crash boomed in the hollowness of the gun deck. A cloud of dust and splinters lunged across the ship. The gun deck was suddenly haunted by the raw sounds of men in agony.

Gosselyn ran to the scene.

A heavy shot had blasted through between the ports of four and six, and fully ten men rolled about the red deck, plucking blindly at stabbing bits of wood embedded in their flesh. Four men on the starboard side did not move at all. Gosselyn could see the murderous shot, half driven into the thick oak above number five, red soaking into smoothly-finished timber. As calmly as he could, he ordered the crews on the guns opposite to relieve their mangled comrades, and directed the survivors to take their wounded below to the surgeon.

To win, the *Warwick* could best afford hits below the main deck, where few men could be incapacitated by wounds, but the Frenchman was unwilling to aim for a target only three feet high, and continued to direct his fire at the main battery. Before Captain Pamplin could return his ship to action, she was hulled again and again.

With mounting damage, it seemed miraculous that any could escape injury, and Gosselyn wasn't among the number blessed by a miracle. A yard-long fragment of wood struck him thwartship across the chest and knocked him off his feet. He struggled against losing consciousness, but Nature had used that as a palliative against pain centuries before the discovery of anesthetics, and he went under her mantle.

HE woke to the sound of his guns. He was lying at the feet of Lieutenant Whitby, his head pillowed on Whitby's folded coat. His body felt as though he had dived into the sea from the skysails onto his stomach, parting his joints and crushing his nerves. Putting a hand to the deck, he managed to get to his feet, and fell against Whitby.

"Easy, there, me lad," Whitby said.

"I'm all right," Gosselyn replied manfully. "How do we stand?"

"The fellow hasn't brought down his colors yet," Whitby answered. "Quite determined."

Gosselyn glanced about his battle station. More than a score of his men lay prone, blending their blood with the paint on the deck. Four times as many wore bandages. He found it difficult to breathe. He thought his chest was caved in. "Any word about boarding?"

"None," said Whitby. "That chap over there complicates the affair." He pointed out of a stern gunport. Just within the horizon, and about three miles distant, another ship hastened to the engagement. She was larger than either of the combatants.

"I'm going topside," Gosselyn told his junior. "Take over."

Gravely, Whitby saluted.

On the quarterdeck, Captain Pamplin stood with his legs spread apart, studying the stranger. His career was closely bound with her identity. Bows on, he could only tell that she was a two-decker, probably a seventy-four, capable of dealing with both the *Warwick* and the *Audace* together, with a third frigate thrown in for good measure. He had no illusions about the effectiveness of his vessel against a line-of-battle ship. His profession didn't make a practice of encouraging illusions although some land-bound laymen naively thought that in blowing weather a frigate stood on equal terms with a two-decker, since a two-decker could not then open the ports of her first deck.

Silently, Gosselyn stood beside his captain,

He struggled against losing consciousness.

all but oblivious to the *Audace,* a hundred yards away.

At a mile and a half, the stranger unmasked her battery, and officers on both ships eagerly waited for her colors to stream from her gaff. By construction, she was French, yet that, in a half-century of intermittent war, meant nothing; a quarter of the Royal Navy had been built in the arsenals of Brest and Toulon.

"It's the tricolor, sir," Gosselyn murmured, as he made out the design of the brightly colored bunting. A cheer from the *Audace* confirmed his opinion.

Pamplin turned to him. "Wait until he fires, Mr. Gosselyn," he said in gentle reproof.

The first lieutenant of the *Warwick* flushed. He should have remembered that a man-of-war might fly any flag that suited her captain's

purpose up to the instant of discharging her guns, when the custom of nations demanded that her identity be absolutely unmistakable.

The stranger was genuinely French.

At twenty-five hundred yards, her second deck flashed, and sent shot toward the *Warwick*, and the tricolor was not replaced by another flag.

"Up with your helm!" Pamplin roared at the quartermasters.

Amazed, the seamen within earshot glanced uncertainly at their skipper. Only a few minutes more of their work and the *Audace* could be boarded and taken. Putting up the helm would take them away. Each man was so engrossed with his own small contribution to the aggregate sum that bought victory, he was scarcely aware of or concerned with the dangers inherent in the vessel off their stern. But Captain Pamplin had a ship to bring home and had every intention of doing so.

Encouraged by the timely appearance of her powerful sister, the *Audace* shifted her fire to the *Warwick's* rigging, in an attempt to stop her escape. Langridge tore through sails and lines, cutting braces and stays. Lieutenant Graham took volunteers aloft to keep the damage under control, and Gosselyn plunged below to the guns.

"Double-load with round shot and canister!" he cried. He would make it costly for any Frenchman to set match to touchhole behind an open port. Closely packed into the cans, thousands of musketballs unceasingly burst out of the *Warwick's* guns, and leaped across at the French. At three hundred yards, their force was spent, but before the range had grown to that, the batteries of the *Audace* were almost silent.

If Captain Pamplin grieved to leave the fruit of his victory, he gave no sign. He concentrated upon winning clear of the seventy-four. On the paper which shipwrights use to set down their dreams of ships, frigates alway outsail heavier line-of-battle ships, but Captain Pamplin had a hearty respect for the workmanship of his French adversaries, and knew from experience that a great deal of difference rested between the hopes of craftsmen and the actual performance of their products. The French made better ships than their British contemporaries. Pamplin prayed that this day would not prove them once again superior.

He raced to gain the windward position of the two-decker, whose battery, now at more than a mile, he did not care to have close aboard. One of her broadsides could dissolve the *Warwick* into a litter of planks and drowning men. If only because he could not swim, Pamplin had to get away.

Pitting his seamanship and men against the French, he trimmed his yards to sail as close to the wind as possible. If he could make good anything less than six points, and the two-decker only six, he would clear well away to the wind and freedom. Back in the London clubs, there would be little doubt of the outcome. Some retired captains and commodores were even known to have perjured themselves by claiming their frigates had sailed four points into the wind. Pamplin was willing to settle for a fraction less than six.

Being a reasonable man, fate granted his petition.

VERY slowly, the range opened, so that at a slightly slower rate, the *Warwick* gained to windward. Eyes anxiously upon his canvas and the working party in the rigging, Pamplin braced his yards to catch every puff which would drive his frigate inches further away from destruction. He knew his ship, and the exact sail she needed for best performance, and while the French captain may have marveled when he took in his courses, Pamplin was a seaman. The *Warwick* steadily drew away from her pursuer.

Gosselyn deserted his guns, and went topside, where Pamplin set him to steering, since his quick eye and hand could coordinate with the captain's commands to seize a fleeting advantage of wind. The *Warwick* had a long road to safety. Weakened rigging or sails could carry away and bring her to within reach of the seventy-four. Despite the efforts of Graham, the captain could not yet accurately calculate the damage he had taken aloft, and he dreaded an abrupt discovery.

With the skill acquired by heredity and a lifetime at sea, Pamplin teased the *Warwick* into showing her heels to the mighty two-decker. When the latter ceased firing, Pamplin gave his First Luff a quick, happy smile, and an order to lay aloft to supervise the jury-rigging.

Taking a section of seamen from the forecastle carronades, Gosselyn mounted the main shrouds, and joined Graham. Thus began a busy afternoon which kept him from worrying about the seventy-four, until, shortly before sunset and security, he bethought himself of her and found that he could barely make out her sails far off over the horizon.

Calling aft to Graham, who was laboring with the slings of the mizzentopgallant, he announced that the race was won. Graham didn't even look up, thoroughly engrossed in his business, and feeling somewhat foolish, Gosselyn completed his task and went down the ratlines.

Night was falling, and the *Warwick* was safely away from the Frenchman. Gosselyn could set about tending to the repairs of shot holes in the hull, while Whitby drove the men at the pumps.

Wearily, in the mid watch, he found time to

report to the cabin, where Captain Pamplin sat scratching with pen at paper. Accepting a hot spiced rum, he sipped gratefully, as Pamplin ruffled through the sheets on his desk. The carpenters had plugged the leaks and shored the weakened knees, and the surgeon had done what could be done for the wounded men. Everything was ready to write into an account of the action, but Pamplin hesitated, after assuring himself that the pumps had been secured and the *Warwick* was well found. The Lords of the Admiralty felt keenly the honor of the Royal Navy, and carefully investigated all actions which had been broken off with the enemy.

"Well," he said, "what do y' think?"

Gosselyn understood the question. The *Warwick* was returning battered and emptyhanded, after a long cruise. Her service in the Mediterranean would be overshadowed by this event. "A mistake of judgment or lack of skill could has lost us the ship, sir. If I may say so, we all feel you acquitted yourself with distinction. We were unfortunate only insofar as the *Audace* was rightly ours."

"Thank you," Pamplin said quietly, and read his report.

After an hour or so of discussing minor matters of detail and expression, Gosselyn was able to go forward to his quarters. Once in his sack, he fell instantly asleep, and slept the clock around. The next afternoon, when he awakened, he found himself unable to rise. Dr. Rogers diagnosed his trouble to be in a few ribs broken loose from their moorings to his sternum, and tightly bandaged him.

Gosselyn was confined to his bed for the voyage to Portsmouth and upon arrival was packed off on an indefinite sick leave in which to recover. Pamplin reassured him that word would reach him in time to rejoin the ship, and suggested that he go to Sussex to see about a small inheritance his mother had bequeathed him for his maturity. Somewhat dubious about leaving his captain to refit the *Warwick*, and less than elated about visiting Sir Edwin, Gosselyn reluctantly departed.

The admiral aboard the *Ramillies* did not deem it necessary to have the *Warwick's* first lieutenant present at the court convened to inquire into the action fought with the French national ship *Audace*. Gosselyn probably could have done little or nothing to alter the finding that Captain Pamplin had been wanting in decision in bringing the engagement to a successful conclusion with canister before the arrival of the seventy-four. No doubt his loyalty would have caused him trouble, for he would have protested that possession of a prize would have exposed both ships to the two-decker, and he would certainly have had something to say about the recommendation that Captain Pamplin be censured and placed on half pay for one year.

Captain Pamplin did not deserve that, any more than Gosselyn deserved the court's praise for taking upon himself the responsibility for ordering the use of canister. That, he would have shouted, was no more of a recommendation for being given command of the *Warwick*, than his work on her rigging and hull.

It was just as well, then, that at the time of the court hearing, Gosselyn was on his way to Sussex, and so lacked opportunity to tell his superiors what he thought. Pamplin was disgraced because he had not brought down an enemy flag, and his fellow captains on the court considered that it could have been done and kept. Pamplin's life was wrecked because of opinion.

Such were the perils of being a captain.

CHAPTER II

WANDERER'S RETURN

GOSSELYN got off the public coach at Woodridge. The village was unchanged. War to the stolid folk of Sussex was an old thing and nothing about which to become excited. The more adventuresome youth disappeared for a time to take the King's shilling, and in due course of the years, some came back again. Of the rest, some could never come home, while others preferred not to.

Those who did return found the same buildings and the same way of life unaffected by their absence, and this they did not resent, preferring in their dreary months of boredom to think of their boyhood surroundings as being immutable. Of course, they could not travel to far-off lands like India, Africa or the New World without finding their views undergoing a slight expansion, but a few months at Woodridge, and those views contracted, for their women had not traveled, and women have much to do with the minds of men.

Gosselyn slowly strolled along the muddy edge of the village's solitary street, politely acknowledging the greetings of people he had known as a child. Now that he was within a few miles of the Manor, he was in small hurry to finish the remainder of his journey. He had not seen Sir Edwin since the day the baronet had packed him off to be a midshipman, and he wished to feel completely adult and secure in the world about him before encountering his brother. Youthful impressions are dangerously strong, and his memories of Sir Edwin were not of the best.

Admittedly, Sir Edwin had been far from the kindest man in the country to an only relative, and more than one Sussex squire believed that Gosselyn Manor could have provided a comfortable living for the elder son and a decent one for the younger, without

shipping a lad of eleven off to sea, though their mother seemed to have had some inkling of Edwin's character and, it was said, had left Farmery a small income. Here gossip was confounded, for the lawyer who had drawn up the bequest had died before the Gosselyns, and no one knew what the lad was to have. The popular belief was that Farmery had been given half of the Manor, though sounder folk knew that no squire would willingly split up his land.

Sussex would have felt differently about Sir Edwin had the Gosselyns been favored with a tradition of service. However, the Gosselyns had never been in the Royal Navy, and had only taken up weapons in the Army when the Kings of England raised levies of men for their wars. Then, perforce, the Gosselyns had been faithful company officers, undistinguished but dependable, and always among the first to be mustered out when their wars were over. They were gentlemen farmers, not fighting men.

Gosselyn stopped in at the local tavern. Sitting himself down at a table, he ordered a tot of rum, and noncommittally answered the questions of the middle-aged barmaid, who, as he recalled, had been the fascinating subject of many a scandal, and a lively, rosy, plump figure in his memory. He felt somewhat disappointed to find her entirely unattractive, for in his relations with Mediterranean women, he had often conjured her up as a standard of comparison, as the only youthful British maiden who appearance and reputation he could recollect. With the innate sense that every man has of his native land's superiority in all things, he was annoyed at being obliged to admit that he knew at least a score of foreign women who could outcharm Meg at her very best.

Unaware of his revulsion, Meg chatted happily about the latest news of the village, including the information that Gosselyn was twice an uncle. He was only dimly aware that Sir Edwin had married. Their correspondence had been limited to an annual lecture from the baronet on the virtues of thrift, subordination and a good reputation, which Gosselyn always dutifully answered with false sentiments of concurrence. He did not know whether to be pleased or displeased. If Meg could be trusted, the children were earthly cherubim. If truth prevailed over charity, he wished them a slow disillusionment; if not, he wished them joy of the Manor, since his chances of obtaining it were in them dissipated.

Being by nature sympathetic, he was sorry to hear that Lady Gosselyn was an invalid, and was, as yet, too generous to attribute that ill health to a worthy desire on her part to escape Sir Edwin's attentions.

He had several drinks before electing to continue on his way, so that when he finally mounted a rented hack, he was cosily close to drunkenness. Unfortunately, the fresh spring air and the beast's jogging brought him back to sobriety and the realization that he was soon to face his brother. By the time he sighted the Manor, he was depressed and uneasy.

GOSSELYN MANOR, built over a period of two centuries, now consisted of twenty rooms, the result of several generations' accumulated wealth and miscellaneous architectural notions. Sir Christopher Wren would have shuddered to hear a Gosselyn mention beauty and the Manor in the same sentence, but this would not have bothered the Gosselyns, who placed emphasis first upon utility and second upon the fancies of their wives. There was sound evidence that the great hall had once been a barn, but as long as a hundred couple could dance upon its floor, none of the squires worried about its plebeian origin.

In the great hall, the Gosselyns entertained, and there, alone, Sir Edwin met his brother.

"Here now, Farmery," said the baronet, acknowledging the relationship with a tight smile on his face, "is the war over?"

Startled by the use of a name he had mercifully forgotten, Gosselyn could only grin fool-

CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE
*F-N TEST?
*The Famous Finger Nail Test
1 "It's F-N, the test for men!" Scratch your head—if you find dryness or loose dandruff you need Wildroot Cream-Oil. Buy the large economy size.
YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS WITH NEW
WILDROOT CREAM-OIL
2 Only a little Wildroot Cream-Oil can do a big job for your hair. Keeps your hair well groomed all day long without a trace of that greasy, plastered down look! Your hair looks good and feels good too!
CREAM-OIL CHARLIE SAYS: "IT CONTAINS LANOLIN!"
3 Get Wildroot Cream-Oil from your barber or drug counter and...Tune in the Woody Herman Show Saturdays 8 P. M. (EST) A B C (Blue) Network, 183 stations.
WILDROOT CREAM-OIL
LANOLIN

ishly, while waiting an invitation to be seated. He was ill at ease. Sir Edwin sat languidly at a huge deal table, flicking at his face with an Indian fan, and looking like the macaronis Gosselyn had detested in Naples. He did not quite measure up to the stature of a once formidable memory, though Gosselyn, sharpened by maturity, found that he would never have chosen Sir Edwin for a brother, had he had the choice.

"What are your plans?" Sir Edwin asked, in a voice that indicated he didn't give a damn, but felt constrained to make some manner of conversation.

Despairing of ever being asked to do so, Gosselyn sat down and put his boots on the table, perversely relishing the scowl that lit upon Sir Edwin's face. "Well, sir," he replied leisurely, "I had an opportunity to come home. Aren't you glad to see me?"

"Naturally," Sir Edwin murmured unconvincingly.

"Thank you," Gosselyn laughed. "Why not offer me a drink?"

"Why not?" Sir Edwin remarked, and waved a hand toward a convenient decanter. "Help yourself."

Gosselyn poured a glass of sherry, and looked around the hall. "Hasn't changed much," he commented. "Are you doing well?"

"I manage," Sir Edwin replied with a lordly manner. Then, that manner changed. His untrusting blue eyes narrowed. "I haven't your opportunities to make money, of course."

Gosselyn thought of his annual pay, the five wasted years in the Mediterranean, and couldn't contain his merriment. Sir Edwin actually believed himself. "No, of course you haven't," he managed to remark. "It must be devilish hard to try and raise the rents."

Sir Edwin cared little for the laughter or the remark. "If you came to bleed me," he said coldly, "forget it. You have no claim upon me, other than my good name and influence."

"Indeed," Gosselyn blurted. His hot answer was forestalled by the sudden interruption of two shouting youngsters. They were lusty, handsome children, and he liked them instantly. He found it difficult to believe they had inherited their exhuberance from their father, but could easily believe it of the woman who followed them.

She was tall, lithe, dark, simply clad in a muslin gown gathered below her full breasts by a soft green riband. If she was an invalid, she was a robust one, and could manage Sir Edwin with minimum difficulty.

He rose, though the baronet remained seated, and the young woman came straight to them, after chasing the boys off into the west wing of the house where Gosselyn's room had once been.

Looking at her, Gosselyn wondered how she had been brought to marry Sir Edwin. She was vital, smiling, lovable; everything Sir Edwin was not. Her lips were generous; his were thin. Her skin was smooth and tan; his was white and coarse. Her figure was firm and trim from exercise; his was tubby and bloated from indolence.

Sir Edwin took note of her. "Phyllis," he murmured, "this is my brother Farmery."

Gosselyn made a leg. "Your servant, madam."

Phyllis acknowledged his courtesy, and sat down. Gosselyn found it hard to be a gentleman and ignore her charms. He envied Sir Edwin—needlessly.

"Phyllis is my lady's sister," the baronet explained, amused by the way Gosselyn kept staring at a wine glass. "My lady is ill and Phyllis is minding the boys for us."

Gosselyn immediately abandoned the wine glass and looked at her. As frankly, she returned his interest. He saw then that she was scarcely twenty and could not possibly have been the mother of the hearty youngsters who had bounded through the hall.

Sir Edwin laughed vulgarly at Gosselyn's frank appraisal of the girl, got up, and hobbled out of the hall.

ALONE with the girl, Gosselyn was frustrated. Never before had he found himself so inarticulate when there was so much he wanted to say. He was neither saintly nor naive; his tactics had seldom failed in the Balearics, Italy or North Africa. Instinctively, he sensed the difference. There, in hot latitudes, love was lusty and casual. Here, in the Manor, was a girl to whom such licentiousness was rightfully sinful. Here, his only recourse was the sacrament of matrimony. Having perceived that, and being trained to act upon decision, he could only blurt, "Will you marry me?"

Phyllis abruptly stopped smiling. She stared at him. He hoped she would not take his words as a jest, though as she continued to explore his face with her eyes he began to wish she might. His proposal was certainly unseasonably based upon brief acquaintance to the point of impertinence. But she did not seem to be considering possible insult. Her mind was coolly weighing the request, and finally she asked, "Why?"

Gosselyn flushed. The truth was not the best answer. She might be flattered to learn that he thought her overwhelmingly desirable, but her intelligence would seek more than the passion she must know she aroused in men.

Ashamed, he said, "Forgive me. May I without prejudice withdraw my rudeness?"

"You may," she said quietly, "but I won't forget it."

Sitting himself down at a table, Gosselyn ordered a tot of rum.

Fervently, honestly, Gosselyn murmured. "I hope not!"

She laughed with a clear, mellow lilt to her voice, and then, displaying the tactful kindness which enslaves mankind, asked him to tell her about his ship and experiences. Her solicitude about his injury almost made him regret he had no visible wounds, and completely obliterated his resentment over Sir Edwin's treatment of him.

Depending upon his reception, Gosselyn had intended to stay for a week at the most; he remained a month. In that time, he saw as little of Sir Edwin as civility demanded, and as much of Phyllis as discretion would allow, hoping to telescope into days the courtship which good breeding reckoned in years. He trailed her about her daily routine, and came to be a hero to his nephews, whose father was hardly the type of man to inspire youthful admiration. He fired their minds with tales of the sea, and told them about foreign lands, discovering that he had observed far more than he had thought. When they had exhausted his own limited experiences, he resorted to imagination, and his once honest stories grew in Herculean feats.

All this, Phyllis observed silently, until one afternoon, after she had sent them out of their mother's sitting room to bed, she said to Gosselyn, "You are a good man."

For no reason whatever, he was immeasurably pleased. Emboldened by the praise, he put an arm about her and kissed her soundly. Pressing against him, she responded with a vigor that left him little doubt as to his standing in her heart. He kissed her again, until his judgment warned him to release her.

"Wait here," he said, and went to find Sir Edwin.

The baronet was easily found, being devoted to the great hall and the deal table. Gosselyn sat down, and without preliminary, informed his brother that he wished to marry Phyllis.

Sir Edwin smiled. "We haven't had much chance to talk since your arrival."

"For that, I am sorry. We have something to settle, you and I."

"Indeed we have," agreed Sir Edwin. "As I recall, we were discussing money. If you intend to marry, I can assure you money is necessary. I trust you have done well at sea."

There had been several small prizes which had given Gosselyn a few hundred pounds, enough to finance his adventures ashore, but scarcely sufficient to be taxed. "No, I haven't," he said. "That is a gamble."

Sir Edwin sighed with false sympathy. "'Tis a pity. Phyllis at the most would bring five hundred pounds to a husband. That would barely furnish the most modest cottage a naval officer could live in—much less the house itself."

"Why is it a pity?" Gosselyn asked. "With what is coming to me, we will manage well enough."

"I'm delighted to hear you have prospects, my boy. Would you mind telling me what they are?"

Gosselyn glared at his brother. "I was under the impression Mother left me some money, aside from the estate."

"That is true," Sir Edwin replied, nodding. "Of course, that went long ago."

"What?" Gosselyn shouted.

"I said that your money went long ago," Sir Edwin replied. "How do you suppose you acquired a patron who took you to sea, you simpleton?"

Gosselyn thought of his first and only captain. That midshipmen sometimes received the King's Warrant through the judicious use of money was known to him. That Pamplin would have taken money for such a reason, Gosselyn could not accept.

"You're lying," he said flatly.

"As you like." Sir Edwin shrugged. "My conscience is clear. Would that you could look to me for money. I would like to give it to you with a free hand. I regret there is none to give."

"I came for what little is mine, and no more," Gosselyn said with an oath, "but I'll have that!"

Sir Edwin pursued his lips. "How much did you think was due you?"

Gosselyn hesitated. He did not know. He had only a dim memory of his mother and her promise that he should have something from her when he needed it. She had not mentioned a definite sum, but he had assumed it would be substantial, enough to keep him from living on the county for a few years. "You say your conscience is clear," he said coldly.

"I didn't really expect gratitude for establishing you in an honorable career," Sir Edwin replied blandly.

Gosselyn laughed. His pay scarcely kept him in cordial relations with the mess and his tailor, and that only with careful economy. His Majesty had no intention of letting commoners hold his commissions, and while the King could not deny opportunity to poor men, he could and did make it well nigh impossible for anyone but a gentleman to wear the broadcloth and heavy gold lace of a naval officer.

A man could not marry on less than a rear-admiral's pay, and Gosselyn was far from that rank. His rage passed, leaving him helpless and alone. Thanks to primogeniture, his brother was the baronet and possessor of the family fortune. His brother meant to keep it. Nothing could be done to extract a farthing of his share from Gosselyn Manor. He had to make his own way.

WITHOUT another word, he left his brother. On his way upstairs, he thought of Phyllis, waiting for him. He started toward the sitting room, then halted. In confusion, he turned and went to his own room, and began to pack his gear.

He meant to leave as quickly as possible, without any good-bys, but his nephews came in clamoring for a sea story before they would consent to go to sleep. Phyllis came after them, and stood by, while he stumbled through an adventure for them. Her eyes noted his preparation for departure, but she asked no questions until the boys had gone. She was shrewd enough to know he had seen Sir Edwin, and gave him full time to speak.

Embarrassed, Gosselyn thought of pleading the urgency of a dispatch ordering him back to his ship, but realized she could learn easily enough that no letters had come to the Manor. He could not explain.

Phyllis studied him in his silence and finally took matters into her own competent hands. "What has Edwin said?" she demanded.

Aware that Sir Edwin would not hesitate to tell her, he met the question with the decision she could best learn from his own lips. He told her of the interview. "So you see," he concluded bitterly, "I'm utterly penniless."

Her face was limned with relief. "Is that what made you so unhappy?" she asked lightly. "Does it matter so much?"

He stopped pacing. "You know it does," he said. "I depended upon my inheritance."

"If it means your happiness," she suggested calmly, "force it from him."

"How can I?" he asked in despair. "I don't even know how much it is."

"Mr. Gosselyn!" she retorted sharply. "I expected more spirit from the man I'm going to marry!"

He gaped at her. "You don't understand," he said. "I haven't a shilling."

"It's you who doesn't understand," she remarked. "We are going to be married. Make up your mind to that, inheritance or not, and go on from there."

He sighed helplessly. Women were never practical, childishly believing that love conquered everything. Men knew better, for bread is not a gift. Morosely, he told her the extent of his pay, and accounted for the spending of every penny, but still she would not withdraw from her position.

"I would marry you today," she said, "as you stand this moment, but I will not. It is I who should tremble for security, not you. I will not marry you while you fear life."

Remembering the shot that had droned about him on the *Warwick*, Gosselyn replied hopelessly, "You just don't understand, my love."

"When you return, fully yourself," she continued, "I will hold you, as a gentleman of honor, to your word. Go and make a fortune, if you need it. I don't see that we do, but you must learn that for yourself. I will wait until you have been a captain for a year." She paused, struck by a strange thought. "You would marry me, if you could?"

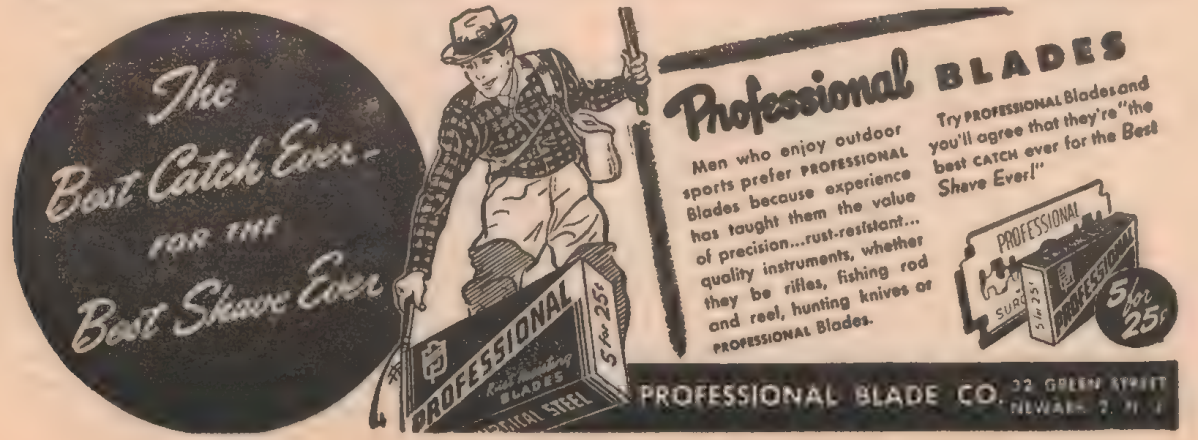
"No other," he vowed. "But a captain, Phyllis—" He was not a Nelson to be posted in his teens. He was Farmery Gosselyn, and had no patronage to hurry him to a promotion. He did not know, of course, that he was already a captain; such luck would have struck him dumb.

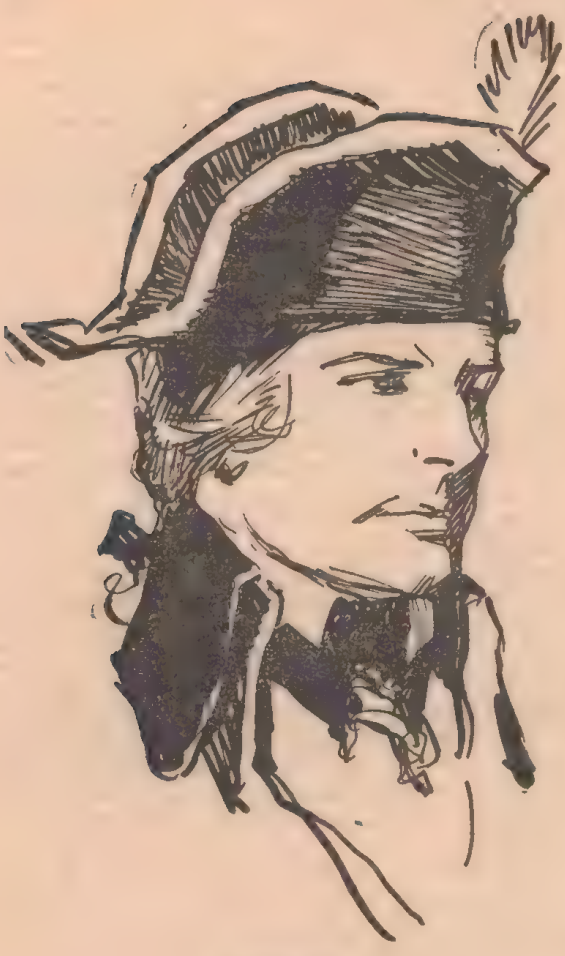
"I'm in no hurry," she said.

He thought of the fruitless years in the Mediterranean. There had been rich prizes there, but none for the *Warwick*. That vision of spoils had been the mainstay of many an officer down through his career to retirement and half pay and poverty. He preferred definite security as the only honest foundation for marriage. He tried again. "Phyllis—"

"Rich or poor," she interrupted boldly, "you have made our bed and we will lie in it."

And so, the next morning, healed in body and sore in spirit, he left for Portsmouth, a troubled and wondering young man. On the way, he passed a messenger from the Ad-


The Best Catch Ever—
FOR THE
Best Shave Ever
PROFESSIONAL
5 for 25¢
Professional BLADES
Men who enjoy outdoor sports prefer PROFESSIONAL Blades because experience has taught them the value of precision...rust-resistant... quality instruments, whether they be rifles, fishing rod and reel, hunting knives or PROFESSIONAL Blades.
Try PROFESSIONAL Blades and you'll agree that they're "the best CATCH ever for the Best Shave Ever!"
PROFESSIONAL
5 for 25¢
PROFESSIONAL BLADE CO.



Gosselyn

miralty bearing his commission as post-captain and orders to assume command of His Majesty's ship *Warwick*.

Sir Edwin's amusement was equaled in intensity by the thanks that Phyllis gave to God.

CHAPTER III

SPANISH SPOILS

THE man who returned from Sussex to take over the *Warwick* was different from the man who had left her on convalescent leave. Some of the officers attributed the grim zealousness of their former messmate to his new rank, while the more discerning laid the change to love. Few of them realized that the fate of Captain Pamplin had much to do with Captain Gosselyn's desire to have the frigate as well found as man could make her, that he disliked a promotion which required the sacrifice of a good friend, and was determined to have the frigate justify her former commander's efforts by setting a good record. Most of what Gosselyn and his fellow officers knew had been pounded into them by Pamplin's instruction and example—their performance throughout the remainder of their careers would reflect on him.

Of course, Gosselyn was also concerned with his own success, for he had his fortune to make. Nonetheless, he was surprised at his own reaction to the news that he was now the *Warwick's* captain. He couldn't help but feel saddened when he returned aboard and the Marine guard was turned out for him. The ship didn't seem right without Pamplin. He had a sense of sacrilege every time he entered the cabin. He had written when he had mustered control of his pen, and was sure of not being maudlin. Pamplin's reply had been brief, made light of the punishment as a chance to tend to his affairs in Kent, and expressed confidence in Gosselyn's ability to acquit himself with distinction.

Any doubt he might have entertained about his beloved's sincerity was shattered by a letter in which she congratulated him upon his promotion, and serenely told him what she expected. She accepted his rank of captain as a proof of God's blessing, which she entreated him to make the most of for his own sake.

Before, as a lieutenant, he had cared little where the *Warwick* was sent; as commanding officer, he cast a reflective eye upon his charts and tried to guess where money was to be made. After deliberation, he decided that prospects were best on the East Indian Station.

Naturally, then, inasmuch as he wished to sight Ceylon, his vessel was assigned to the Leeward Station in the West Indies, and ordered to depart as soon as provisioned.

With an ebb tide and a fair breeze, on a cool July morning, the *Warwick*, complete to the last keg of nails and bag of onions, cast off her lines and got under way. Selfconsciously, Captain Gosselyn complimented Mr. Graham, his first lieutenant, upon a seamanlike job of clearing the channel, and when the watch was set, went to the cabin. Lieutenant Graham was a stalwart, quick-witted officer only a few years Gosselyn's junior, and certain, with the rising tempo of the war and an uncle in Parliament, to have his own ship at an early date. With such a capable second in command, there remained little for the captain to do and Gosselyn faced a long, lonesome voyage.

Tradition condemns a captain to a solitary life, on the theory that familiarity weakens his prestige. Since a captain's authority must be unquestioned, he cannot risk contempt. In this Gosselyn was unfortunate. Short weeks before, his officers had been his messmates, and knew him well. He had been ashore with each of them; more than one had helped him stagger back to the ship. They were his friends, and he missed their company.

Sitting himself down at his desk, Gosselyn aimlessly cast about for something to do during the coming months. As a first lieutenant, he had been busy at sea, navigating and supervising the operation of the vessel. Time had sped swiftly; indeed, he had often dreamed of his captaincy as a release from drudgery and a chance to get sufficient sleep. There had always been something to keep him out of his sack. Now there seemed to be nothing to keep him from it.

Resolutely, he searched his papers, knowing as he did so that everything was in order. This done, he again picked up his sailing instructions to see if he had missed any detail that might later prove useful. He was in the midst of a description of Cuba, when Graham respectfully knocked and begged permission to enter.

With alacrity, Gosselyn cast down the sailing instruction, and called to his friend to come in.

"We've set our course for the first leg, sir," Graham reported. "The chronometers have been wound."

Gosselyn nodded, and thought of an impressive order. "Make certain the men keep their bedding clean," he said. " 'Twill be devilish hot, and the spaces will be hellish, despite the airing of hammocks."

"Aye, aye, sir," Graham replied. "Is that all, sir?"

They discussed a few other matters warranting conversation and attention. Gosselyn was impressed by the deference with which Graham accepted his words; it had not been always so. Once their arguments had been most uncompromising on trivialities such as the best way to rig a fairlead to the capstan for a spring on the cable. Two epaulettes were certainly better than one.

He suddenly suspected, as Graham shifted to the stowage of stores, that his comrade had sensed his lost feeling and had charitably come to ease him through the first stage of being a sea-going captain. His heart warmed to Graham, and he plunged enthusiastically into an exhaustive critique of everything the first lieutenant introduced, until his servant announced that his dinner was ready. Of course, Graham had to stay. Later, when the drowsiness following a good meal crept over him and he felt his taut nerves relax, Gosselyn was ready to accept his lonely role.

As Graham discreetly prepared to go, he confessed to having forgotten an important commission. Mystified, Gosselyn requested an explanation. Graham only shook his head and said he would return shortly.

The passing minutes increased Gosselyn's curiosity, and when Graham returned, carrying a heavy chest into the cabin, his excitement knew no bounds. The chest contained books and a note from Phyllis, stating that she had asked an officer of her acquaintance to see that the books were delivered. They were, she said, those volumes with which a gentleman could afford to be familiar, and she hoped he would not be annoyed that she had been so presumptuous as to send them. This Gosselyn gladly overlooked, as his mind played with one phrase in her explanation.

Phyllis

"Do you really know her?" he demanded.

"Why, yes," Graham said casually, as though the fact were nothing remarkable.

Gosselyn smiled. This voyage promised to be enjoyable.

WITHIN a week, the *Warwick* had shaken out the troubles brewed by by her stay in port, scrubbed off the dirt of Portsmouth town, and settled into the time-established routine of the Navy. Well into the Atlantic, she plowed westward to Bermuda, where she delivered mail and filled her water casks.

Gosselyn tarried a few days longer than necessary, to refresh his crew. He sent them ashore to roam over the trim little islands, sport on the white beaches and swim in the

emerald waters. For that, he was caustically censured by the governor, and told to begone. His men, knowing of ships whose captains did not dare permit a man to set foot on land lest he desert, fully appreciated the kindness. In the end, then, notwithstanding the Governor's complaint to the Admiralty, Gosselyn gained, for men are willing to die for leaders who think of them as human.

Leaving Bermuda, Graham laid a course due south for St. Kitts. The *Warwick* was in the trade lanes, and nearly every watch spoke a sail. All were British, American or Allied, affording little spoil, unless Gosselyn chose to be a shade too rigorous in examining ships' papers. He knew of many who trafficked in clerical errors, but could not demean himself by such legal pillaging. Fortune can be grasped with too harsh a hand.

So, in good time, the *Warwick* sighted the cloud-enveloped peak of Mount Misery, nearly a mile-high. Keeping well to westward of the gusty winds blowing down from the mountain top, and passing St. Eustatius, she rounded the island and entered Basse Terre Roads.

Under the guns of St. Thomas Fort, the *Warwick* dropped anchor and furled sail.

Captain Gosselyn shaved, put on his finest uniform, and after his gig had been hoisted out and lowered into the water, went to call upon Sir Hyde Parker, Rear-Admiral of the White, whose flag flew in the *Trent*, 36. Drawing close to the flagship, Gosselyn could not deny himself a feeling of pleasure when his coxswain shouted, *"Warwick!"* in reply to a hail. For the first time, he realized the full dignity of his position as he heard the effect of that information upon the *Trent's* officer of the deck. Hoarse voices called for sideboys, a boatswain's pipe shrilled, and men raced about the frigate's splinter deck.

Hauling himself up the Jacob's ladder to the *Trent's* entry port, Gosselyn stepped aboard the flagship, and touched his hat in acknowledgement of the saluting sideboys. Captain Otway personally bade him welcome to St. Christopher. After a minute's criticism of the weather, and a cursory inspection of the *Trent's* topside, Otway escorted him to the cabin, where the admiral graciously accepted his dispatches and invited him to dine.

Thus did Farmery Gosselyn enter upon his service in the West Indies.

It was nightfall before he returned to the *Warwick*. In his absence, Graham had arranged for fresh vegetables, secured limes, topped off fresh water casks, slaughtered beeves, washed down the decks, and taken in the rigging's slack. Commending him for his remarkable energy, Gosselyn gave orders to get underway with the first strong light in the morning.

Graham looked startled, and so, in the privacy afforded by an empty quarterdeck, Gosselyn broke the news that they were to cruise about Puerto Rico to familiarize themselves with the navigational problems of the waters about the Leeward Station, while the admiral laid plans against the day when he had sufficient force to undertake more satisfactory enterprises. Together, they went to the cabin to study the charts Gosselyn had brought with him, on which the admiral had marked knowledge of Spanish fortifications dearly won by sloops and cutters.

Shortly after dawn, haggard from a restless, worried night, Gosselyn strode onto his quarterdeck. In the coolness, men strained and sweated at capstan bars, heaving short to the best bower. Graham was busy shaking out sail and did not observe the captain's presence until Gosselyn sharply demanded to know why they were still loitering in the harbor.

Manfully, Graham forebore to retort that he still lacked sufficient light for a safe departure of a strange port, and said nothing. Gosselyn was soon ashamed of an impatience induced by nerves, and tacitly apologized by getting out of Graham's way. He went forward to watch Whitby at the capstan.

Hove short, Graham broke out the anchor, and smartly got underway. The crew of the *Trent* gave them three sleepy cheers because their officer of the deck thought it the decent thing to do.

Selfconsciously, Gosselyn addressed the men off watch, telling them they were about to meet a new foe, and besought them to serve the ship as well as they had under Captain Pamplin. Inspired no doubt by the *Trent's* example, they good-naturedly gave him three cheers, which sent him hastily back to the security of his cabin.

With a quartering wind, constant in that area, the *Warwick* made a landfall on the Spanish island before the next noon. Consistent with the belief of the Royal Navy that all waters are *ipso facto* theirs, Gosselyn took his frigate as close to the beach as soundings permitted. He wished to study the indentations of the coast and see if they afforded possible moorings for the privateers that made the Mona Passage hazardous for Allied commerce. He would have enjoyed visiting the Dead Man's Chest on the western side, but this Sir Hyde had strictly forbidden him to do, reserving that den for a personal visit when affairs warranted same.

Trees ran down to the shore, and slim brooks cast muddy water into the blue of the sea, leaving a fringe of brown beyond the surf beating across the shoals.

Above the chant of the leadsman, Gosselyn compared observations with Graham, and so, mile after mile, they slowly moved under topsails along the littoral of Puerto Rico. Gos-

selyn fancied a privateer behind every clump of trees, while Graham sensibly saw only trees, which was the difference between being anxious to see something and being willing to accept whatever might turn up. It was hard on Gosselyn, knowing that Graham was coolly perceptive of matters which eluded his attention and precluded the existence of ships, but he did not relax his vigilance, and so, toward evening, it was he who first saw *La Margarita*.

THE schooner was lying in a tiny inlet a couple of miles west of Jobos. She was careened, her bottom covered with mud to blend into the wild shoreline, and her masts were inconspicuous against the tangle of trees behind her. Gosslyn called Graham to verify his discovery, thinking his overanxious eyes might have betrayed him, but the lieutenant quickly confirmed his findings. They could now see the earthenworks of a battery on the western point of the inlet. The Spaniards had evidently landed the privateer's guns, while they overhauled her bottom, or laid her up for the season.

Gosselyn wasted no time speculating on the circumstances that had brought the schooner into the inlet. Perhaps she needed repairs, perhaps her crew did not work during the hot summer months, perhaps Sir Hyde Parker's sloops had made it too dangreous for her to cruise. Whatever the cause, she was there to be taken.

Graham called for the boatswain.

"Why?" Gosselyn demanded.

Graham explained that he thought they would be beating to quarters and wished to be ready. The foresightedness of his second in command impressed Gosselyn with the difference between a captain and a first lieutenant. Graham saw the enemy and desired to close with him. Life was as simple as that. Gosselyn, short months before, would have reacted the same way. Now he bethought himself of Pamplin, and almost instinctively knew that their former commander would have scorned such straightforward tactics as evocative of needless slaughter.

"No, no, Mr. Graham," he said emphatically, "we must sail on."

The *Warwick's* first lieutenant glanced at the gathering dusk. "We haven't much time, sir," he objected. "Less than an hour."

"True," Gosselyn admitted. Tension suddenly left him. There was no uncertainty in his mind as to his course of action. He could readily see every successive step in the capture of the schooner, much like a chess player brooding over knights and pawns. It strengthened him, confirming the self-confidence born of experience, to notice that even Graham's ready wits had not yet grasped the obvious, the only plan to be followed. For that moment he was truly captain of his ship instead of a confused officer holding too much rank. He envisioned the right plan; the situation could have no other solution that would accomplish the capture of the schooner with less loss of life. Graham readily agreed when Gosselyn outlined his intentions.

"Of course, sir," Graham said, respectfully. Aside from a natural reluctance to have men killed, there was the practical problem of keeping the *Warwick* fully manned. Each captain had to provide his own crew, and with the number of ships maintained by the Navy and the Merchant Marine, manning was a constant problem, directly responsible for press-gangs ashore and impressment at sea. As the officer charged with the responsibility of maintaining the ship's fighting power, Graham was forced to see reason.

Noting well the landmarks of the hiding place as they fell astern, Gosselyn waited for night. He was patient, calm. Only uncertainty had unsettled his poise; now that he had a set task ahead, he could balance the human factors of the skill and loyalty of his men against the probable strength of a sleepy Spanish crew, disarmed by the security of their camouflage and the lack of attention paid them by another passing English warship. The balance was overwhelmingly in favor of the *Warwick*, and the deed as good as done.

He placed a restraint upon Graham's optimism by informing his subordinate that he would personally carry off the night's work. If Graham understood that Gosselyn unconsciously had to prove to himself his fitness to command, he gave no indication, cheerfully setting about preparations for the night's adventure.

They slowly sailed for two hours before turning back upon their course. After another hour, they hove to. When fifty seamen and marines were ready in the ship's cutters, Gosselyn had himself lowered in a boatswain's chair into the black, or starboard boat. Lieutenant Thatcher of the marines commanded the red. As silently as cloth-wrapped tholepins permitted, oarsmen propelled the cutters away from the frigate's side. Working easily, the muscled seamen moved the two craft toward the beach. Dwindling to seaward, the *Warwick* drifted with the current and wind. She would follow in an hour, giving Gosselyn ample time to display his abilities as a strategist, while affording the others involved a guarantee that they would not be deserted in case of mishap.

Stiffly perched in the sternsheets of the black cutter, Gosselyn absently fingered the chased handle of his sword. The hilt coldly reminded him of the business ahead, and caused him to doubt his decision. Perhaps Graham's instinct

to haul in and blast the battery had been sound. They would certainly lose some men in the return fire, for there would have been no surprise and the land battery would have ample time to lay guns for an accurate salvo. Perhaps his fifty men were not enough; perhaps all would be sacrificed. He was certain that he could not control more in the confusion of darkness once they were ashore yet he began to wonder if the limitations of nature gave him sufficient men to execute his attack. A small group of resolute men were not always superior to a larger group of disorganized men: numbers have a way of being important in warfare. He was then, after all, gambling on a chance to accomplish his object with no loss of life when he had failed fully to estimate the odds.

THERE was a half moon. In its pale light he covertly studied the faces of the men he had picked for his assault. They had a common expression—apprehension. A seaman rarely looked beyond his next meal, and all the stratagems in the world mattered less to him than remaining physically intact. Seamen became heroes out of self-defense or ignorance; the intelligent ones wanted nothing more than to escape from the Navy. Here and there was a volunteer, usually the village idiot: the majority of the seamen had been invited to serve their king by stout clubs or frowning judges. Each time they were brought to action, they resented the hazards to life and limb.

Gosselyn wasn't certain, but he sensed a feeling of hostility toward himself.

Choosing to ignore such an unflattering thought, he directed his coxswain to keep a hundred yards off the beach. Leisurely, the cutters moved toward the inlet. Gosselyn strained his eyes searching for the landmarks, and was considerably relieved when the first appeared. His men rested on their oars, while he again explained the imperative necessity of preserving silence and discipline. Then, close to their goal, they kept a slow, steady, stroke.

He wanted to take the battery first, and then the schooner, for there would be little good in seizing the schooner and then facing aroused opposition from the battery.

Through the half-light, he made out the mouth of the inlet less than half a mile distant. Bringing the cutters onto the island, he slipped his men ashore. Posting capable marine sentries at either end of the landing, he consulted with Lieutenant Thatcher. Reassured by his success so far, he mustered his men in two files and cautioned them to use only cold steel for the work at the battery. Instructing his coxswains to wait until they heard him shout, and then to sail the cutters to the inlet, he gave the order to march.

Ignoring the mud on his boots and breeches, he led the file of seamen, while Thatcher took the marines. There wasn't any path. Rank undergrowth impeded their passage, so that it was a tiresome business to manage the thousand yards to their objective. Fortunately, the ground was moist, and the shrubbery green, so that little sound other than that of swishing branches could betray them. Gosselyn feared that the exertions of his party could be heard throughout the island, but they arrived without mishap at a spot less than a hundred yards from the earthenworks.

The fortification was primitively designed. Low and L-shaped, its guns nonetheless completely dominated the narrow inlet, which was their primary function, while, when pointed seaward, they gave the works the deadly character of the French fortifications known as *fleur-a-l'eau*. Its main defect was its vulnerability to plunging, enfilading fire from an incoming ship.

Gosselyn took off his coat and equipment, handed them to Thatcher, and silently undertook a reconnaissance. Crawling about the after approaches to the earthenworks, he caught the sibilant sounds of laughing Spaniards, and smelt the familiar acrid tang of smoldering linstocks. Frightened by the error in his calculations, he appeased his ego with the thought that the enemy's readiness for action justified caution. Then, hoping that Phyllis had some influence in heaven, he resolved to count the number of men he had to subdue. Inching up the slope of the fortification, for the first time he heartily wished he possessed the effortless locomotion of the common worm. He had but to make a sound, and he would be seized before the *Warwick's* men could save him.

However, he gained the lip of the works without mishap and, marshalling his courage, he peered into the fortification. Some forty figures were huddled along the bottom, while a few men sat cooking a joint of pork at a concealed fire. Gosselyn bitterly subtracted a mote from his self-esteem; no linstocks burned in the battery, only the succulent flesh of a pig. At the far end of the slit, he noted a sentry peering along the coast and marveled that the fellow had failed to sight the *Warwick* through his telescope.

Cursing an ignorance of the Spanish tongue, he eased his head back from possible view. From the careless chatter of the men before him, he could no doubt have learned many useful things. Even so, he had learned that the Spaniards guarding the schooner were neither expecting the *Warwick* to return nor worried that she would. To them, it was another wearisome night of a dull if lucrative war. To him, it was time to act.

Safely back with his landing force, Gosselyn told what he had learned to Thatcher and the

leading petty officers. Warning them for the last time not to fire their weapons, and to take prisoners alive, he dispatched Thatcher to enter the seaward leg of the works, and himself took the seamen with their cutlasses to mount the after side of the L.

Advancing to within pistol shot, he stopped his men, deployed them as skirmishers, and with a right lusty voice cried, "Boarders away!" He flung himself up the slope. The first to enter the works, he dropped, hanger in hand, onto a sleeping Spaniard, whom he incapacitated by a blow on the head. Then his seamen were with him. The group by the fire abandoned their meat and leaped too late for their muskets. Thatcher, grinning, strode down from the seaward end, and the fight was bloodlessly over.

Gosselyn had fifty-three prisoners, who stared stupidly as grim marines efficiently disarmed and bound them.

"So far, sir," Thatcher said blithely, "a good show."

"The rest is yours," Gosselyn replied. "Get on with it."

"Aye, aye, sir." Thatcher saluted happily. Mustering the marines, he led them off at a trot along a path rimming the inlet.

While the seamen completed the securing of the prisoners, Gosselyn mounted the earthenworks to search for his ship and his boats. His coxswains, obeying their instructions, brought the cutters under sail to the foot of the battery. Impatiently, Gosselyn watched for the *Warwick* to loom out of the darkness. There remained much to do.

Hearing the rattle of musketry around the schooner, he turned the sentry glass to observe what had befallen Thatcher. The marines were engaged in close quarters with an outraged group of wildly struggling Spaniards. Bayonets on long rifles were more than a match for anger and short muskets, and even as Gosselyn wondered if he would have to send relief, the marines completed their assignment. Gosselyn took a deep breath, and searched again for his ship. Not seeing her, he left a handful of men to guard his prisoners, took the remainder down to the black cutter, and sailed over to the schooner.

CHAPTER IV

SAIL HO!

SHE had been careened by means of tackle rigged to her masts and run ashore. Gosselyn boarded her at the bow, set his men to washing off the layer of mud and foliage used to conceal her, and took a careful look at his surroundings while the work went on. At the rear of the inlet, a long, low building was

Comfort
YOUR
ACHES and PAINS
LEARN
TO SAY
PENETRAY
NO NEW FIXTURES NEEDED
● Essentially intended for temporary relief of muscular aches and pains due to over-exertion or fatigue, this unusual lamp has many other household uses. Dry hair, defrost refrigerators, thaw radiators among other things. Only $1.60 at nearly all retail stores.
THE HOUSEHOLD LAMP
OF MORE THAN A
HUNDRED USES
VERD-A-RAY
TOLEDO 1, OHIO
WRITE NOW!
FOR
BEAUTIFUL
FULL COLOR
FOLDER FREE

cleverly concealed by trees and shrubs. To one side, another building sprawled along the beach. Gosselyn guessed that they were warehouses and dismissed them from mind, when his carpenter came up and reported that the schooner was ready for inspection.

She had been freshly caulked and paid right down to the devil, and Chips expressed the opinion that it would be safe to right her. Gosselyn concurred, and was about to do so, when a boatswain strolled up and reported that the rudder was missing. Since it would do little good to try sailing a schooner without her steering gear, Gosselyn went ashore to search the buildings.

His quest was rewarded by the missing rudder, and something more. Cask upon cask of rum was stowed in a corner, and he found a sample sufficiently potent to warrant posting a marine sentry. The sacks of sugar and woolen goods did not interest him as much as the possibility of ending up with a drunken

The group by the fire leaped too late for their muskets.

crew. Leaving a boatswain to make a hasty inventory of the building, he investigated the other one, and found that it had served as a barracks. He found, further, that the Spaniards went to war with all the comforts of home, and he had to be most stern about ordering his men to get out and leave the women alone, though he had to admit there were some comely wenches among them. Fearing even more trouble from women than liquor, he posted a sergeant with ten rugged marines at the doorways and gave strict orders that no one was to enter on any pretext whatsoever.

He was walking back to his cutter, when he saw a light flash out to sea. The *Warwick* had arrived. Graham wasn't taking any chances, and Gosselyn could see the shapes of the two longboats coming ashore with additional men, under Whitby's command. Gosselyn supervised the shipping of the rudder, and then waited until Whitby arrived.

Lieutenant Thatcher, puffing on a Havana, came up the schooner's side, and silently handed his captain a box of cigars, which Gosselyn accepted. He was unaccustomed to smoking, and choked. Thatcher solemnly patted his back until he ceased coughing.

"They're excellent tobacco, sir," the marine officer said apologetically. "Mind if I bring some aboard?"

Knowing that gentlemen in England and on the Continent prized Havanas as a choice luxury, Gosselyn gave permission, and found, after a time, that there was much to be said for the habit. A cigar gave him something to do with his hands, and could help to conceal nervousness.

With the arrival of reinforcements, Gosselyn gave Whitby the back-breaking task of getting the ten guns out of the battery and into the schooner. Equal to the occasion, Whitby rigged sheer legs from convenient saplings, clapped boat falls onto the twelve-pounders and hauled them singly down to the shore, where he held them until Gosselyn had righted the schooner.

Gosselyn and a team of seamen completed a thorough examination of the schooner's hull. When all was ready, he bent jiggers onto the tackle holding her pressed over, and paid off on the lines until she rode on an even keel. There was work for the boatswains before the masts were all atanto, after the strain; and in the interim, Whitby carried out the guns. Using the main boom as a derrick he soon had the guns lifted and swung aboard. Fitted into their carriages, the twelve-pounders were rolled into battery and *La Margarita* was ready to defend herself.

Loath to leave with an empty hold, Gosselyn had some of the rum and other goods brought out. The loading consumed many hours, and Gosselyn was startled to discover that night had begun to break before the dawn. Having little desire to be caught ashore in daylight, he reluctantly set fire to the storehouse and called his men together, rescuing his marines from the wrath of the women they were guarding. He sent the boats out to the *Warwick* which cruised restlessly offshore, as Graham kept alert against any unexpected surprise.

For several reasons, Gosselyn decided against carrying off his prisoners. He was doing them enough harm by stealing their vessel and rum. Besides, he was a little afraid of the women, who might do something violent if their men were kidnaped. Exchange of prisoners was an uncertain matter, and the Spaniards might wait many years before returning to the island, in which time much could happen to their social relations.

Gosselyn saw all of his men aboard the schooner, and her sails bent on. That done, and ready to embark, Gosselyn went to the barracks, where the women broodingly waited for him. In the glare of the burning storehouse, the air pungent with blazing tobacco, rum and sugar, he called upon his powers of diplomacy to explain that he and his men were leaving without having killed a single Spaniard, only wounding less than a score.

"You need fear no further harm," he said, and smiled at the browned faces before him.

"That is well, *Capitán*," the woman nearest him replied.

He silently held out a knife, relieved that some of his hearers understood English, and indicated that they could now cut their men free. To his chagrin, the women laughed, and many suddenly displayed daggers which would have proved most embarrassing had his marines at any time shown intention to slay prisoners. As long as only property was threatened, the women stood by. The world was full of rum and sugar, but men were scarce.

Completely uncertain about his prowess as a naval hero, Gosselyn speedily went to the schooner. As the sun climbed in the east to beat down the mist covering the West Indies, he triumphantly brought *La Margarita* alongside the *Warwick*. Leaving Whitby in charge as prize officer, with a crew to sail and fight the schooner, he scrambled up the side of his frigate. Standing on the quarterdeck with Graham, watching *La Margarita* fill away for St. Kitts, he noncommittedly answered all of Graham's questions, leaving his junior to accept his reticence as he would.

Adjudged lawful prize, the sale of the schooner and her cargo brought Gosselyn a trifle over four hundred pounds with which to found his fortune. At times, he was very satisfied about this. He had acted independently and he had been successful. At other times, he remembered the women and their daggers, and

his satisfaction evaporated. At the expense of his self-confidence, however, he contented himself with the knowledge that only he was acquainted with that phase of the episode.

Nonetheless, chancing to overhear one of the men remark that the Old Man should have brought along the younger women for the solace of the crew, he forgot himself to the extent of having the man placed in the brig on bread and water, until remorse persuaded him to release the fellow.

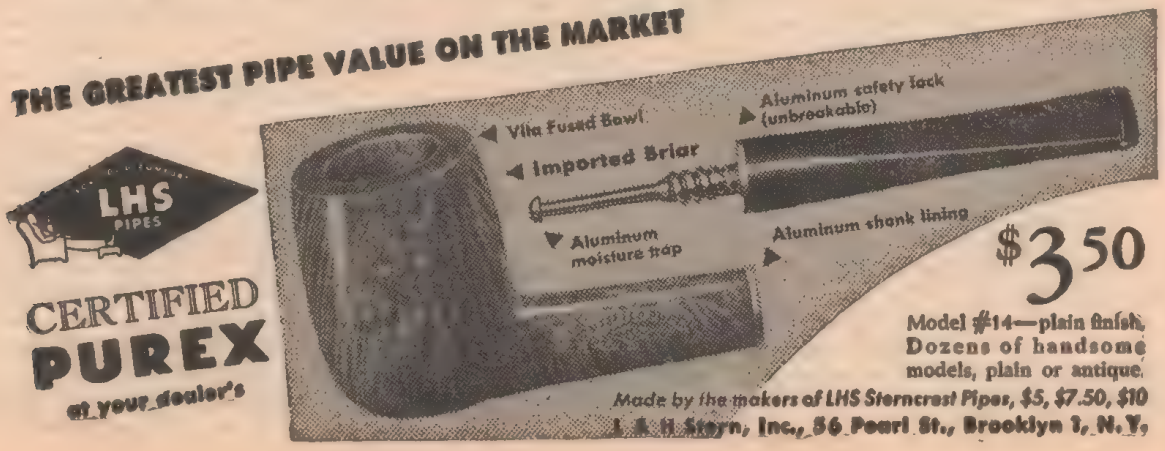
THERE seemed to be little difference between summer and winter in the West Indies, except that during the latter hurricanes were more likely to catch the unwary. The temperature varied slightly with the southern declination of the sun, and Gosselyn was ill disposed to accept the opinion of the colonials that St. Kitts was a healthy place in which to live. Every man in his crew had sacrificed some flesh to the climate, and some were seriously reduced in stamina by the oppressive, clinging heat.

Fortunately, his vessel had escaped the dread pestilence of yellow fever, which struck annually at the Leeward Station. Captain Otway, in a cruise off Cuba, found himself suddenly with less than half of his officers and men able to stand upon their feet, and was virtually out of commission while the Governor of St. Christopher tried to scrape up replacements for him. As a consequence, being free of the disease, the *Warwick* became for a time the only substantial support of British prestige on the Station, and thus carried more than her normal share of the service. Of this, Gosselyn could not complain.

One afternoon, he sat in his cabin and amused himself by totaling up his accounts for the six months he had been at the Station. What with a sloop here and a schooner there, he had acquired close to fifteen hundred pounds in good gold coin. His success had been far from unusual. Duty in the West Indies had begun to be equivalent to an income of at least two thousand annually, as wars in Europe drained manpower from the farms and made foreign goods precious. Trade continued despite blockades and seizures, as consumers were glad to pay any price for articles their habits had taught them to believe were necessities. It was an incompetent businessman who did not attempt to slip his wares past the British to reach the hungry but rich ports of Brest and L'Orient. At double and triple peacetime prices, the loss of a vessel or two was more than repaid by the exhorbitant sale of those cargoes which did get past the prowling cruisers and privateers.

These latter scoured the sea in hordes, and were a nuisance to the Royal Navy, since they usually resisted capture, and resistance kills men. When taken, a privateer brought scanty return from a prize court, unless she happened to be laden with captured cargoes. Moreover, in terms of a balance sheet to the purse-minded representatives in the House of Commons, it was patent that privateers cost the government more than their capture was worth, since the little craft were invariably heavily manned, which, becoming prisoner, had to be fed at national expense. Still, privateers could not be permitted to flourish unchecked, for in the general accounting of foreign trade, produce from the Indies had come to be the lifeblood of a huge proportion of British subjects, whose interests had to be safeguarded.

The primary duty of the naval vessels was to guard the Indies against invasion and capture by French or Spanish forces. This the commanding officers accepted without a murmur. In the possibility of combat with the regular French Marine lay both glory and money. Whereas a frigate could gobble up scores of privateers and never be gazetted, she had only to sight a French frigate to bring her commander public acclaim. Proud of their inheritance as masters of the oceans, the people


THE GREATEST PIPE VALUE ON THE MARKET
LHS PIPES
CERTIFIED PUREX
at your dealer's
Vita Fused Bowl
Imported Briar
Aluminum moisture trap
Aluminum safety lock (unbreakable)
Aluminum shank lining
$3.50
Model #14—plain finish. Dozens of handsome models, plain or antique.
Made by the makers of LHS Sterncrest Pipes, $5, $7.50, $10
L. & H. Stern, Inc., 56 Pearl St., Brooklyn 1, N. Y.

of England generously rewarded their heroes, who often as not had been already amply indemnified for their battle losses by the confiscation of French treasure which was almost invariably transported in French men-of-war.

Admiral Sir Hyde Parker was, therefore, well acquainted with the presence and extent of French forces in the vicinity of his station, and had often regretted being confined to the waters north of Latitude Seventeen. South, where Admiral Alan Lord Gardner had his flag, there were the great, rich islands of Martinique, Guadaloupe and Trinidad, and in this arena, the big battles for colonial supremacy were fought. Sir Hyde held, as it were, the frontier, and only chance brought noteworthy adversaries within his purview.

True, Sir Hyde had Cuba to watch, but the few ships of the Spanish fleet were elusive, though, when found, rich prizes. Taking them was a simple matter, for, after the loss of the Armada, Madrid had seemingly abandoned her Navy, and two centuries of indifference had exacted a toll. The Spanish Don is proud and seeks honor for his name, and the Army became the place for glory. Thus, few gentlemen of ability sought a career at sea, and their Navy was handled too clumsily to be a worthy antagonist for the salty sons of England. Faithful to the routine established in the days of the conquistadores, the treasures of the New World continued to be carried in naval ships, but the seamen who could have defended the lifeblood of Spain had died with Modena, and many a lucky Englishman became the possessor of a ship which contained the total efforts of a million slaves.

Sir Hyde wished, when possessed of sufficient strength to handle both privateers and convoys, to cruise about the great island to Havana, and see what five or more frigates could do by way of seizing plate. However, the main strength of the British West Indian Squadron was stationed at Barbados, the most westerly of the Windward Islands, and, therefore, the controlling one. St. Kitts only saw fleets when they came into Basse Terre Roads to water and refit on their voyages to and from great enterprises in the south.

Sir Hyde had command of two frigates, three sloops, and a pair of cutters, and could not view seriously the proud flapping of the flag that proclaimed his rank to the world. Far from being an admiral in the usual sense, he was galled to learn of the presence of a thirty-eight gun Frenchman named *L'Espoir*, mysteriously come into the vicinity of Puerto Rico. He was rightly galled becaused he had only a thirty-two gun frigate to send in pursuit, when even a thirty-six would have been at a disadvantage. Still, as a man who expected obedience from subordinates because he gave obedience to his superiors, he could do no other than send for the captain of his only available ship.

Thus, Captain Gosselyn of the *Warwick* was distracted from the happy pastime of calculating his wealth against the expenses of building and maintaining a home for the most desirable woman in Sussex.

GOSSELYN returned to his ship, excitement illuminating his youthful face. Graham, trying to be cool in shirtsleeves, caught the fever of excitement when he learned the tidings, and impetuously discarded comfort in his zeal to make ready to sail. Gosselyn passed the word at quarters to a crew which had assembled somewhat testily upon being rooted from their ease. Hearing of the opportunity to grapple with a worthy foe instead of continuing the dull monotony of patrols and convoys, the crew cheerfully scurried about the decks.

While men strained to heave round on the anchor cable, a boatswain improvised a chantey for his mates to sing, and Gosselyn could not fail to wonder if the *Warwick* were as mighty a ship as the boatswain proclaimed. His modesty perhaps prevented him from seeing the excellent morale displayed by his crew or the esteem with which he was regarded, but Graham, watching for the signal that the anchor was at short stay, could have explained both the effect and the cause.

The *Warwick's* men were healthy and able to go after *L'Espoir* in place of the *Trent*, largely because their captain continually disregarded his own ambitions and bought fruits and vegetables for them out of his little hoard of money, supplementing their rations with food that balanced the plain fare authorized by the Admiralty. This the crew repaid by conduct that made the cat-of-nine-tails a useless piece of equipment in the boatswain's locker.

The *Warwick* departed from Basse Terre Roads before her captain was able to plot a course for the most likely haunt of *L'Espoir*. He came on deck to see Graham, sweating, alongside the helm, conning the ship past Brimstone Hill, whose garrison wished them good hunting with a salute from a great gun. The *Warwick* replied with a blank shot from a thirty-six-pounder quarterdeck carronade.

Trimming to the easterly wind, Graham gave the quartermasters a preliminary course past St. Eustatius and, turning the deck over to a watch officer, accompanied Gosselyn on an inspection. Neither of the young officers held any illusions about their mission. The Frenchman probably mounted twenty-four pounders against the *Warwick's* eighteens, and thus, counting the additional advantage accruing to the French because of their different

system of measuring shot, *L'Espoir* had a main battery that could deliver a superiority of more than a hundred and fifty pounds of metal per broadside. Such a factor could be decisive, if *L'Espoir* were to be handled with any degree of competence. Gosselyn was, consequently, concerned with minimizing the odds against him by anticipating damage.

He ordered the ruthless jettisoning of unnecessary articles. Knowing that he was going to have a fight, he had the ship stripped of bulkheads forward of the wardroom country, and directed Graham to see that members of the mess sent their seachests below, keeping out only those things they would need for a week.

Going aft to the wardroom, Gosselyn summoned his officers. Above the hammering of the carpenters who were clearing ship, he explained the purpose of their voyage and recommended that each man make suitable disposition of his estate and effects. The sobriety with which he proffered the advice took some of the tang out of the adventure, and after accepting an invitation to sup with them that evening, he left them to write their letters.

Sitting down at his desk, Gosselyn found his excitement had been overshadowed by apprehension. He was fully cognizant of the respect due a French thirty-eight. His enthusiasm about chasing her was jaded by a sudden realization of her might. In his depression, he wished that the sturdy figure of Captain Pamplin could still be seen on the quarterdeck. Despite his years at sea, Gosselyn was young, only recently having turned twenty-seven, and he was too newly arrived at the awful responsibilities of a wartime captain to have the sang-froid of his former skipper.

He sought relief from his fears in writing to Phyllis. After an hour of scrawling, he paused. Somehow his letter had degenerated into a summary of the *Warwick's* chances against the Frenchman. No doubt she would be terrified by such a letter. Swearing quietly, he gently crushed the sheets of paper into a ball and poured himself a glass of brandy. Quitting the desk, he stretched out on the transom. Sipping the smoky liquor, he tried to make a final estimate of the outcome of the impending engagement, concluded that too many variables entered into the prediction of victory or defeat, and soothed himself with the reflection that he had done all that could be done. The gods could decide as they would.

By sunset, he was again himself and supper in the wardroom was a pleasant break from his solitary dining. He even spoke kindly to the midshipmen, who were also guests for the evening. Graham privately thought that this

was carrying affability to an extreme: Nature had intended that midshipmen be kept unhappy, as necessary for the development of character. Gosselyn ignored precedence laughing with the lads and exchanging jokes until they were almost convinced that he was human.

And in this manner, the *Warwick* looked for and found *L'Espoir*.

EARLY one afternoon, in a light air, while Gosselyn dozed on a cot in the shade of the mizzen, he was aroused by the masthead cry of "Sail ho!"

He was at the bulwark with his glass before the officer of the deck had shouted, "Where away?" The *Warwick* was cruising off the town of Ponce, on the southern side of Puerto Rico.

To the east, a ship's topsails loomed above the horizon.

"Beat to quarters," Gosselyn called to the midshipman of the watch, and when Graham appeared upon the wild summons of the drum, he ordered his first lieutenant to clear for action. Graham obediently went down to his guns. Thanks to foresight, there was scant clearing to do, and the *Warwick* was ready to fight within a fraction of the time normally required to free the space for the battery.

Gosselyn had to guess both the destination of *L'Espoir* and the combativeness of her captain. Ponce had an excellent harbor and was one of the major ports of the island, but Jobos, further east, could just as easily accommodate a frigate. By the present position of the *Warwick*, he could deny *L'Espoir* entrance to Ponce, but if the Frenchman wished to avoid bloodshed, there was little Gosselyn could do to prevent the fellow from slipping into Jobos. The prevailing easterly winds gave *L'Espoir* the option of fighting or running and Gosselyn could not force the issue.

He could, however, attempt a measure of deception. The French were well aware of the meager forces maintained by England on the Leeward Station, and might, therefore, find it within the scope of credibility that a large ship could be flying the flag of Spain. Breaking the golden colors from the main truck, Gosselyn beat toward the enemy frigate.

He watched for her sails to shift. If they were braced about on the opposite tack, *L'Espoir* would make for Jobos. If they held somewhat steady, *L'Espoir* was not indifferent to an examination of a ship flying Spanish colors. Long minutes passed, and her yards did not change. Even attributing blindness to the French, Gosselyn was certain that the *Warwick's* presence had been reported to the enemy skipper, for he could see *L'Espoir's* fighting tops, and by the same token, the *Warwick's* were visible from *L'Espoir's* quarterdeck. Gosselyn ordered Mr. Ranier, the midshipman on signal watch, to hoist Spanish colors to the spanker gaff.

Graham came up with the information that the ship was free of possible missile hazard, the guns cast loose, and the galley fires out. Glancing at the sails bulking on the horizon, he smiled and remarked, "Looks as though he doesn't object to falling in with a Don."

Envying the ease with which his first lieutenant could smile, Gosselyn murmured, "Let's hope so."

"Well," Graham said, with a quick look at the misty hills of Puerto Rico, "God be with you Captain."

Gosselyn nodded, and turned to watch Graham's stalwart figure disappear down a hatch. A battle was simple on a gun deck. The enemy appeared before the port and was shot at. All an officer did was see that the men served their pieces. That was the whole story. There were few decisions to make, and small responsibility compared to that of a commander. So long as the battery remained in operation, duty was done. Often enough, he had fired the guns for Pamplin; now Pamplin was gone and he stood in his place. Idly, he wondered if this day would bring about another change in the *Warwick's* command.

Shrugging off the thought, he devoted his attention to his adversary. Far from seeking escape in Jobos, *L'Espoir* had turned to the south, giving both ships more sea room. At least there would be no uncertainty from the wind. In that area, the wind was almost constant, to such a degree as to split the garland of West Indian islands into two parts, the islands to the east of St. Kitts being the Windward, those to the west, the Leeward.

With an effort, Gosselyn heaved fear and doubt out of his mind, leaving his brain free to analyze the delicate problem of besting *L'Espoir's* captain. He watched the thirty-eight grow over the horizon, and studied the extent of her armament. He counted fifteen gunports back to her quarter, where the cabin was located. She could easily have been pierced for two more pairs of long guns, but the French preferred comfort in their cabins instead of maximum fire power, and a French captain luxuriated in space an English Admiral of the Red could well envy. He could see six ports in her weather deck bulwarks, which thus added twelve smaller long guns and carronades to her power.

All in all, she was formidable.

Gosselyn's midshipman was making his first cruise. The lad was scarcely thirteen, and was suddenly uncertain about Horace and the sweetness of dying for his country.

"Mr. Ranier," Gosselyn said to him, "I will wager an orange that you cannot tell me within

a minute when that chap will start shooting."

Delighted by an opportunity to exhibit Gunner Harrison's knowledge second-hand, the youngster pursed his lips and quizzically appraised *L'Espoir*, calculating the distance between the two ships, and the time which would undoubtedly bring them within French firing ranges.

"I think about twenty minutes, sir," he finally hazarded.

Gravely, Gosselyn produced his watch and noted the time. "Very well, then," he said, "We will see."

The wager in itself was trivial, yet obliterated temporarily the youngster's concerns about the impending battle. For that, in later years, when he understood his captain's motive, Mr. Ranier would be grateful, and would do something similar for his midshipmen under the same circumstances. At the moment, however, he was more strongly interested in proving himself correct than in anticipating personal harm.

Noting the eager distraction on the lad's face, Gosselyn returned to the business at hand. Running a critical eye over the ship, he mentally checked off the officers and men at their weather deck stations. The six light long guns and eight heavy carronades would be handled within reach of his trumpet, and he could depend upon Graham to get the maximum out of the main battery.

He was ready, then, when smoke flared from the Frenchman's bows. He looked at his watch. "You win the orange," he said to the gratified midshipman. "I am pleased with you." Thereupon he forgot the troubles of Mr. Ranier and took up his own.

The shot plowed into the sea off his port bow. It had been fired in the casual good fellowship of the sea, and was a mere request for him to identify himself, with no harm done if his national character suited the Frenchman. Gosselyn desired, however, that *L'Espoir* venture further away from her extreme range, and did not reply, giving the Frenchman the riddle of his Spanish colors to mull about for a while.

A proud Don would surely disdain one summons to vouch for his colors; a wise one would instantly dip his colors and hoist them again to indicate they were genuine. The Frenchman had no way of knowing if the hypothetical Spaniard were proud or humble, and Gosselyn did not intend to assist him in finding out until it became absolutely necessary.

Minutes passed. On the quarterdeck, Thatcher prepared to take the marines aloft. Gosselyn restrained him.

"No reason in the world to expose them needlessly," he said. "Have them lie down until we can use their rifles—if that fellow will give us a chance." With that sentiment, he won the thanks of his seagoing soldiers, who could hardly be blamed for having a revulsion to sitting in the fighting tops while shot thrummed across the *Warwick*..

The Frenchman became impatient. *L'Espoir's* sides flamed.

Gosselyn sighed. *L'Espoir* was still too far away for his liking, but the die was cast. "Break out our colors, Mr. Ranier," he directed. "Haul down those gaudy rags."

(To Be Concluded)

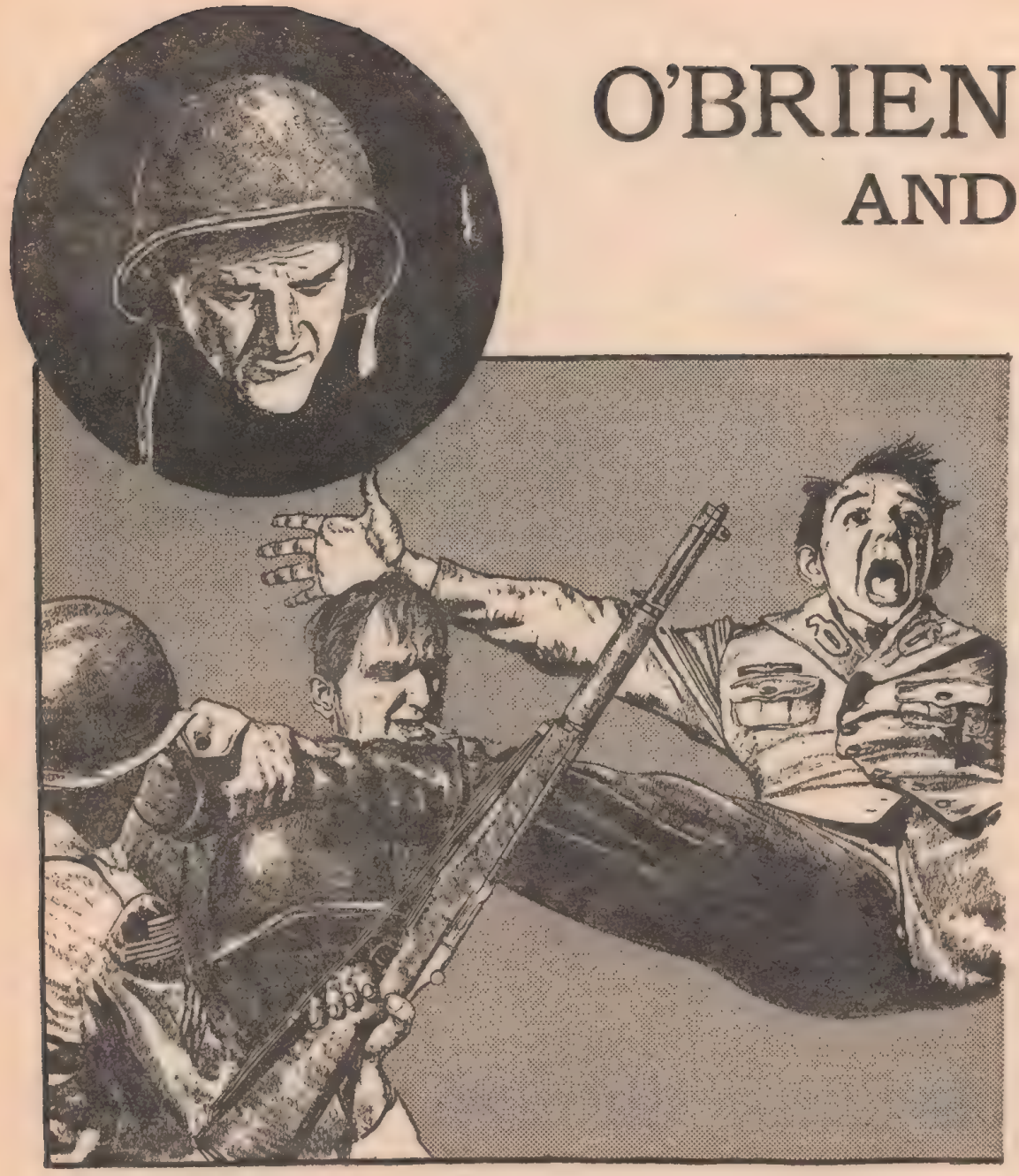
Full Speed Ahead for the Railroads of Tomorrow!

What are the roads doing to improve service in the face of rising competition from planes and motor vehicles? Keep posted on latest developments. Read the illustrated

RAILROAD MAGAZINE

25c—on news-stands—at 205 E. 42nd St., New York City 17

O'BRIEN AND



COLONEL O'BRIEN, of the Umpteenth Infantry Regiment, was about to step into a tub. There was a reason for this —the colonel stank. But the goatish odor was about to be washed away and replaced by the colonel's normal stench, one of soap and cologne. Remembering it was his first bath in eight weeks, he shivered with ecstasy and stuck a testing toe in the hot water.

The tub had once belonged to Herr Gruenz, ex-mayor of the town of Mautz. Herr Gruenz must have been fond of his enormous tub, modeled after Goering's famous one. It was while floating in warm water and black market soap suds that the mayor had decided to slash open his wrist-veins and die as pleasant a death as was possible under the circumstances. His decision was hastened by the news that the Americans from the west and the Russians from the east would soon meet in his town. He had reasons to believe it would be better to take a chance on his reception in the next

By PHILIP JOSÉ FARMER

OBRENOV

In the middle of the square was a knot of soldiers. They were pulling on something. . . That something was Colonel-General Schutzmiller.

ILLUSTRATED BY
EARL EUGENE MAYAN

world than to wait for a certain one in this.

In fact, the mayor's oyster-like lips had no sooner blubbered out his last breath than Colonel O'Brien skidded his jeep to a halt before the house, jumped out, kicked open the door, and strode in. The colonel was looking not so much for the mayor as he was for his famous bath-tub. He found both. It was an indication of his stubbornness that, having sworn to bathe in Herr Gruenz's tub, he wasn't balked by the mess that greeted him.

He ordered the ex-mayor to be buried in Potter's Field and the tub cleaned. The scouring of the tub was done by two of Herr Gruenz's cronies. They protested. The MP guarding them pulled out his pistol and remarked it was getting rusty from disuse. They got the idea, and began cleaning vigorously.

Glowing with happiness at the thought of the coming bath, O'Brien then drove to the town square where he met Colonel Obrenov of the Russian forces that were occupying the eastern

Remembering it was his first bath in eight weeks, he shivered with ecstasy.

half of Mautz. They talked under the shadow of the famed "Spirit of German Wrath" statue. It was a bronze figure of Goethe, dating from the last century, that had been set up by the burgomasters of Mautz to commemorate the fact he'd once lived there—perhaps a week or two. With the Nazis' rise, Goethe's stock had gone down. They couldn't stand that great artist's internationalism and broad-mindedness. An order was issued to tear down the statue, but the penny-pinching citizens of Mautz had what they thought was a brilliant idea. The bronze plate on which was inscribed the dates of Goethe's brief stay at Mautz had been ripped off and a new plaque titled "Spirit of German Wrath" had been installed at the pedestal's base.

More important, the iron pen in Goethe's right hand was removed to make place for a gigantic sword. The result was disconcerting. The cumbersome sword, besides being almost as long as the statue itself, that is, eight feet, was held in an unnatural position. Its edge was hard against the great man's face. Anybody but the fat-brained citizens of Mautz and Germany could have seen that the "Spirit" was engaged in a struggle, not to ward off the Reich's enemies, but to keep from cutting off its own nose.

The deep-graven lines of his forehead and mouth, once intended to portray the agonies of his soul while writing *Faust*, were now supposed to portray a bloodlust in battle. Nobody but an Aryan's Aryan would have thought so, or been able to overlook the fact that the former Goethe's eyes, instead of staring ahead at his foes, were cross-eyed, looking at the hand that once had held a pen.

The reconverted statue was grotesque enough to cause comment even from two men as ignorant of art as the Colonels O'Brien and Obrenov. What fixed the statue in O'Brien's mind, however, was the discussion he'd had with the Russian about removing it.

Shortly before the two armies had met in Mautz, the mayor, under pressure from the Nazi bigwigs, had ordered the statue pulled down as a contribution to the latest scrap drive. Halfway through its uprooting, the laborers, alarmed at the closeness of the Allies, had abandoned their work. The "Spirit of German Wrath" was left leaning forward to the south at a 110-degree angle.

The colonels agreed it was a public menace. O'Brien suggested his men pull it down, but Obrenov demurred; he wanted his soldiers to haul it away. The "Spirit" was a symbol; he liked knocking down Germans, whether they were actual or symbolic.

Finally it was agreed that both sides would pull it down at some future time.

After the colonels had drawn a chalk line down the exact middle of the town square, and set up guards on each side of the line, and made arrangements for a get-together that night, and decided the Americans would bring Scotch and the Russians vodka, O'Brien had gone back to his headquarters. He found his bath ready.

Now the colonel sat naked on the edge of the tub, a short, thin man of forty-two with close-cut, wiry, carroty hair, a snub nose and a long upper lip. He was preparing to slide into the warm water and finish the bath Herr Gruenz hadn't been able to live through.

O'Brien was thinking what a queer fish Colonel Obrenov was. A stickler—a stiff-backed, long-faced stickler. First, there'd been his insistence on having the honor of demolishing the statue. Second, he had demanded that one of his engineers survey the exact half of Mautz. He wanted no complications, no mis-

takes. And he'd invited O'Brien to check the line with an American engineer. Courteously, O'Brien had said he would trust Obrenov. The Russian had urged he check.

Annoyed, O'Brien had delegated the task to Major Razzuti of the Engineers. Razzuti had gone through the farce with a straight face, announced the line was correct, and congratulated Major Krassovsky, the Russian engineer, on his achievement. Krassovsky, who understood little English, had smiled and shaken Razzuti's hand.

Then the Yanks and the Russians had saluted each other and gone back to their respective headquarters with everything happily settled. O'Brien was now poised on the tub's marble brink for a descent into paradise.

AT that moment a knock sounded at the bathroom door. The colonel, as was the way of soldiers, cursed at the interruption.

"It's me, Lieutenant Tarpitch." Tarpitch sounded miserable.

"Anything you can't handle, Tarpitch?" O'Brien snapped.

"Yes, sir. The colonel'd better speak to Sergeant Krautzenfelser. He's the one that wants the colonel. It's urgent. He says we got Schutzmiller."

There was a pause. Tarpitch coughed. "He also says we have not got Schutzmiller."

The colonel forgot about his bath. "What d'you mean—have and haven't?" he growled.

"I don't know, sir. Better speak to the sergeant."

The door swung open. Sergeant Krautzenfelser stuck his dark Choctaw face in.

"Close the door. What do I have to be to get any privacy—a four-star general?"

"Guess so, sir," grinned the sergeant. "Better hurry, sir. Urgent. Can't handle it. International complications."

"Well, what is it?"

"Can't say. See for the colonel's self. On the spot. Schutzmiller."

O'Brien coughed with exasperation, not for the first time during his three years' experience with the Indian. Mule-headed as he knew himself to be, he had met in Krautzenfelser an inflexible stubbornness that far surpassed his own. Krautzenfelser had inherited the German name from a Prussian grandfather who'd settled in Oklahoma shortly after the Civil War, but he was three-fourths Choctaw, and he showed it clearly.

He was a college graduate and had been, before volunteering for the Army, a professor of art at Kansoka University. In fact, he was now thriftily combining his wartime experiences with his profession by writing in his leisure hours, which were few, a monograph "On the Effects of the Fumes of Explosives on the Artistic Creativeness in the Period 1450-1920 A. D." The sergeant condescended at times to explain his thesis to the colonel. It irked O'Brien that he didn't know what Krautzenfelser was talking about.

Despite the Indian's brilliance, he had never been recommended by O'Brien for officer's training. "The first time he got mule-headed and did things his own way, instead of the Army's, he'd have his bars yanked off, or, worse, get shot. He'll be better off under my wing," the colonel had commented to his brother officers.

Still, he was a good man, intelligent enough not to burst in on the colonel unless the situation was too tough for anybody else to handle. He'd better haul hind-end—and fast. O'Brien gave up trying to dig a clear statement out of the sergeant. After one fond look at the tub he dressed quickly.

Schutzmiller! When you thought of atrocities, you thought of Schutzmiller. He was the SS colonel-general wanted badly by every one of the Allies. His name wasn't far below Hitler's on the War Criminal List.

As far as the Umpteenth Infantry Regiment was concerned, he was at the top of the list. They had been looking for him since the Battle of the Bulge, where, before his cold black eyes, over a hundred freshly-captured Americans had been lined up and machine-gunned. Half of them had been O'Brien's men.

When the sergeant spoke of Schutzmiller, he invoked the one name that had power to tear O'Brien away from his long-anticipated bath. As the colonel buckled on his pistol, he thought of this man to whom slaughter, rape, and torture were all in a day's work. Yet Schutzmiller raised love-birds and canaries, had once shot a man for kicking a dog, and was reputed to be a kind and loving husband and father.

Probably, thought the colonel, the dog had been Schutzmiller's personal property. The man he'd shot had been scheduled to be killed, and the dog was an excuse. Still, that didn't argue away the love-birds or the kids who thought their old man was the best in the world. Queer people, these Germans.

The colonel's jeep sped over to the town square. Krautzenfelser, who was driving, said, "See what I mean, sir?"

O'Brien saw. In the middle of the square was a knot of soldiers. They were pulling on something that was poised above the chalk-line dividing the square. That something was SS Colonel-General Schutzmiller.

When he was closer, O'Brien saw that two of his sergeants had a tight grip on the German's right hand and leg. Holding fast with an equally tight clutch on his left hand and leg were two Russian non-coms. The four were engaged in a tug-of-war with Schutzmiller's body as a rope.

His head was thrown back. His huge nose was pointed straight up; the bushy black eyebrows, supposedly the thickest in Europe, were writhing in agony. His mouth was as wide open as the beak of a worm-swallowing baby bird. Out of it streamed a gabble of curses and high-pitched commands to be let loose.

The sergeant said, "That's what I meant, sir. Those two and I were searching the houses. Our side of the square. We scared out this kraut. There."

He pointed to a hotel which dominated the south side of the square. "He bolted. Into the square. We knew it was Schutzmiller. We tried to take him alive.

"Those Russians. They spotted him. The kraut ran down the chalk-line. He tripped. We all piled on top of him. We unscrambled. We wouldn't let go of him. And the Russians wouldn't let go."

Colonel O'Brien threw his helmet off onto the cobbles. It bounced, landed on its rim, and rolled away. The colonel's orderly ran after it, not for the first time in his career as the colonel's orderly. The junior officers froze; the colonel was ready to blow his top.

Only Krautzenfelser ignored the colonel's anger. He grinned. "Well, sir. International complications. And on the first day here."

"Quiet, Sergeant! When I want your opinion, I'll ask for it." O'Brien's face was as red as his hair. What a thing to happen! On the surface of it, a comic-opera situation, something that could only happen on the stage.

But the complications! If he ordered his men to turn Schutzmiller over to the Russians, he would lose face both with his own men and with the Russians. Worse, there would be questions from GHQ, maybe from Washington. The brass hats would want to know why in thunder, why in the blankety-blank this and that, he allowed himself to get into such a predicament. And, secondly, once in it, why he hadn't immediately pulled himself out of it.

Worse and worse, Senator Applebroom, who was making a tour of Europe, would fly into Mautz tomorrow. There'd be senatorial fulminations, denunciations, philippics, cries for action, yelps to uphold the honor of the American public. The congressman would swing every ounce of his political weight in an effort to grab all the publicity he could. A spasm of disgust shook O'Brien. The fat Applebroom didn't like military men, and he would delight in spattering his muck on O'Brien; he would make him look like a fool and a heel.

THE colonel thought fast, but not fast enough. There was a screech of brakes as Colonel Obrenov's jeep shot into the square and came to a halt a few feet from Schutzmiller. Obrenov shouted at his chauffeur.

Tarpitch, standing at O'Brien's shoulder, translated. "He's cussing out his driver, a certain Sergeant Kublitch, for not running over Schutzmiller, purely by accident, of course, and solving the dilemma. He says Kublitch would have got a medal out of it. He says a Tartar never did have any brains. Kublitch is saying nothing."

"I don't need an interpreter to tell me when a man says nothing," snapped O'Brien. He looked at Obrenov's face, so startlingly like his own with its bright red hair, snub nose, and long upper lip. It was, as usual, grave.

O'Brien decided to waste no time. He stepped up to the line and said, with Tarpitch translating into Russian, "I say, Colonel, shall we settle this thing at once before our respective headquarters hear about it? It'll save our countries a great deal of embarrassment, not to mention ourselves."

Obrenov, instead of listening to Tarpitch, spoke to his own interpreter, who, in turn, spoke English, but addressed himself to Tarpitch, not O'Brien.

"The colonel would like to settle first which interpreter we're going to use. The colonel says that at our last meeting the American lieutenant translated. The colonel says that this time it is consonant with Russian dignity and might, not to mention fairness, that the Russian lieutenant, myself, interpret. The colonel insists."

O'Brien was for a second taken aback at the irrelevancy of the request. Then he saw that Obrenov was fighting for time. His brain, like O'Brien's, was spinning as rapidly as a cyclone and, like that greedy storm, seizing on everything he possibly could.

O'Brien said, "Tell the colonel the colonel may use the Russian interpreter, yourself, all the time. I don't care."

Tarpitch translated O'Brien's English into Russian, the Russian lieutenant listened gravely, then told Colonel Obrenov. He shrugged his shoulders, waved his hands, and borrowed a cigarette from one of his officers. While lighting it, his keen hazel eyes flickered a curse at Schutzmiller.

The German had ceased his ravings to listen to them, and he suddenly cried in English, "I surrender. I surrender, but to the Americans, not the Russians. Take me. This is no way to treat a colonel-general."

The Russian interpreter, Lieutenant Aramajian, quickly spoke to Obrenov. The colonel's body stiffened. His officers bridled and shot hostile glances across the border.

O'Brien said to Tarpitch, "Tell Schutzmiller he'll have to surrender to the Russians at the same time. According to treaty, we're bound to make no separate peaces."

Tarpitch spoke in German. The Russians, who understood it, unbent. Obrenov smiled,

and said, Aramajian translating, "Now that that is understood, let us arrive swiftly at a solution. Apparently Schutzmiller is equally divided between the Americans and us. Apparently. But it may be he is a quarter of an inch more or less to one side. I suggest that we survey him, and whichever side has the most, gets him. That seems to be the only fair solution to an awkward situation, and that way, neither Moscow nor Washington will have a kick coming."

Aramajian smiled and dropped his role of interpreter for a moment. "A kick coming. It not that a correct colloquialism?"

Tarpitch assured him it was.

O'Brien was astonished at Obrenov's proposal, simple enough to come from an imbecile, yet savoring of genius. He recovered quickly and agreed.

Razzuti and Krassovsky surveyed the prisoner. They turned long faces on their commanding officers. Razzuti said, "Major Krassovsky and I agree that the line splits him into two equal parts. Neither side has the advantage."

O'Brien suppressed a groan and suggested to Aramajian, "Tell the colonel that in America we often flip coins to decide issues."

Aramajian replied for Obrenov. "The colonel thanks the colonel for his suggestion and his cooperation, but the colonel doesn't think it would be consonant with the dignity and might of the Russian nation to settle issues in so flippant a manner."

Aramajian said, "Flippant, is that not good? It is a pun, is it not?"

Tarpitch congratulated him on his achievement.

Obrenov, who must have been aware by Aramajian's manner that he was ad libbing, pulled him up sharply. The lieutenant lost his grin.

Schutzmiller screamed, "This is no way to treat a German officer. It is not honorable."

Obrenov looked at Schutzmiller. The sight of the cruel hawk's face must have given him an idea. He produced a paper, scanned it, then spoke.

Aramajian said, "The colonel says the colonel has here a paper on which are enumerated in detail the crimes for which Schutzmiller is wanted by the Russian government. The colonel suggests the Russian and American lists be compared. Whichever list is highest wins."

Schutzmiller screamed, "Let me up! Am I to have no chance to defend myself? Is this honorable? In front of these enlisted men, too. Is this honorable?"

O'Brien snorted, "Honorable? Where'd you get that word?" To Aramajian he said, "Tell the colonel, O.K." To himself he muttered, "Anything will do."

Lieutenant MacAngus, a giant with a red mustache and an even redder face, a lawyer in civilian life, compared his list with the one held by Captain Schmidt, the Russian representative. They stood at Schutzmiller's head, and the German threw his head back to stare up at them.

Fear now replaced arrogance on his face as the two read out his crimes.

"My colleague, Captain Schmidt and I," reported MacAngus, "find that whereas we, that is, the Americans, British, and French, I say we, that is Captain Schmidt and I, find that whereas we, that is, the Allies, and not Captain Schmidt and I—"

"We know," said O'Brien. "Come on, Mac, the facts."

"We find the Allies have 1,002 known executions of prisoners-of-war, 5,012 known starved prisoners-of-war, 300 known civilians tortured to death, 1,003 civilian hostages executed, all at Schutzmiller's orders. And 10 known women raped by Schutzmiller personally. The total on the Allied side is 7,327.

"On the other, the Russian, hand, we find they have 2,003 known executions of prisoners-of-war, 3,002 known starved prisoners-of-war, 1,102 known civilians tortured to death, 1,210 civilian hostages executed, and 11 known women raped by Schutzmiller personally. The Russian total is 7,328. They beat us by one.

"At first glance that would give the German to the Russians. But one of the raped women's names, Anna Pavlovna Krylov, appears twice. Either there are two Anna Pavlovnas or, more likely, she was raped twice. My colleague admits the truth cannot be ascertained immediately.

"Therefore, we have agreed that, for the time being, and until the affair of Anna Pavlovna is cleared up, the lists are to be considered equal."

O'BRIEN and Obrenov shrugged their shoulders and looked at each other. From the first they'd sized each other up and come to the conclusion it would do no good to pull any rough stuff. Both were stubborn, and eager to advance the interests of their countries, but they were equally anxious to thread their way out of the labyrinth into which the capture of Schutzmiller had thrown them. Not only was it a problem which might easily lead to strained, if not snapped, relations, it was a problem which might cost O'Brien his hide and Obrenov his head.

"Tell the colonel," said O'Brien, "that we seem to be stymied, but I have an idea. The colonel has refused a coin-flipping contest, and I think the colonel is correct—it leaves too much to chance and is undignified. But if the colonel will step to one side, I think I have a contest of another kind to interest him, one

The "Spirit of German Wrath" was left leaning at a 110-degree angle.

which should appeal to the sporting blood I know runs in Russian veins."

Obrenov hesitated and glanced at his fellow officers, doubtless wondering if a tête-à-tête with an American would be reported to his discredit back in Moscow.

O'Brien said, "Tell the colonel he may report what I say later on. There are those here, however, who shouldn't hear." He glanced meaningly at the enlisted men.

Obrenov blushed at the reference to his fear of being turned in, but stepped off to one side. Aramajian followed. O'Brien whispered hurriedly, Aramajian whispered to Obrenov, Obrenov whispered back to Aramajian, who whispered to O'Brien. At the conclusion of the low-toned conference, Obrenov grinned and shook O'Brien's hand. Then they saluted each other and left.

Before going back to HQ, O'Brien put Sergeant Krautzenfelser in charge of the detail holding Schutzmiller's right arm and leg.

The sergeant protested, "Sir, couldn't we drive stakes between the cobblestones? Handcuff him to them? Hard on the men—squatting here, holding him."

"No. We're not allowed to manacle our prisoners."

"That's what those Russians are doing."

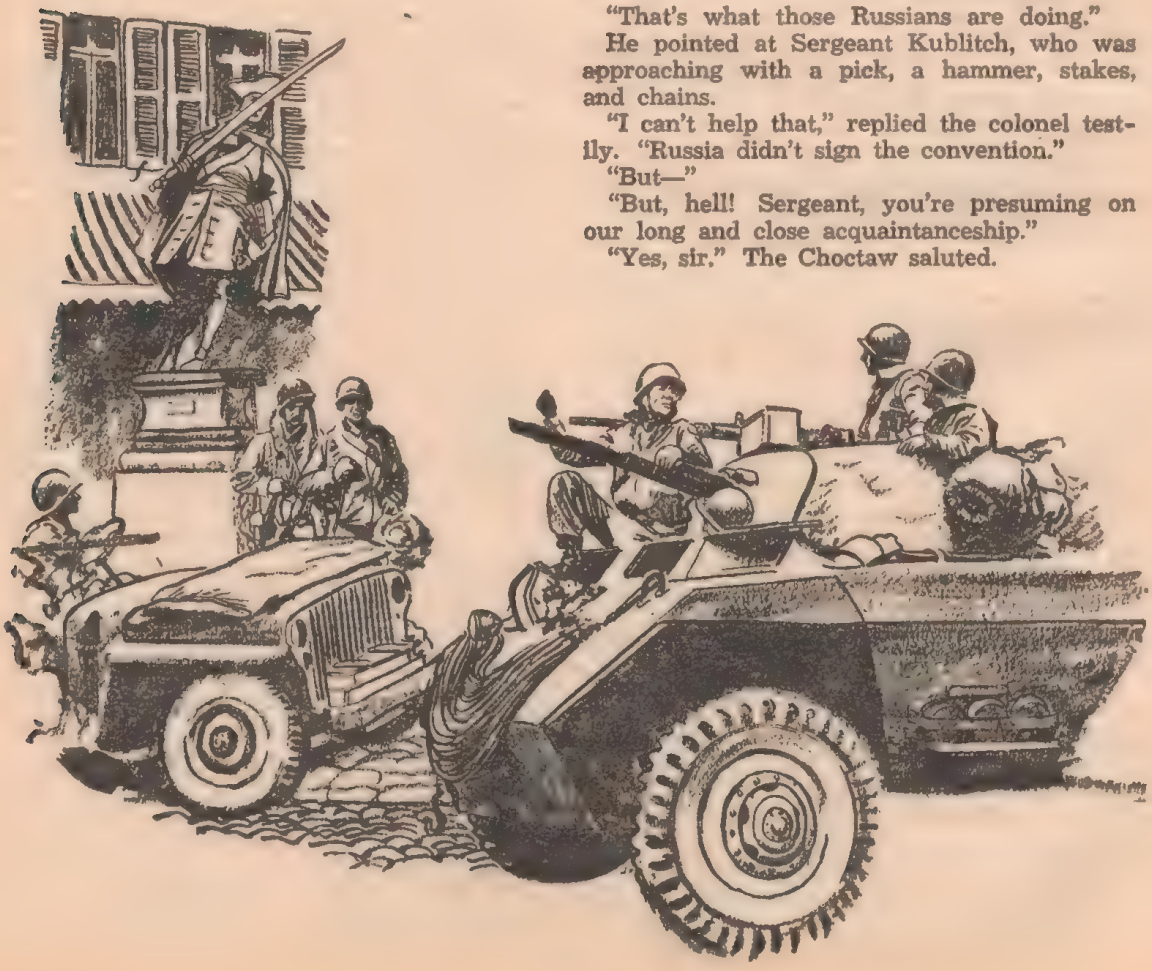
He pointed at Sergeant Kublitch, who was approaching with a pick, a hammer, stakes, and chains.

"I can't help that," replied the colonel testily. "Russia didn't sign the convention."

"But—"

"But, hell! Sergeant, you're presuming on our long and close acquaintanceship."

"Yes, sir." The Choctaw saluted.



"Oh, yes, Sergeant, it looks like rain. You'd better draw slickers for your squad."

O'Brien went back to the ex-mayor's house to resume his bath. While he undressed, the water was re-warmed. Just as he sat on the edge of the tub and stuck in his toe with a shudder of anticipatory ecstasy, he was disturbed by a knock on the bathroom door."

"Tarpitch, sir. It's about Schutzmiller's food."

"Give him what we eat. Do you think I'm a dietician?"

"No, sir!" Tarpitch was emphatic. "Schutzmiller won't eat Russian food, says it might be poisoned. And when we started to feed him, the Russians objected on the ground that he's half their prisoner, and they're entitled to give him half his food. They won't let us feed him unless we go halves, and the German won't touch their stuff."

O'Brien looked for his helmet to throw. Fortunately for Tarpitch, it hung on the outside hook of the door.

"Let him starve," he growled. "Tell him any time he wants food, he can have it, provided he'll eat half-Russian food."

"Yes, sir. Only he's making trouble by telling the Russians of alleged American atrocities and telling us of things the Russians have done to our boys."

"Now I know he won't eat! Tell him he either shuts up or starves. Personally, I hope he does."

"Yes, sir."

O'Brien listened to Tarpitch's departing footsteps. He sighed and slid into the water. He closed his eyes and let everything go. Ah, heavenly! The hot water was dissolving the sweat, dirt, and stink of eight weeks' accumulation. And unwinding a little the bowstring of tension that had drawn tighter and tighter since D-Day.

It must have been ten minutes later, though it seemed a second, that he was roused from his half-stupor by a knock on the door. He opened his eyes.

"Tarpitch, sir. It's raining."

"Good God, man. Do you think I can order it to stop?"

"No, sir. But Schutzmiller's hollering for shelter. He says we got to give it to him or else betray the Geneva Convention."

"Doesn't he know we can't move him?"

"Yes, sir. I've taken steps. We've put up a pup tent over him."

"Doesn't that satisfy him?"

"No, sir. The tent doesn't go any farther than the border, sir. And the Russ refuse to put one up on their side—they say they've got no orders about sheltering half-prisoners, just whole ones. The rain's coming in from the east side. Our tent is doing no good. He's drenched."

O'Brien grunted, "Too bad. My heart bleeds. . . . Well, we've done what we could. You go and get ready for the party, Tarpitch, and don't bother me until it's time to go."

The colonel closed his eyes again. Was the world always to clamor at his bathroom door? A fist banging was his answer.

The colonel reached for a pistol that wasn't there. "You're lucky, Krautzenfelser," he cried, "if I don't have you shot at sunrise. What is it? And what're you doing away from your post?"

He knew it was the sergeant. Only one man had temerity enough to beat the colonel's door as if it were a gong."

"Sorry, sir," said the sergeant with no trace of sorrow, "Lieutenant Tarpitch sent me. It's the statue. It's going."

"Going?" repeated O'Brien testily. "Going? Where's it going? Since when does bronze walk?"

"Don't get me wrong, sir. It's falling, not running. When those heinies pulled it over, they loosened the bands that clamp it on its pedestal."

"Let it fall."

"It might hit Schutzmiller, sir."

O'Brien gave a chuckle which rumbled in the huge bathtub and echoed to the sergeant's ear like a ghoul slavering at the bottom of a meaty grave.

"Hagh! Hagh! Sergeant, when you have any tales of beauty and promise like that to tell, I'll forgive your bursting in on the sanctity of my bath. It's wonderful. Now, go. And don't come back unless Schutzmiller's dead."

"Yes, sir."

"Stop! Sergeant, does Schutzmiller know the 'Spirit' is coming down?"

"He's facing south, sir. But he heard it shift. By throwing his head back, he can see it. He knows it might fall on him."

"Agh, hagh! Sergeant, weren't some of your buddies lined up and shot by Schutzmiller's men?"

"Yes, sir."

"Sergeant, if you were Satan, and Schutzmiller had died and come under your jurisdiction, what torture would you think most appropriate?"

"Sir, I'd stretch him out on the ground, put over him a slowly toppling figure that might, or might not, dash out his brains. Then I'd let him sweat it out."

"Sergeant, you are a clever fiend."

"Yes, sir."

"Dismissed."

THAT evening, at 1900 hours, a group of American officers, guests of Colonel Obrenov, selected for a certain capability, got into their jeeps and drove off. O'Brien, in the lead car, stopped at the Russian border in the

square. Krautzenfelser's big form strode through the heavy rain up to the colonel. He saluted.

Though he could see well enough for himself, O'Brien asked, "How's Schutzmiller taking it?"

"Sir, that kraut is tough. Here he is, drenched. Freezing. Maybe pneumonia coming on. And all he does is complain. Says it's an insult. To be guarded by a Jew."

The colonel blinked. "What Jew?"

"Me, sir. He thinks I'm a Jew. May I tell him, sir, I'm three-fourths Choctaw? Then maybe he'll shut up."

"Let him think you're a Jew. What do you care?" The colonel was enjoying the sergeant's discomfiture. "Isn't he scared of the 'Spirit' any more?"

Krautzenfelser looked downcast. "No, sir. It's falling slower than my arches, sir. I think it's gone. As far as it's going to."

He jerked his thumb to indicate the "Spirit". The Germans had torn up the cobblestones and dug a pit on the south side down to the bottom of the slender marble pedestal. The cement ball which had anchored its end had been chipped away and thrown out. Ropes, attached to its neck and waist, had been used to jerk over the statue and the base, which wasn't much thicker than the figure, at the same time. The intention had been to drag it out in one piece.

But the work had been stopped halfway, and now the "Spirit" leaned forward, poised for a nose dive, deterred only by the bronze clamps which passed through its feet and curved tightly over the top of the pedestal. Half-broken through, the clamps still looked strong enough to hold for a few more decades. Schutzmiller seemed safe, and the hopes the colonel had pinned on its falling were blown away.

"Do you think he'll catch pneumonia, Sergeant?"

"He's too mean to die that way."

"If he does, give him prompt medical attention. No matter what our feelings, we've got to be humane."

"Yes, sir. But we can only treat half of him. Besides, sir, is it humane to leave him in the rain? With that statue hanging over him?"

"We can't move him unless the Russians consent. That's what tonight's conference is about. Besides, if we do let him die, though it wouldn't be humane, it would be humanitarian."

"I see what the colonel means."

Krautzenfelser suddenly leaned over and stared hard into O'Brien's eyes. He winked, and winked again.

"Sir, could I have the colonel's permission to measure the 'Spirit's' dimensions? Necessary information for my monograph 'On the Effects of the Fumes of Explosives'."

"Measure it? Monograph? Sergeant, how often do I have to tell you not to bother me with that stuff? This is war, man. Forget you were once a professor of art—and stay down off that statue."

Krautzenfelser shot O'Brien an indecipherable look. It made him feel the sergeant had been trying to tell him something without actually saying it, and that he had missed the train.

Then the sergeant grunted and twitched his shoulders as if he were shrugging off a disappointment. His face hardened into a mold the colonel had seen before; the times the sergeant had decided to bull along in his own way and to hell with the Army's!

It dwindled subtly into his usual happy grin. He smiled at the tarpaulin-concealed cases of Scotch on the jeep's back floor.

"Yes, sir. Happy conference, sir."

The colonel veiled his eyes and ordered Tarpitch to drive on.

The sergeant's buddy slouched up through the rain.

"The Old Man sure likes to gab with you, Krautzy, even if he does have to put you in your place now and then."

"Yeah," the sergeant grunted. He pointed at Schutzmiller. "What'll we do with that Thing? Do you realize the implications? He could be the cause of a serious quarrel. Between the Allies."

"Too bad we can't plug him and claim it was an accident."

"Thought of it. 'Twouldn't work. Court-martial. Guess I'll go talk to that Kublitch. Looks like he's got Indian blood in him. Might not be a bad guy."

He walked to the chalk-line and spoke in German. The Tartar answered in the same language.

Did Kublitch know the brass hats were beating out their brains over Schutzmiller? . . . He did? Good. . . And did he know they hadn't come to a solution? . . . And that only a couple of good enlisted men, such as Kublitch and himself—used to simple ways—could cut the Gordian knot? . . . He did? . . . Well, here's what he thought ought to be done. He explained . . .

Schutzmiller, who had been listening, screamed a protest.

COLONEL OBRENOV, welcoming his guests, seemed no longer the stiff and stubborn character he'd been on the chalk-border. His face, so much like O'Brien's except for the dignified, mournful lines into which it was usually cast, was now smiling. If it hadn't been for his uniform, he would have been indistinguishable from the American.

He shook hands with the Yanks and said, through Aramajian, "Welcome, friends, I have good news for you. In the cellar of this house,

which you no doubt know once belonged to the late Baron Pflugelkluckensheimer, we have discovered an enormous amount of wine bottles, all, luckily, filled to the full with wine of rare vintage. I suggest we down those first, and then, if we're still thirsty, we can start in on the whiskey. It is a go, no?"

"It's a go, yes!" enthused the Americans.

Two high stools, much like those on which the umpires of a tennis match sit, were brought in and placed one on each side of the banquet table. Captain Pichegru, representing the Yanks, mounted one; Captain Ivantchenko, of the Russians, the other.

"Now, gentlemen," said Obrenov, "the ostensible purpose of this meeting is to break the Schutzmiller case. It is best, for all concerned, to find a way out before dawn. At that time a Senator Applebroom will land to make a tour of inspection on the American side. Undoubtedly, if he finds the German spread-eagled on the border, he will raise hell.

"To make it worse, a political commissar from Moscow is flying in tomorrow to investigate. I need not remind the Russian officers here that Moscow does not like unpleasant situations and often passes the buck with lead. In other words, painful words, the firing squad might remove us because we haven't removed Schutzmiller. We had hoped the 'Spirit' would fall and obliterate the kraut. But it isn't going to accommodate us.

"Colonel O'Brien and I have talked ways and means, but ended up stuck in the mud. So, we decided to hold a contest, a drinking race. Whichever country ends up at dawn with the most men on their feet gets the German. The rules are: Colonel O'Brien and I will start the toasting. If we fall silent, whoever has a good toast on his mind, let him stand up and get it off his chest. Should any officer feel full to the gills and turn down a toast, he is to be disqualified by the umpires. Is it clear as mud, gentlemen?"

The gentlemen agreed it was. Obrenov raised his glass.

"One moment, please," interrupted O'Brien. "Are the poor judges to go thirsty?"

A storm of protests broke out. Bottles were offered to the unreluctant Pichegru and Ivantchenko.

"A toast. To America!" cried Obrenov.

"A toast. To Russia!" proposed O'Brien.

"To the President. . . To Stalin. . . To Eisenhower. . . To Zhukov. . . To O'Brien. . . . To Obrenov. . . To victory. . . To success. . . To the men of Rooshia. . . To the men of the U. S. . . To the women of Rooshia. . . . To the women of America. . . To the women of the world. . ."

Toast followed toast so rapidly there was little chance to grab a bite between. No sooner had one torn off a strip of the delicious chicken or roast beef, mouth watering in anticipation, than one was forced to gulp a glass of wine. The system had an advantage; in a short time one felt lightning flashing through one's veins, not to mention the arteries, one felt glorious and dizzy, one ceased to remember that one had a belly crying for food. One lifted one's glass, emptied it down one's palpitating throat, and hurled it at the fireplace. One drank and drank.

"To the melting-pot of the nations, America," said O'Brien.

"This melting-pot, what means it?" asked Obrenov, through Aramajian.

"The U. S. is famed as a melting-pot, a mixture of different bloods, the sum total of which adds up to strength. For instance," O'Brien pointed down his side of the table at which sat his officers placed according to seniority, "there's Lieutenant Colonel Obisto, Major Razzuti, Captain Schmidt, and Lieutenants Tarpitch, Smith, and MacAngus—all of widely different nationalities and creeds."

"Ah, yes," nodded Obrenov, "this Tarpitch is of Russian descent, no?"

"No, he is of English."

"But Tarpitch is a Russian name."

"Only seems to be. It is not derived from Tarpavitch, son of Tarpa. It is made up of tar, which means pitch, and pitch, which means tar."

"Ah, I see," said Obrenov with a puzzled expression. "This Smith, is of English descent, too?"

"No, he is of Hungarian. His parents, on coming to America, changed their name from Kovac, which means Smith, to Smith."

"Ah, I see. But your Captain Schmidt, like our Captain Schmidt—odd coincidence—is of German descent, no?"

"No, he is of Russian. Though if you were to go far enough back, you would find a kraut hanging from his ancestral tree."

Obrenov's expression became desperate. "But surely this MacAngus, he is Greek, yes? I say Greek because his name ends with a *u* and an *s*."

"No, MacAngus is an old and widespread Scotch name."

"Ah, but surely this Obisto is of Spanish descent, yes?"

"No, he is a Jew whose ancestors came from Portugal."

Obrenov sucked in his breath and blurted, "I will make one more guess. This Razzuti, he is of Italian descent, yes?"

"Yes."

"Ah, ha!" Obrenov was pleased. "Well, it is puzzling. One must get mixed up in your country. But so is Russia perplexing— we, too, are a big nation, a melting-pot. Lieutenant Colonel Efimitch is of Tartar origin, Major Krassovsky is a Jew, Captain Schmidt, of Ger-

man ancestry, Lieutenants Riezun, Aramajian, and Stadquist of Ukrainian, Armenian and Swedish-Finnish grandparents, respectively.

He rose to his feet. "Gentlemen, to our ancestors, who—"

The rest of his speech was lost to the Americans, for at that moment Aramajian slid off his seat and disappeared under the table. He went early. But as the night thickened with darkness, so did tongues thicken and stumble, and other men, too, followed in Aramajian's footsteps.

These men who had all suffered and bled for their countries were now getting patriotically drunk. They gave their all. Some grew white as paper and dashed outside for air; the umpires disqualified them. Some laid down and quietly gave up the ghost of their reputations as topers; others were more noisy, but they, too, went the way of supersoaked flesh.

The umpires checked them off. Came the time when the umpires had deserted their posts. Pichegru had stumbled outside mumbling a sentence the words of which were too blurred for understanding, but the urgency of which impressed the officers. He didn't come back. Ivantchenko put too much trust in his equilibrium and crashed off his high stool on to the table. He made no effort to get up, at least none that could be seen; merely blinked at the chandelier's brightness a while, then, smiling happily, dozed off.

Obrenov and Riezun were left for the Russians; O'Brien, Tarpitch, and MacAngus for the Yanks. Even while O'Brien was counting his men he had to strike his interpreter off the the list.

The survivors were degraded to speaking German, a language they had difficulty in understanding when sober.

"To the best man!" toasted O'Brien. They drank; Riezun accomplished the impossible feat of staggering while sitting down. O'Brien compared Riezun's condition with MacAngus's and smiled. He had faith in the big fellow's alcoholic impregnability. Mac came from a long line of whiskey-saturated ancestors; his corpuscles were Scotch in more ways than one.

TWO more toasts, and Riezun foundered. Obrenov was left, as he muttered in thick German, left alone to bear on his shoulders the dignity, might, and honor of the Russian nation.

"To the bearer-er—gulp! —to the man who carries the honor of Rooshia," MacAngus managed to propose.

They hurled their glasses at the fireplace. During the course of the evening the empty goblets, which had at first unerringly crashed against the iron grates, had taken a tendency to wander far and wide. Many landed on the mantel or sailed through the open window by the fireplace.

O'Brien noticed that his and Obrenov's shattered close enough to count as near-hits, but Mac's wobbled off to one side, struck a portrait of the late Baron Pflugelkluckensheimer, and bounced back on the thick carpet, upright and unbroken.

MacAngus walked over to the goblet, a mighty feat in itself, stooped over to pick it up, and continued his stoop until he landed on his long nose.

"Come on, Mac, get up," croaked the colonel. "Don't leave me alone."

"Gawd, I can't!" groaned MacAngus. "So long, Colonel. I'm going. Dammit, I can outdrink anybody in whiskey—but not in that gawdforsaken wine. Who woulda thought it, an Irishman and a Rooshian, old buzzards at that, drinking me, a MacAngus, under the table? Da— sz, sz . . ."

The two stared at each other, reluctant to propose another toast. Slowly, O'Brien stood up.

"T' you and me. Two old buzzards. And t' whoever gets Schutzmiller."

They drank and stood, swaying, refusing to sit down for fear they might not be able to get up again. O'Brien suddenly felt sick, not from the wine, but from the realization he was a fool. Here was Schutzmiller breeding division between two great countries, a problem which needed unaddled wits and swift, firm hands, and here were two old drunken fools childishly engaged in a contest that was supposed to prove which was the better man. Yet, at the moment he'd proposed the toasting spree, he'd thought it was a good idea. His fantastic Irish imagination sometimes got the better of him. This was one of those times. Tears oozed from his eyes.

Obrenov was crying, too. "Instead of standing uselessly here, like a couple of stuffed owls, let's go down to the square and take things in our own hands. To hell with the consequences."

Arms around each other's shoulders they lurched outside. The heavy rain had been followed by a light drizzle; the north wind was blowing strong, strong enough to cool their superheated brains and sting some wits into them.

They passed through the dark streets. Now and then Obrenov barked the counterword to a challenging sentry. Presently they came to the edge of the square and paused to reconnoiter.

Searchlights, centering on the sprawled-out figure of Schutzmiller, were slowly weakening. Dawn was leadening the black clouds of the horizon.

O'Brien peered with bloodshot eyes. "What's Krautzenfelser doing on that statue?" he asked.

"I don't know. What's Kublitch up to?"

The Choctaw was hanging in the air with one arm wrapped around the "Spirit's" neck. With his free hand he held a tape-measure which he apparently was using to estimate the sword's length. His position was precarious; his legs dangled four or five feet above the cobblestones.

"Is that fool trying to break his neck?" muttered Obrenov.

"Why, I told him to stay off that thing. But no, the mule-headed ass has to go ahead and mix his artistic nonsense with business. Who cares what size that monstrosity is? I'll slap him in the jug. Where's an MP?"

He stepped out into the square. "You, Krautzenfelser! Get down! Consider yourself under arrest! You, Krautzy!"

He stopped. He ground his teeth in a convulsion of fear. The statue had suddenly shifted downward. The clamps around its feet, partially broken, were giving way under the sergeant's two hundred and thirty pounds.

"Hey, Krautzy! You'll break your fool neck!"

His voice wasn't heard. Schutzmiller, who'd been looking backwards with such wide eyes that even O'Brien could see the whites, began screaming, *"Nein! Nein! Nein!"*

The clamps squealed again. The statue lurched downwards an inch. Krautzenfelser lost his hold and fell backwards. He landed close to the German's head, and one of his buddies, seeing he was too hurt to get up, jumped forward and pulled him to one side.

He was in no danger—the "Spirit" had halted. It was suspended, sword in hand, giving birth in the bystanders' minds to the inevitable phrase—"like an avenging angel."

Schutzmiller must have thought so. He kept yelling his useless *"Neins"* until he saw the statue wasn't going to fall. His screams choked into a sob of relief.

O'Brien stood for a moment. Then he shrugged his shoulders. "There goes our last hope," he said to Obrenov. "Krautzy was trying to pull the 'Spirit' over on Schutzmiller under the guise of measuring it. It was a noble effort. I'll have to sentence him to a few days in jail for disobeying orders, but he'll eat caviar and drink champagne behind the bars. Too bad. Oh, well."

He walked up to the sergeant. He said, "Sprained your ankle disobeying orders, eh? Serves you right, Krautzenfelser."

The sergeant said, "I wouldn't mind the ankle if I'd succeeded in getting the measurements, sir. Anything in the cause of art, sir."

His eyes widened. He pointed up. O'Brien followed his finger and saw that the sword, slanting down in the statue's fist, was shaking.

The quivering ceased. The sword slipped out of the "Spirit's" loose grasp.

Schutzmiller gave a final scream. The tip of the sword halved his brains, and the left side of his head flopped neatly over the Russian border, while the right side of his head flopped neatly over the American border.

It was Obrenov who, in his simple Slavic way, pointed out what was obvious, but what he wanted to make sure all would see. "If it had been a pen in the 'Spirit's' hand, instead of a sword, it would have missed Schutzmiller."

JONAH-LUCKY

By
JOHN SCOTT
DOUGLAS

WARD COLBY reached the end of the packing-company dock, but a shrinking feeling made him hesitate at the *Kingfisher's* gangplank. He'd boarded so many other San Diego tuna clippers, and left each one with a tight ache in his throat.

He'd waited at Fisherman's Wharf to talk to skippers who dropped in at the Tunaboat Association office. He'd called on old shipmates who now commanded or owned shares in boats. Their answers were always the same. "I like you personally, Colby. But the men think you're a Jonah."

Some skippers called him "Captain" Colby, although it had been a long time since he'd commanded a tuna boat. A few mentioned his Navy Cross and asked about Guadalcanal. Colby always changed the subject, for admitting that a Jap cruiser had sunk his "Yippee boat" while he was transporting supplies to Tulagi only furthered the belief that bad luck followed him.

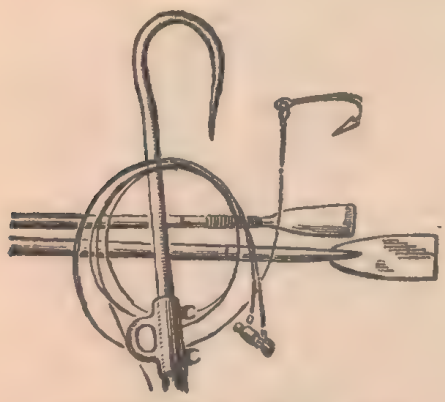
Down below in the *Kingfisher's* forward fish tank someone shouted. A dripping hopper of fish rose creakingly from the well and swung from sight beyond the raised platform above Colby. He watched it disappear and then turned his eyes to the stocky little Italian who was hosing down the large, square bait-tank on the after-deck. He was a stocky little man with a mustache of astonishing proportions. Though Colby knew Italo Batelo, he didn't speak.

He was trying to force himself to go aboard, but in his heart he felt it was useless. He had a hunch that Captain Gustav Gunnison still blamed Colby for the death of his younger brother at the time the *Southern Streak* sank.

Nevertheless it was his last chance. It was seven days since Colby's wife had said, "I know you once made ten thousand a year or more tuna fishing, Ward. But if you've had so many bad breaks that no one wants to sail with you, you must find something else. The Santa Rosa Packing Company said they'd hold that job of port captain open for a week. If you aren't signed on a tuna boat by then, you've got to take it. The youngsters and I can't live on hope!"

Bess had no memories of a boat rolling across glittering, tropic seas . . . of unforgettable nights lolling on a moon-bathed deck, with a soft breeze bringing the mingled fragrance of the sea and the humid jungle smells from shore . . . of the feeling of power a man has when the boat finds giant yellow-fin or albacore tuna and his pole comes alive in his hands. Sometimes Colby thought Bess was jealous of these memories she could never share; jealous of the sea and of his boat.

But she was practical, her advice sound. He must either face Gunnison, or become a port captain and banish his dream of buying the *Sebastian*.



ILLUSTRATED BY V. E. PYLES

Tons of water smashed over her. In the wheelhouse the sounds of rending timbers, shattering glass, the quick streaming rush of water became clamorous.

HUNCHING his big shoulders, Colby started toward the plank. Into his mind then came a picture of Captain Gunnison's stony face the night Colby had described how Nels Gunnison had died. His steps faltered; abruptly he turned away from the boat and climbed the stairs to the raised platform. A cannery worker was dumping yellow-fin tuna from the hopper into a flumelike chute. Colby watched the continuous stream of water sweeping the fish toward the cannery, his practised eye telling him they were sixty-pounders.

His glance followed the big bucket as it swung back and descended raspingly on its cable into the brine-coil fish tank. From the platform he could watch two powerfully built fishermen tossing large fish into the hopper. Both men wore fish-slimed clothing and rubber boots and both were comfortably plump. The smaller man, however, could have walked under a five-foot-five overhead without stooping, while his companion, whom Colby recognized as Victor Silva, was so big that any ordinary-sized bunk on a tuna boat would have given him trouble. When the smaller man glanced up and waved to the winchman to heave up the filled hopper, Colby saw it was Frank Rosa. He, like Silva, was a capable Portuguese fisherman.

Rosa's plump, mahogany-brown face lighted with recognition, "Hi, Colby. Why you look so down in the mouth?"

Colby grinned faintly. His features had a rough-cast, forceful quality and his blue eyes and wide mouth held a suggestion of humor. But now he suspected that his face showed strain.

"How about a loan?" Colby called down.

Rosa's face instantly became sympathetic. "How much you want? One hundred, two hundred? I fix you up."

Silva looked at Rosa, thrusting out his lips. "*You* fix him up? You just bought a share in Rosetti's boat!" He peered up earnestly at Colby. "You tell me how much you need, and I give it to you, my friend."

Italo Batelo swung around, and the stream from his hose deluged the men at the bottom of the well. Cursing his clumsiness, Rosa and Silva fled to the protection of the overhead.

"Please ignore their rude language, my friend," Batelo said with dignity. "It will be my pleasure to assist you, Captain Colby."

Colby laughed, feeling much better. He'd learned what he wanted to know. Old shipmates still liked him, still trusted him.

"Thanks for the vote of confidence, mates, but I'll make out. You must be doing all right."

Batelo turned the hose toward the side, and now Rosa and Silva slipped cautiously into view.

"All right!" cried Rosa. "With yellow-fin tuna selling for two hundred a ton? We're getting rich! My boy, Joe, I am sending to college."

"Not another fish could we squeeze into the tanks this last trip," Silva said. "If prices hold up, I'm buying a share in another boat soon."

"What he tells you is less than the truth," Rosa boasted. "I had six tuna in my bunk for lack of room."

Silva laughed, but Batelo said with dignity, "I did not hear of this, but I refuse to sleep with tuna."

"Maybe you could use another fisherman?" Colby suggested.

Silva thrust out his lips as he looked at Rosa. Rosa's brown moon-round face expressed his alarm. Batelo carefully laid down the hose, quite oblivious to the fact that as it thrashed on deck it was drenching him. Then all began talking at once.

"You're thinking of sailing on the *Kingfisher?*" Silva asked anxiously.

"I'd like to," Colby said.

"She's a no-good boat!" Batelo declared. "Even skipjack will seldom allow themselves to be caught by such a boat."

"Not even rats will stay aboard her," Rosa said.

"In a *chubasco* she will someday turn over," said Silva. "She is topheavy, her timbers are rotten, and her fish tanks are so small that a fisherman can expect nothing but hard work and small profits."

"I owned her sister, the *Southern Streak,*" Colby reminded them.

Rosa and Silva glanced at each other, and half-nodded.

"That is what we mean," Silva said with feeling. "She turned over when a small sea struck her."

"My boat struck a reef and sank!" Colby corrected him sharply.

"And this Captain Gunnison," asserted Batelo, "he couldn't even find tuna under his own nose. He is an unlucky skipper and thinks nothing of the comfort of his men."

Colby felt a hot flush of anger at their efforts to discourage him from signing on the *Kingfisher.* Everywhere the San Diego waterfront skippers and men showed that they liked him. But they made it equally clear that they had no desire to sail with him.

The winchman shouted at Rosa and Silva to finish loading the hopper. After several additional remarks intended to dissuade Colby, they resumed work.

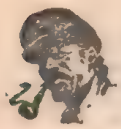
The door of a cabin aft of the wheelhouse on the upper deck opened and a big man stepped out on deck. His pale blue eyes contrasted oddly with the coppery-brownness of his seamed and craggy face. He had the air of one long accustomed to authority. The forbidding quality of aloofness in his face was

emphasized by a square and formidable jaw.

"What's going on?" he asked gruffly.

Then, glancing across at the loading platform, he saw Colby. In their searching scrutiny, Captain Gunnison's eyes were neither cold nor friendly, but they seemed to see things other men might miss.

"Come aboard, Colby. I've been expecting you."



COLBY had an uncomfortable feeling of uncertainty as he walked forward along the main deck and climbed the bridge companionway. He'd expected Gunnison to listen to him in silence, and then curtly dismiss him, the same way as when Colby had told him of Nels Gunnison's death. He was also puzzled that Gunnison expected him, for he'd told no one but Bess that he planned to visit the *Kingfisher*.

The captain was in the wheelhouse, his long, bony hands clasped behind him; he stared across the shimmering waters of South San Diego Bay. A tug was towing a timber raft southward, and farther out, nearer the Coronado shore, a little swordfishing boat cleft the water into two white folds with its sharp cutwater.

Without turning, Gunnison said, "I've heard from skippers down at the Association that you're trying to find a boat. Thought you'd see me after exhausting all other possibilities."

Nothing in Gunnison's bleak tone gave any clue to his mood.

Colby said, "I felt you held Nels' death against me."

"You told me about that." Gunnison turned; his eyes were coolly inquisitive. "You've had considerable bad luck since we sailed together on the *Sebastian*."

Colby recalled that they'd both been new to tuna fishing when they'd signed on Marcaloni's boat. Colby, fresh out of high school, was a decade younger than Gunnison, for Gunnison had been an Alaskan salmon fisherman before trying his hand at tuna. They'd both saved their money, found fishermen willing to back them, and had identical boats built from the same plan. But from then on, their paths had diverged. Gunnison was already in comfortable circumstances, while Colby had lost the *Southern Streak* on her second cruise and had spent the two years before Pearl Harbor paying his backers the portion of their loss not covered by insurance.

"It was rather rough going after I lost the *Streak*," Colby admitted.

"Let's see," Gunnison said. "After that you were aboard a boat badly damaged in a *chubasco*, a fisherman was swept overboard when you were on the *Grey Gull*, another was killed by a shark at the time you were on Anardi's boat, the speedboat blew up in Magdelena Bay when you—"

"There were three or four other accidents aboard boats I was on," Colby interrupted grimly. "But I figure it's time my luck changed!"

"If you believe you're a Jonah, you can change jobs, Colby. I hear the Santa Rosa Company—"

"They're holding the job of port captain open for me until five today," Colby said. "But for a man who loves the sea to be moored in port like an old derelict—I'd hate it! Besides, if I could get back into fishing, I could save enough to buy an interest in a mighty pretty sixty-nine-footer—"

"The *Sebastian?*" Gunnison asked, his eyes studying Colby appraisingly. "You might have some competition!"

"Marcaloni's sentimental about his boat and wants one of his old hands to have her when he retires. He trusts me—"

"He also trusts me," Gunnison said drily. "And perhaps I'm in a better position to buy his boat."

A chill darted down Colby's back. His heart was set on buying the *Sebastian*. He'd been lucky on that boat, and the feeling had grown on him that once he owned her, his fortunes would improve.

He was conscious of the hoarseness of his voice when he spoke.

"But you already own a boat, Captain, and shares in others! Big boats, not little boats like the *Sebastian!*"

"She's always been a profitable packet," Gunnison said decisively. "She'll quickly pay for herself in a good season like this, at present tuna prices."

Colby felt the blood burning in his cheeks. "I'll still try to buy that boat if I can get some money and a backer!" He realized as he spoke that it was a tactless way to speak to the last skipper he knew who might possibly give him a chance.

There was a hot, smarting sensation in Colby's eyes as he met the captain's old gaze. Suddenly Gunnison laughed, and slapped the younger man on the back.

"Fine way for old shipmates to talk! Come down in the galley and have a cup of coffee before I sign you on."

Inwardly Colby still shook. His first reaction of gratitude wore off and suspicion took its place.

"If you're trying to buy me off," Colby said, "it won't work. I'll buy Marcaloni's boat if I can!"

"So will I!" Gunnison good-naturedly pushed Colby toward the ladder. "But I have other worries just now. Be a wonder if I don't have a mutiny when the crew learns you're sailing with us!"

CHAPTER II

CHUBASCO

THERE was a smudged pall of clouds over the Baja California coastline all that day. When Ward Colby went to the wheelhouse to give Captain Gunnison a chance to eat his dinner, the rising clouds loomed with dark and forbidding majesty in the eastern heavens. In brilliant contrast, the westward sky was ablaze with color; fiery streamers lingered after the molten sun set. As the color faded from the sky, the dead-still sea became as metallic-bright as blue steel.

Colby set his course with the gyro steering device and went outside. From the portside bridge wing, he watched the tumbled cloud masses above the Mexican coast growing smoky as they rolled westward. The air became saturated and heavy, not a whisper of a breeze relieving its humid oppression.

"We're in for a blow," Colby thought grimly, and wished the captain had heeded the storm warnings they'd received before leaving San Diego.

Gunnison had thought they'd reach the bait-fishing grounds at Magdalena Bay before the storm struck. And so they might—if a clogged fuel line hadn't forced them to drift for two days off Cedros Island while repairs were being made.

The clogged fuel line seemed indisputable proof to the crew that a Jonah was to blame. The fishermen reminded big, black-eyed Manuel Monisa that it was he who had persuaded them not to protest after Gunnison had signed on Colby. Monisa had laughed at them. Though grateful for this support, Colby was inclined to agree with the men that he was no favorite of Lady Luck.

So many things had gone wrong for so long that he now watched the approaching storm with foreboding. The clink of crockery brought him around with a start, just as Monisa reached the top step with a tray.

"Thought you might be hungry," the fisherman said heartily. "The captain's talking with the boys in the galley for a while. He needs some rest because he'll be up all night. We can't avoid this storm."

Colby thanked Monisa and set down the tray on the chart table.

"I suppose if it's a bad storm, a *chubasco*, I'll be blamed."

"Who else? A Jonah made our engines break down off Cedros. That delay allowed a storm to overtake us here off Asuncion Bay."

But the Portuguese fisherman's eyes gleamed with humor as he spoke. He had an overwhelming zest for life, and the exuberance so often found in rotund, superbly healthy men. He was the leader in the crew, and Gunnison greatly respected his judgment.

"You don't seem to think I'm a Jonah," Colby said, starting to eat.

Monisa laughed. "It is natural that tuna boats should have trouble."

"Because the work's dangerous, you mean?"

"Because of that, yes." And Monisa nodded. "But tuna fishermen sail farther for their catches than any other fishermen. Our boats make catches seven hundred miles off Central America, and as far south as Peru. Exploratory cruises have even taken tuna clippers to the Marquesas Islands in the South Seas and to the Philippines. When such cruises are made in boats less than one hundred and fifty feet long, trouble is to be expected, my friend."

"Yes, but bad luck has followed me for so many years, Monisa, that the fishermen can't be blamed for thinking me a Jonah."

"If they thought that of me, I'd laugh."

A trace of humor appeared around Colby's eyes and mouth, but soon vanished. "Some things are hard to laugh at, Monisa. Especially when so many men believe I'm bad luck that I have a hard time earning a living at the only job I know."

"I'd still laugh, for if I took my bad luck seriously, so would the men."

"Hadn't thought of that," Colby admitted; then he said abruptly, "It's growing cooler."

Suspecting the reason for the freshening breeze, Colby glanced eastward and saw that dark, threatening clouds now obscured the whole coastline. As they settled lower, the wind began wailing shrilly through the rigging. The *Kingfisher's* timbers creaked as she rolled across graying seas that had started to feather. The wind rose quickly, flailing the seas into foaming hillocks of sprindrift, lifting and driving the spray in flurries against the wheelhouse windows.

Monisa closed the doors just in time. Green water now broke over the bow, and the beam seas sent dashing sheets of spray cascading over the port side. Spray beat against the portside windows and wheelhouse bulkheads. The boat shivered under the hard, pounding impacts, trembling as she plunged between the seething walls of water, shaking like a wet dog as she rose.

Colby switched to manual control, hoping to save the *Kingfisher* some of this punishment. He had a sense of how much to force the wheel, and when to ease the strain to allow the boat to ride with the seas. He felt this with his feet, his firm-braced hands, every nerve of his body, as a good helmsman does through long experience and a sixth sense some men can never acquire. He had no quarrel with automatic devices, but he knew their limitations; knew when a man did better to "feel" his way through a storm.

Darkness had fallen and now the storm made the night hideous with the sounds of its fury. The wind's voice, shrieking and shrill, was expelled in long ranting breaths. Between wrathful gusts came the clapping and clashing and cannonading as the seas broke, followed by the seething, hissing, churning rush of waters as the sea spent its forces and mobilized afresh.

Fearfully, Colby watched these gathering forces, watched the phosphorescent-bright seas building up, the toppling hillocks curling and breaking into snowy cascades of foam. He felt the impacts through the twisting wheel, felt them in his arms and legs and body. The forward deck would plunge beneath surging, swirling waters. The boat would shudder, timbers and bulkheads screeching as she was wrenched and twisted by destructive stresses. Faintly from below came the crashing and thudding and pounding of shifting gear.

"Gunnison waited too long to reach the bridge," said Monisa.

"He'd be swept overboard if he tried it now," Colby grimly agreed.

It had become a true *chubasco,* with winds of hurricane violence, and it grew steadily worse. Colby made no attempt to hold a course. Enough to save the boat, to prevent those mountainous seas from crushing and breaking her up, leaving them the near-hopeless alternative of taking to skiffs! Sometimes he was nearly flung across the wheelhouse by the *Kingfisher's* wild rolling and pitching; sometimes the wheel was almost jerked from his tight grip. He listened with foreboding to the shrill wailing, unable to detect any slackening of the wind. Nor was it likely to moderate before morning.

THERE came a lull, however, when the thunderous crash of the seas could be heard through the wind's mournful screech. Colby was startled when the starboard door abruptly opened and Captain Gunnison stepped inside. Shaking water from his sou'wester and slipping from his slicker his heavy jaw and craggy face had a grimly set quality.

"I've tried six times to come topside to relieve you, Colby. Driven back each time!"

"The boat's been taking punishment," Colby conceded.

"Couldn't do any better myself," Gunnison said gruffly, dispelling any notion that he was displeased. "But the men in the galley feel damned uncomfortable. They believe that with you at the wheel—"

"I know," Colby cut in bitterly. "Something's bound to go wrong!"

Gunnison took the wheel in his bony hands, and Colby stepped back, flexing stiff fingers to restore their circulation. The wind had risen again, shrill and strident; the boat trembled

For two days they zigzagged west and east as they cruised slowly northward.

under the heavy pounding. The great, surging rollers were lighted with phosphorescent fire and their silvery radiance was awesome as the walls of water rose above the *Kingfisher's* wheelhouse. Yet for over an hour Gunnison maneuvered the boat out of danger each time Colby felt sure the seas would smash here.

Then a light-flecked sea curled over the *Kingfisher;* its thunderous cracking rang through the wheelhouse. Gunnison spun the wheel, but Colby knew the boat couldn't escape. Tons of water smashed over her. In the wheelhouse the sounds of rending timbers, shattering glass, the quick streaming rush of water became clamorous.

The boat heeled sharply starboard. Before Colby could brace himself, water swept him across the wheelhouse deck. He and Monisa fetched up against the bulkhead as the lights went out. Jostling and stumbling against one another, they tried to regain their footing. Another sea clapped and roared; water cascaded through the broken windows. The superstructure creaked and quaked. Colby heard the skipper's hoarse cursing.

"Steering apparatus?" Colby guessed, reaching his feet at last.

"Smashed!" Gunnison shouted.

Another breaking sea deluged them; left the *Kingfisher* wallowing helplessly. Colby found his waterproof match case and struck a light. The captain was twisting the useless wheel in the vain hope of some response. The match sputtered out.

"I'll go below and see if I can help O'Brien," Colby suggested. "I used to assist the engineer on Marcaloni's boat."

"You'll be washed overboard if you're crazy enough to try it," shouted Gunnison. "Soon as the decks are safe, I'll rig up a jury-rudder. We might reach a Mexican port."

"I still think I can help O'Brien, sir."

"You're a damned stubborn fool, Colby! Put on a lifejacket."

Colby's laugh was short and mirthless. "You couldn't come to my assistance even if I were swept overboard!"

Pushing open the door and stooping low, he caught the hand rails and swung down the ladder. Though the boat was canting, he ran a few yards before gripping the guard rail. He held his breath as he was plunged into the seas. His hands and arms were wrenched with terrible force. The seas battered him against the rail, surging currents sought to break his hold. His hands were growing numb when the *Kingfisher* heeled to port again. Then, choking and coughing up salt water, he stumbled and splashed along the seething deck. Three short dashes brought him to the engine-room door, and he hurried below.

The engineer was running, with a big wrench in his hand, but he stopped and glared from beneath shaggy brows when he saw Colby. A small man, who wore his peaked and greasy cap squarely on his round head, O'Brien had the face of an aged monkey and tufts of hair formed a gray fringe around ears that protruded like jar handles.

"You blasted leprechaun! Now look what you've done!"

Colby could never determine when O'Brien's insults were intended humorously, and now he didn't try.

"Let's get busy. The boat will break up in this *chubasco* unless we get the steering apparatus working again. Can you fix it?"

"Sure," O'Brien snapped, "if I had a dry-dock."

"I didn't come to give you advice. What can *I* do?"

Somewhat mollified, O'Brien said, "Faith, I don't know what's wrong yet, nor whether there's time to do anything. My last assistant got so seasick I sent him topside. Let's see if you're any better."

O'Brien soon discovered that a gear that attached the crankshaft to the rudder post was broken. He bit down hard on his pipe stem, moaning.

"Do you have another gear?" Colby asked tersely.

"Hell, yes! But with the boat taking such punishment, she'll break up—"

"She's a sturdy boat," Colby cut in. "Let's get on with it!"

They worked in a silence broken only occasionally by curses from O'Brien. Sometimes the engine-room plates clattered and a rending sound went shuddering through the whole frame of the boat. O'Brien would shift his pipe between stained teeth, and shake his head hopelessly until Colby's, "Let's hurry, O'Brien," started him working again.

At last he rose and said hoarsely, "Ready to go. And no temporary repair, either! Wouldn't have believed we could do it."

He went to inform Gunnison by telegraph. And then, with the plates rasping and heaving beneath them, they waited until the boat rolled smoothly again before either man spoke. O'Brien removed his pipe and scowled at Colby.

"Some tuna boat lost a passable engineer to get a poor fisherman."

From O'Brien, it was a compliment, and Colby grinned. "Or lost a fisherman to get a clumsy engineer like you, O'Brien."

The engineer made a threatening gesture with the wrench and said drily, "Get the hell out of my engine-room, Colby!"

Colby laughed. "Any time you need me, O'Brien, just call."

WHEN Colby entered the galley the next morning, the smiles of the men at the table faded and the cook, who had been telling a story, pointedly turned his back. Colby said, "Good morning, mates," but only Manuel Monisa smiled and answered. The other fishermen devoted themselves to their food.

Colby stared at them, conscious of the blood burning in his cheeks.

"I know you're thinking that we've had three kinds of bad fortune thanks to 'Hard-Luck' Colby!" he snapped.

Italo Batelo's long mustache twitched grotesquely; he spoke without looking up. "These things happen when *you* sail on a boat."

"Dammit!" Colby cried heatedly. "I wasn't even at the wheel when the gear broke."

"That is true," said Monisa. "And he helped O'Brien repair it."

After several awkward moments, Victor Silva raised his large, round face. "You're a good fellow, Colby. But is it fair that one man should make the luck bad for so many? We have wives and kids."

"I have a wife and kids myself!"

"Sit down," Monisa cried cheerfully. "We should thank the saints for the good luck to survive last night."

Stiffly, Colby seated himself. When the stony-faced cook had banged his plate of ham and eggs on the table, and spilled his coffee, he was in no mood to eat. The men finished their meal in silence, and rose without speaking, until only Monisa and Batelo remained.

The little Italian wiped his heroic mustache, and said earnestly, "This is no matter for joking, Monisa. If this bad luck continues, we will search in vain for bait-fish and find nothing."

But Batelo was wrong.

Late that afternoon, when the *Kingfisher* sailed past the rounded dome of Entrada Point into Magdalena Bay, the sea was mirror-calm except for a stretch of perhaps a mile of rippled water dotted with thousands of drifting, clamorous cormorants. The lookout in the crow's nest called, "Bait ahoy!" and climbed swiftly down the rigging. But his warning was unnecessary, for the disturbed water, the number of cormorants, and the lowering of skiffs or speedboats by four other tuna boats already on the grounds indicated that they'd find sardines or anchovies.

As the boat drifted slowly toward the school of bait-fish, the tempo aboard quickened. Two fishermen hurried up forward to let go the anchor at Captain Gunnison's order, while others dashed aft to prepare the net. Colby helped Frank Rosa and Victor Silva push the skiff over the side in readiness to be lowered away.

After the anchor chain ceased clanking, Gunnison stepped out on the wing and called down, "Colby, you and Silva take the skiff."

"Yes, sir," Colby answered.

He clambered in after the Portuguese had settled his big body in the small boat. It was lowered away, released from the falls, and then Silva rowed alongside. Colby secured the free end of the seine net to the boat, and then, picking up a set of oars, he and Silva began rowing.

They rowed slowly so as not to disturb the small fish they could see by the thousands through the clear water. Behind them spread a dotted line of cork floats as fishermen on board paid out the net. The skiff drew it away from the *Kingfisher* and then circled back toward the boat.

Half of this circle was completed when Colby saw a vague, batlike shadow materialize. Sardines and anchovies darted about in frenzied swirls. The undulating wings of the creature presently identified it as a giant manta ray. A blow of its immense wings could smash the boat, or kill them. Colby caught Silva's arm, and pointed.

"We must turn and try to get the net back to the boat," Colby said quickly. "If that manta gets in it—"

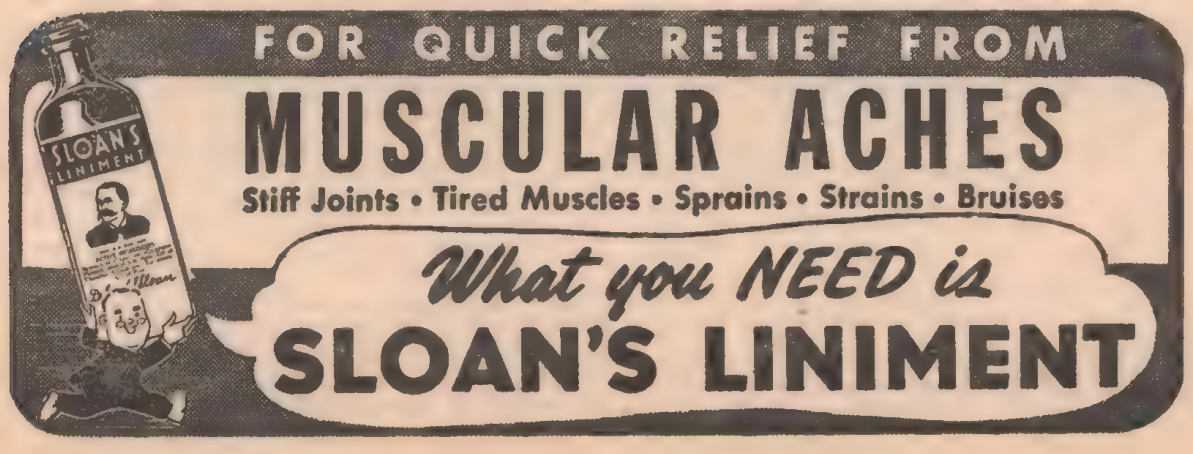
As they started turning, shipmates called to ask what was wrong. Neither Colby nor Silva answered. They'd taken but a few strokes when the manta blundered into the meshes of the net.

Water erupted in an explosive whirlpool as the terrified creature struggled. Small fish leaped from the water in fright. The manta broke the surface, one of its enmeshed wings lashing and lifting the net into view. The sudden pull whipped the skiff over like a toy.

Colby, flung clear, blinked salt water from his eyes and, turning, saw Silva swimming away from the skiff. He followed, his strokes quickening as he heard thrashing sounds behind. From tales fishermen had told, he knew that mantas were likely to go into a destructive fury if they felt trapped. The seas vibrated with a sharp, slapping each time the manta broke water and beat the seas with its powerful wings. Colby did not look back, however, until Captain Gunnison shouted.

"Colby—Silva—*watch out!*"

COLBY turned his head. His arms and legs felt weak and heavy as he saw the manta lashing the seas less than three skiff-lengths behind him. Clumsy, beating the seas to a froth with its wings, it still moved with a


FOR QUICK RELIEF FROM
MUSCULAR ACHES
Stiff Joints • Tired Muscles • Sprains • Strains • Bruises
What you NEED is
SLOAN'S LINIMENT
SLOAN'S LINIMENT

speed that chilled Colby's heart. He tried to swim out of its way, knowing full well that one blow of the creature's wing could break his back. It was as if he were dragging weights. With the manta scarcely a yard from him, the restraint of the net seemed to drive it to a maddened frenzy. Whipping the seas into spinning eddies and whirlpools, sending small rollers washing over Colby, the manta abruptly sounded. Colby felt the subterranean currents and, peering down, saw the creature vanish.

He felt so weak that he could scarcely swim to the skiff. He and Silva clung to it for several minutes before they'd recovered sufficiently to turn it over and rescue their oars. The fishermen had already heaved in part of the net by the time they reached the boat. The net was badly torn and there were spaces where the meshes were entirely gone.

"Always this Colby brings us the bad luck," said Rosa disconsolately. "He is a most unlucky man."

Colby tried to conceal his resentment. "We'll patch it up somehow."

"I'm afraid it's ruined," said Gunnison, frowning.

"I'm sure it can be fixed, sir," Colby doggedly insisted.

But, glancing toward the other four tuna boats and the fishermen heaving in nets shimmering with bait-fish, a heavy feeling of depression settled over him. Would everything he touched go awry?

After leaving the galley that night, Colby started repairing the net by the ship's lights and the radiance of an early moon. Disgruntled and in ill humor, the men watched for a while, then they straightened out the webbing on the forward deck and began to help. They worked until the early morning hours and all the following day. When they finished, even Gunnison grudgingly admitted that the net seemed sound enough.

But by then the cormorants had vanished; the tuna boats that had been bait-fishing the evening before had put to sea. Other boats arrived from the north and sailed slowly across Magdalena Bay in search of fish. As the moon rose, Captain Gunnison ordered the anchor weighed and the *Kingfisher* logged across the shimmering silvery water. However, the lookout posted in the crow's nest remained silent.

For five more days the boat cruised about Magdalena and adjacent Almejas Bay without finding a school of fish. Some fishermen claimed it was the wrong phase of the moon; others were positive it was not. But most of them made no effort to suppress their belief that a Jonah aboard did nothing to improve their chances.

"Even I, who avoid trouble, would answer some of their words with blows," Monisa remarked one day. "I've seen you fight, Colby. You could make these men regret their insults."

"And I could make Gunnison regret he'd signed me on, too," Colby said grimly. "I can always find trouble. This cruise I'm looking for fish."

Strange, when he thought of it, this loyalty to Gunnison. For the captain was heart-set on buying Marcaloni's boat, the *Sebastian*, he felt sure. He could think of no argument that might carry weight in persuading Marcaloni to sell to him instead of to Gunnison.

Their luck broke the following morning. The man on watch awakened Colby and the five other men in his cabin with an exuberant, "Dress fast, men! Looks like we can fill our net!"

"Maybe," Silva said sleepily, as he eased his enormous, hairy body out of a lower bunk. "If Colby doesn't try to catch another manta!"

"Pipe down!" Colby said, pulling on his clothes.

Stepping out on deck, he found Gunnison, Monisa and Batelo already lowering the skiff, and ran to help.

"Do not send this Colby!" cried Batelo. "He will catch a shark."

A smile flickered across Gunnison's craggy face. "More likely he'd try for something bigger this time! . . . Monisa, you and Batelo get in the skiff."

Colby's lips tightened and he glanced up to clear his vision. The sun had just tipped the low, cactus-studded Mexican hills. An opalescent light softened their desolate contours and painted the glistening bay with pastel colors. Only around the boat was the water ruffled, and there, squatting on the water or volplaning above it, uttering their mournful cries, was a multitude of black cormorants and brown pelicans. The seas near the boat simmered with the movement of small fish, their bodies heliographing flashes of light as they simultaneously broke water in many places.

Other fishermen had now reached deck, and after the skiff was lowered, Colby helped them pay out the net. The skiff drew the net on a rounding course toward the stern. The men went aft to help pull the end aboard. Sardines and anchovies gleamed and flashed through the water like newly coined silver.

Long-handled dip nets were passed from fisherman to fisherman, and they began scooping up the small fish and emptying them into the bait tank. They had to exercise great care not to excite the fish in the net, for if they were frightened and milled, they'd lose their scales and soon die. For hours this work of catching and transferring fish to the tanks went on, until Gunnison declared that the tanks could hold no more.

"And all this," thought Colby, as he helped heave in the net, "is but preparation for fish-

ing. Our bait tanks are filled with 'chums' but will we find tuna?"

Catching tuna to Colby meant filling the fish wells within a reasonable time. If it took weeks to do that, the expenses for fuel and provisions would cut heavily into the share of profits he was counting on to buy the *Sebastian*.

CHAPTER III

A FOOL FOR LUCK

THE *Kingfisher* worked southward, taking a few tons of tuna off the Gulf of Tehuantepec, a few more off Costa Rica, and one good day's catch of forty tons off Panama. Gunnison turned westward then to try the seas surrounding Cocos Island. The tuna boats near that island were on the move and all those they hailed reported poor fishing. Gunnison now sailed southward toward the Galapagos Islands.

Tuna fishing is an endless search for the roving schools, with seldom many days of good fishing in succession. All the men remembered cruises where the fish tanks had been filled within a few days after bait was caught, and others where they had searched for weeks or months, drawing heavily on their fuel and provisions, before they had sufficient fish to return.

Their last cruises, however, had been short and profitable. Now, seeking an explanation for what promised to become a long voyage, they found a focal point for their dissatisfaction in their belief in Colby's bad luck. Slighting references were made to this at the galley table, in his cabin, even when he relieved Gunnison at the wheel. He began to imagine that even the captain regarded him with displeasure.

So when the *Kingfisher* approached the northern Galapagos island of Marchena, everyone was on edge and in a pessimistic mood. The afterglow was fading from the sky as the island rose out of the sea, and the men were lounging on deck, barefooted and shirtless in the tropical night. The lookout peered intently at another tuna boat gently rocking at anchor perhaps a mile away.

Suddenly the lookout startled them with a yell. "They're raising their rack! Battening down tanks! Weighing anchor!"

"Then they've caught fish," cried plump little Frank Rosa.

"You're sure they raised their rack?" Silva called.

The lookout sounded peevish. "My eyes are good, Silva!"

Silva thrust out his lips. "Ah, maybe we fish tomorrow!"

The captain's craggy face had a certain grim pleasure in it as he watched the other boat start moving.

Suddenly the lookout startled them with a yell.

"After catching fish," he commented, "they wouldn't turn north unless their wells were full."

"Never!" declared Silva.

Colby felt the contagious excitement sweeping over the men. They speculated on the next day's chances. Would they find tuna near Marchena Island, or would the school drift away? Silva recalled a night on another boat when he had reached fishing grounds just as a boat was leaving with a large catch. For days afterward his boat had searched in vain for the school. Colby knew that Silva told the story as another man would knock on wood. The big Portuguese didn't want to tempt fate by being oversure.

Everyone turned in early, expecting an early rising, but they were called at the usual hour. Batelo, who had been on watch, shook his head when Colby asked if any tuna had been sighted.

"No," Batelo said, "but the lookout is aloft."

The men sat on deck after breakfast, some

whittling away at new bamboo poles, others staring out absently at the island they were passing.

It was nearly ten when the lookout called, "Tuna on the port quarter!"

Men ran forward to look. Above a sea that lay like hammered bronze hovered a cloud of cormorants and pelicans. As they drew nearer these hoarsely crying birds, Colby saw that the water was dappled with foam and rippling as from a subterranean disturbance.

No one made any comment. An occasional fish broke water. A few moments later, Rosa pointed at a large tuna just below the surface. It vanished, but two others flashed across their course.

"They seem small for two-pole tuna," said Silva.

"Where are your eyes?" asked Colby. "We're running into a school of fifty-pounders."

"Damn!" said Silva. Being strong, he hated fishing in tandem.

The boat drifted to a stop and the anchor was let go. Men hurried aft with their poles. Colby and Monisa lowered the fishing racks so that they hung on their chains from the port quarter, with their grilled bottoms awash. These racks had a low rail along the outside against which the fishermen could brace their knees.

The "chummer" scooped a net dipper of anchovies from the bait tank and tossed a handful beyond the rack. The water foamed where they fell. Small fish seeking the shelter of the boat drew the tuna toward the rack. The dark patches and ripples suddenly vanished as brilliant purplish-black, gold and silver tuna broke surface, fighting for the small fish until the seas were a-boil with their milling bodies. For a hundred yards, then two hundred . . . for half a mile and then a mile . . . the surface riffles broke. With some sense incomprehensible to man, the tuna were being attracted by the chums the man at the bait-tank threw out at ever-quickening tempo.

Monisa examined two poles, the lines of which were secured to a single piano-wire leader. The leader had a barbless hook and around it were fastened feathers. When trailed through the water, the feathers somewhat resembled squid, the tuna's favorite food.

Monisa struck Colby goodnaturedly on the back. "You're my partner, eh? Let's go!"

Colby clambered over the guard rail, and braced his rubber-booted feet on the rack. Monisa dropped beside him, handing him a pole. Colby watched obliquely to match Monisa's timing. They whipped their "squid" into that milling school of fish. Instantly a tuna took their lure. Their poles bent under the stress.

"Up!" Monisa shouted.

Colby braced his knees harder against the low rail and swung the pole back quickly. He knew from Monisa's grunt that he hadn't taken half the strain of that thrashing, struggling fish. The tuna swung in an overhead arc, thumped the bait-tank, and dropped from the hook, flopping on the deck above and behind them.

"Slow on my timing," Colby said, as they whipped the squid back together. "I'm still rusty."

"You get it in a minute . . . Watch yourself!"

Their poles and those of two fishermen farther aft on the rack thrashed at the same time. The bent poles creaked. The four fishermen heaved back. Two fighting tunas sailed over the rail and struck the tank. A sidewise glance told Colby that the other fish had been caught by Gunnison and Silva. The captain always left the bridge when they found a school and became just another fisherman.

Two partners between Colby and Gunnison raised a fish, but it wriggled free and fell back into the moiled seas. The fishermen cursed, while other men on the rack hooted.

WITHIN a few minutes talking ceased. There was a constant thudding and drumming of tails as fish piled up on deck. Their fishing that day required less coordination than catching three- and four-pole tuna, but it was still hard work because of the ground swells. The boat rolled heavily, so that sometimes the men were knee- and waist-deep in water and had trouble keeping their feet while heaving fish aboard.

Colby was at last timing his strikes with Monisa's and taking his share of the strain. He liked fishing with the genial Portuguese. Monisa merely laughed when they lost a fish and their hook whizzed overhead and rapped the tank. But despite their teamwork, Colby's hitch in the Navy had not hardened him for fishing and he began to feel the unaccustomed punishment in his arms and legs.

As their catch piled up behind, fish slime and blood ran along the deck and presently had turned the water murky astern. Inevitably this drew sharks; soon Colby saw fins cutting the surface, and enormous gray bodies twisting and turning through the closely packed mass of black and silver bodies.

Savage teeth slashed off half a tuna that Gunnison and Silva were raising. Silva angrily jabbed the butt of his pole down on the shark's back as it turned. It lashed the water into foaming bubbles, whirling away and then sounding. But other sharks pressed in through the school, awaiting their chance to snatch a helpless fish. The sight of gray fins slicing through the water was unnerving. Particularly so when the boat's heavy rolling plunged fishermen waist-deep into the swells and nothing stood between them and their enemies.

Colby worked through a daze of fatigue as long unused muscles made themselves felt. It was a mental effort to time his strike with his partner's now, and at length Monisa noticed their poor coordination.

"I'm getting tired," he said. "How about a sandwich and some coffee?"

"Any time *you* get tired fishing!" Colby said, and laughed. "But I could use a breather."

After the rest, he went back to the rack refreshed and with a determination not to let Monisa outdo him. He felt better when other men left the rack for food and rest.

Hour after hour the fishing continued.

As the day wore to a close, Colby felt as if every muscle in his body ached. His mind was so clouded with weariness that he was sometimes unaware for minutes of stiffly, mechanically striking, swinging back his pole, and whipping the lure forward again, until something startled him from his daze. His stomach felt hollow, his eyes were glazed from hours of blinding sunlight and watching milling, swirling waters. He was all in.

It was then that the big tuna took their hook. Occasionally larger tuna were found in a school of smaller fish, and this tuna weighed better than a hundred pounds. Monisa saw it first and in an attempt to avoid catching a fish they couldn't handle with two poles, quickened his strike. He wasn't quite fast enough. The large tuna snatched the lure. And the full weight of the fish fell on Colby's pole.

He was braced for smaller fish. The hundred-plus pounds of fighting fury nearly wrenched the pole from his hands. His knees came down on the rail with numbing force. His hands clamped hard on the pole.

It splintered!

Monisa now bore the full brunt of the thrashing fish. It pulled him forward. One rubber boot slipped and he twisted sideways. His head struck the rail as he fell overboard. His body, distorted by foam and water, vanished. Fish closed ranks above him.

Colby suspected that Monisa's impact with the rail might have knocked him senseless. His mouth went dry when he eyed the gray fins of sharks. Then, with a feeling of terror that was like a sudden sickness, he pulled off his boots, leapt over the rail and sank feet first. Fish slithered past his face and body. It was several moments before he felt Monisa's shirt. He clutched it, kicking to bring them both to the surface.

The fishermen, having dropped their poles, leaned over the rail. Colby boosted up his limp partner and two fishermen pulled him swiftly aboard. Before Monisa was on the rack, Gunnison and Silva gripped Colby's wrists and lifted him clear of the water. It seemed to Colby that something snapped beneath him as he was pulled to safety.

Gunnison's craggy face was pale. "Narrow one, Colby! Missed losing a foot by six inches."

"Always the Jonah!" said Silva. "And this time he nearly lost us two men!"

Colby was shaken, winded and inexpressibly weary, but something tightened in him at Silva's words. He didn't act now from any plan, from any conscious thought. He'd had enough. Without even any special hatred toward Silva as an individual, he started toward the big fellow, his hands knotted so rigidly that they hurt.

Vaguely, Colby realized that in a moment one or both of them would be in the shark-infested seas. He was too weary, too bitter to weigh the consequences. As his arm swung back, hard, bony fingers gripped his wrist and spun him around, so that he fell against the boat's hull.

"Come to your senses, Colby!" Gunnison growled. Then, turning his hardbitten face toward the other man, he said, "Give a man credit when he earns it, Silva!"

Releasing Colby, the captain motioned toward the guard rail. "Help Monisa up. Enough fishing for today! Let's eat, men—we can stow away the fish later."

SINCE no tuna could be found off Isla Marchena the following day, the *Kingfisher* cruised southward along the eastern Galapagos. At noon the next day the lookout sighted a school off Isla Fernandina—four-pole tuna which gave them good fishing until the sun set. Another school of smaller fish was found off Isla Isabela at dawn. Fishing went so well during the remainder of the week that the captain announced that one more good catch would fill their tanks.

For two days they zig-zagged west and east as they cruised slowly northward. The presence of numerous cormorants and pelicans northwest of Isla Fernandina persuaded Captain Gunnison to anchor off that island, but it was not until nine the ensuing day that the lookout's cry of, "Tuna off the starboard quarter," sent the fishermen hurrying for their poles.

The chummer began throwing bait. Racks were lowered, and men dropped onto them. A cheer went up when Silva sent the first tuna thudding against the bait-tank. It appeared to weigh about thirty pounds; one-pole tuna were regarded more as sport than work.

Throughout the day fishing went on, uninterrupted by any of the accidents that usually called for short pauses. Sharks became more numerous as the day advanced, but the fish were too small to pull experienced fishermen overboard. Aside from losing an occasional fish, the sharks were no more annoying than usual.

In mid-afternoon Colby stopped fishing for

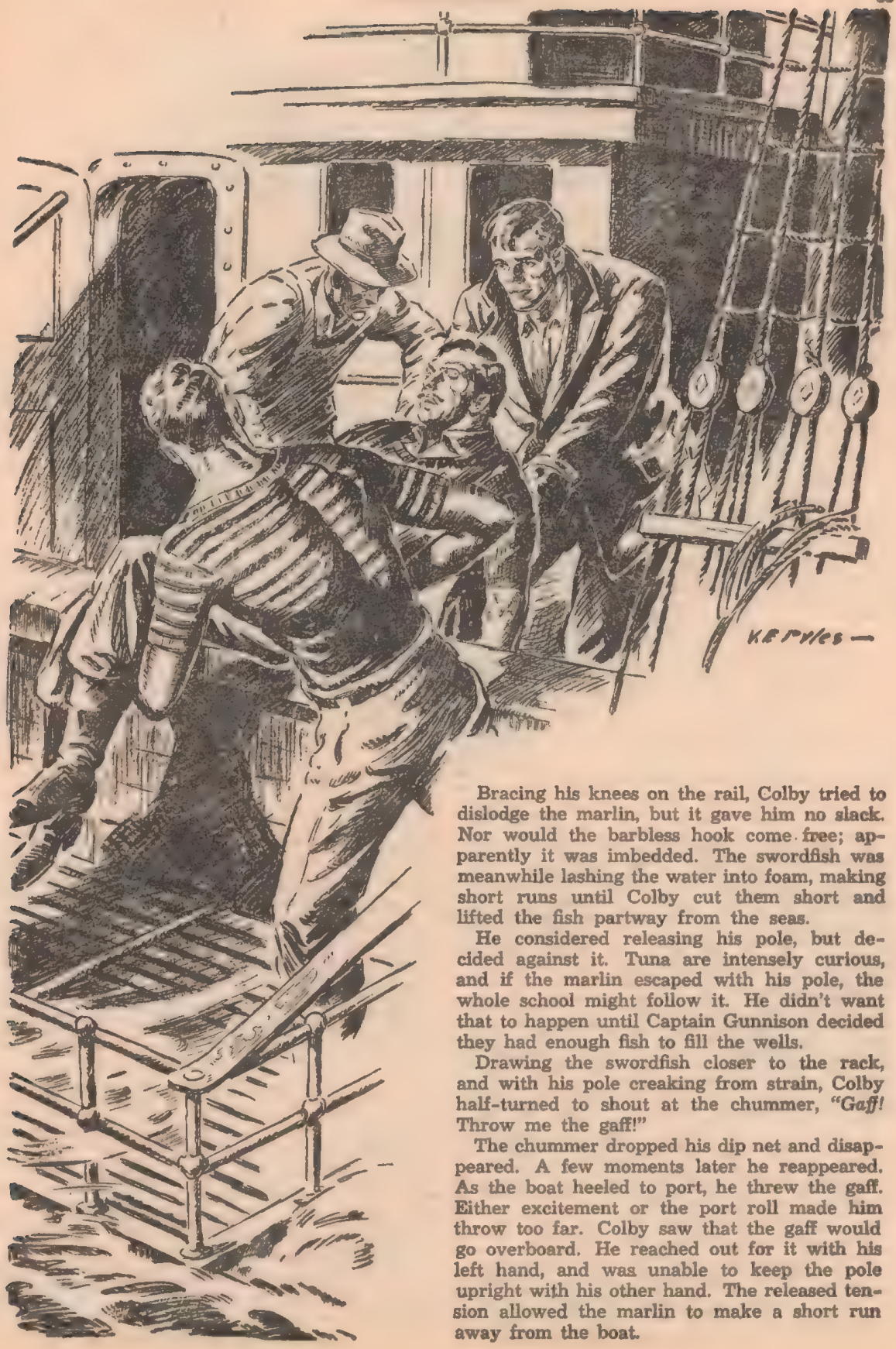
a few minutes to get a snack. As he returned to the rack, he paused to estimate their catch. He judged they had over thirty tons of fish—nearly enough to fill every cranny in their last tank.

He felt a warming sensation of satisfaction as he scrambled over the guard rail with his pole. Despite the fruitless days at the beginning of the cruise, it would be a profitable trip. He'd have enough for a down-payment on the *Sebastian*. But with his record for hard luck, would Marcaloni sell the boat without more substantial backing? And who would back him? Back him with as much money as Gunnison could afford to pay?

Dismissing the problem for future solution, Colby whipped his squid into the school and hooked a fish almost immediately. Using the momentum of the tuna's strike to assist him, he sent the fish flying over his head with a swift upward swing. He caught two more, and had dropped his squid a fourth time when he saw a blaze of purple. Weaving toward his squid came a marlin swordfish! He jerked the pole to avoid hooking the big fish, but his movement was too slow.

His pole bent nearly double as the marlin took the lure. Colby grunted. The swordfish made a short run on the surface, was brought up short, tried to sound, and then leaped from the sea, "walking on its tail" before dropping back and thrashing the water into a thousand diamond points of spray.

It seemed to Colby that something snapped beneath him as he was pulled to safety.



Bracing his knees on the rail, Colby tried to dislodge the marlin, but it gave him no slack. Nor would the barbless hook come free; apparently it was imbedded. The swordfish was meanwhile lashing the water into foam, making short runs until Colby cut them short and lifted the fish partway from the seas.

He considered releasing his pole, but decided against it. Tuna are intensely curious, and if the marlin escaped with his pole, the whole school might follow it. He didn't want that to happen until Captain Gunnison decided they had enough fish to fill the wells.

Drawing the swordfish closer to the rack, and with his pole creaking from strain, Colby half-turned to shout at the chummer, *"Gaff!* Throw me the gaff!"

The chummer dropped his dip net and disappeared. A few moments later he reappeared. As the boat heeled to port, he threw the gaff. Either excitement or the port roll made him throw too far. Colby saw that the gaff would go overboard. He reached out for it with his left hand, and was unable to keep the pole upright with his other hand. The released tension allowed the marlin to make a short run away from the boat.

The swordfish made a short run on the surface, was brought up short and tried to sound.

Colby, already off-balance, was pulled over the rail. He released the pole as he fell and grabbed for the rail, just barely catching it. Suddenly the men shouted a warning. Colby, half submerged as he clung to the rack, turned and saw a foaming line of bubbles. Then something drove his right leg with stunning force against the hull.

Looking down, he felt dizzy when he saw the swordfish distortedly through the water. It struggled parallel to the surface and between his legs. Not until he tried to raise himself did he realize that the marlin's sword had passed through his right rubber boot and into the wooden hull. Now the fish was pinioned there. Colby felt no plain in his leg, but that, he thought, would come later.

Silva and Monisa grasped his hand but before they could lift, he shouted, "No—*don't!* Its sword has me nailed to the hull!"

The marlin's struggles suddenly broke its sword. Flashing in a quick turn, it was gone.

Colby clenched his teeth and decided he must move his leg along the sword in order to free himself. He'd enlarge the wound, but that seemed less to be feared than the gray fins cutting the water only yards away. All the fishermen except Silva and Monisa were beating the water with their poles to discourage the sharks from attacking him.

Colby gingerly moved his pinioned leg. A slight stinging sensation along the back of his leg, but no pain! And he was free!

"Now pull!" he cried hoarsely.

The two big men raised him. Finding that he could stand without help, Colby climbed over the rail. Monisa pulled off his boot and sock and examined his leg. Looking puzzled, he picked up the boot and examined it as well. Then, chuckling, he pointed to two holes at the back.

"You're a fool for luck, Colby! The marlin's sword passed through the loose part of your boot. You have only a scratch."

Colby couldn't believe it until he'd made a second examination.

Even Gunnison laughed. "That's a good ending for a fine day's fishing, men. Couldn't stow another fish in the tanks if we caught it. . . Colby, I'll go get some iodine for that scratch."

While he was gone, Silva stood rocking on his stocky legs, grinning at Colby. "You've worn out your bad luck, eh, Colby?" he said at last. "You're the *lucky* Jonah from now on, eh, man?"

"I hope so," Colby said, laughing.

SEVERAL hours later, as the *Kingfisher* sailed northward across a sunset-painted sea, Colby went up to the bridge. He talked with Gunnison about their fishing for some minutes before saying abruptly, "Captain, my heart's set on buying the *Sebastian.*"

Gunnison's pale-blue eyes narrowed slightly. "Perhaps I should have told you before, Colby, that I bought that boat before we left San Diego. Marcaloni is no longer the owner."

A clammy sensation washed over Colby. "Why, dammit—"

"Wait before you burst your boilers, Colby! I have plans for that boat. Can't run more than one myself, so I want you to be her captain. I'll make it possible for you to buy a half share."

Colby's eyes smarted. For several moments he was too confused to speak. "But . . . I thought you held Nels' death against me!"

Gunnison shook his head. "It was a shock when you told me about Nels, even though I expected something of the sort. Couldn't talk about it then, Colby. . . Afterward, other survivors told me how you supported Nels in your arms, clinging to the wreck of the *Southern Streak* until he died. They also said that you almost exhausted yourself trying to save him, and could barely stay afloat until a rescue boat came along."

"I always wondered why Nels sailed with me instead of on this boat."

"It wasn't because of family trouble," Gunnison said. "Nels and I were mighty close. But I wanted him to take a shore job. He had heart trouble, and his doctor advised him to give up tuna fishing. Nels refused. I'm sure he died of heart trouble, Colby, and not of exposure. He might have dropped off like that any time."

"That's a load off my conscience! But I never dreamed that Nels—"

"You'd never guess he had heart trouble to look at him," Gunnison said. "Now about being my partner, Colby. . . "

Colby smiled. "You're not afraid of a Jonah?"

The captain snorted. "Jonah! Bosh! We all have times when things go smoothly, times when they go rough. I can find plenty of men who can take the easy part. The partner I want is a man who has been tested by hardship, and has proved that he'll keep on fighting."

Colby was stunned. It was true he'd never accepted defeat. But he'd never thought of that as a virtue; Bess claimed he was stubborn. Now that he thought of it Gunnison's way, however, he saw that all the men he knew who had made a lasting success had built their success on initial failures. It wasn't how many times they were knocked down that counted. It was what they learned from each blow.

Gunnison went on gruffly, "That's why I signed you on, Colby. Wanted to see for myself whether you were the same shipmate I remembered. You were. We could have lost this boat in the *chubasco;* even O'Brien admitted he wouldn't have believed he had a chance to repair that gear if you hadn't kept prodding him. We could have lost plenty of time trying to find a net in some Mexican town if you hadn't insisted you could repair our torn net. Monisa might have lost his life if you hadn't stayed in there and kept fighting. Yes, plenty of things have gone wrong on this cruise, Colby, but you weren't one of them."

And then, as if he felt he might have thawed out a bit too much, Gunnison scowled at the younger man.

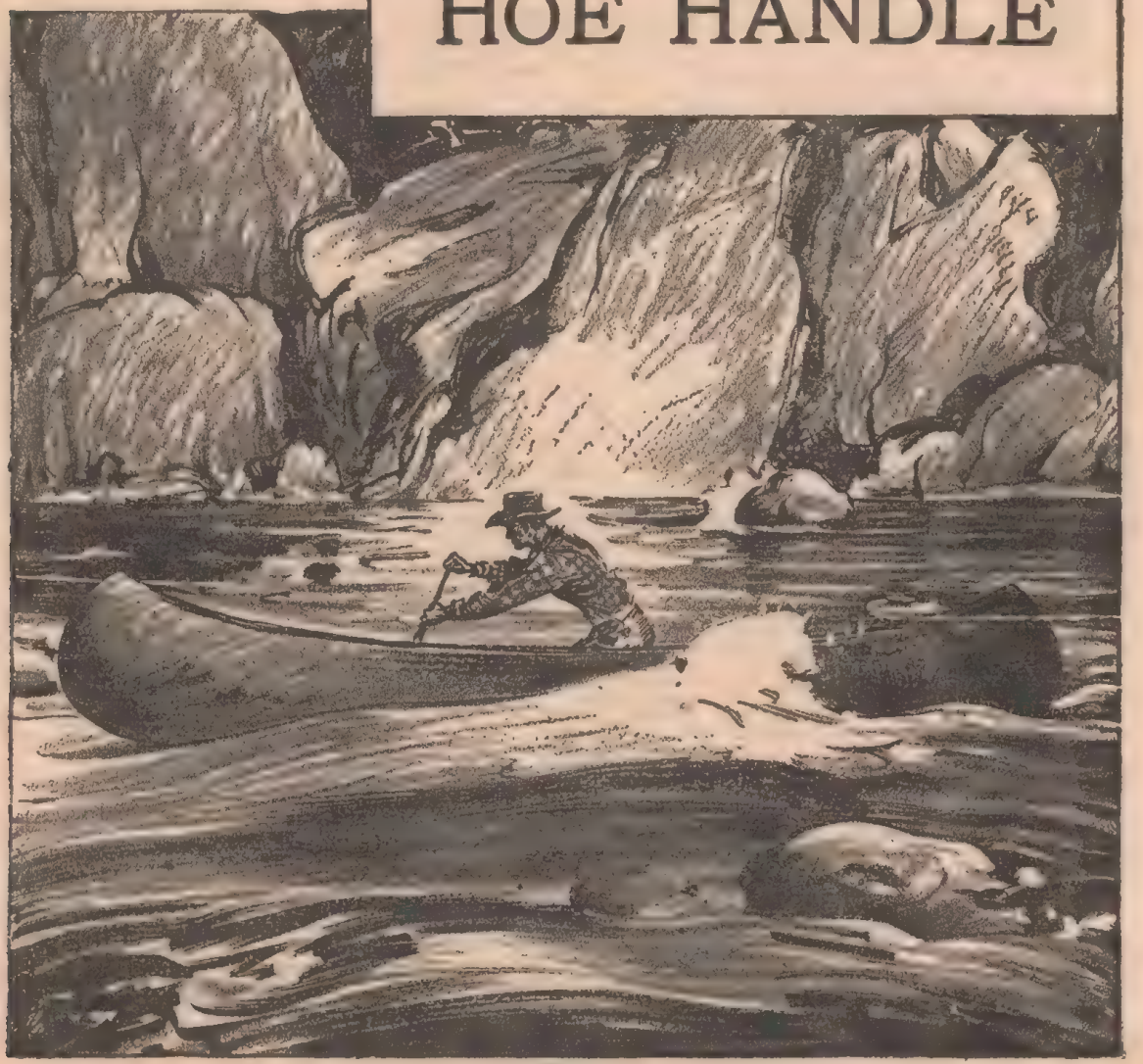
"But that doesn't mean you can take things easier because you're to become captain and half-owner of the *Sebastian!* I'm expecting my partner to make a good showing with that boat, and he'd damned well better do it!"

"He damned well will!" said Colby, with a grin.

ILLUSTRATED BY PETE KUHLHOFF

THE BUCK-BAITING OF CHARLEY HOE HANDLE

They were halfway up the rapids when Horse knew he had a job on his hands. Sweat dribbled from every pore.



By JIM KJELGAARD

NOW this Horse Jenkins, one of the most hard-boiled wardens what ever hauled a poacher out of the cutover, was burnin' so hard that an egg put on the back of his neck would've fried in twelve seconds. There was nothin' about the outlaw business he didn't know, and he used what he knowed to bring in vi'lators what other wardens couldn't even get in hollerin' distance of.

But Charley Hoe Handle had him stymied.

The old Injun had been runnin' wild up in Stick County ever since there was a game law. He done what he pleased when he pleased, and all the wardens ever sent after him had come back whippeder than a switch-licked puppy. What burned Horse was that he was one of them.

He had gone up to Stick County with the idea of puttin' Charley Hoe Handle behind bars, and had got a good lead that Charley aimed to spear hisself some illegal wall-eyes. Horse had tracked the crazy Injun to a spearin' place—and been left watchin' his red brother's hat bob up and down on a stick while Charley took off to spear somewhere else.

Horse had been mad ever since, and the more

he thought about it the madder he got. The madder he got, the more he made up his mind that he was still goin' to land that pussy-footed hellion in jail if it took five, ten, or fifty years.

So Horse got hisself assigned as district warden in Deer Junction, which is seven miles south of Stick City—Charley Hoe Handle's hangout when he wants to be civilized. He was sure that the old vi'lator knowed he was there, but Charley wouldn't never worry about no game warden as far away as seven miles. Then Horse asked for and got a flock of deppities, two new ones each week. They could do the routine work around Stick County, and get themselves some field-learnin', while they kept an unsleepin' eye on Charley Hoe Handle.

All summer Horse waited. He had given his deppities orders to telephone him the minute Charley's foot slipped—which it had to do some time. But the call didn't come, and Horse kept waitin'.

Then, on the 27th of September, he got his big chance. The telephone tinkled and, "Hello?" the man on the other end said. "Mr. Jenkins? This is Blaine. Charley Hoe Handle has just started up through Water's Shoot in a canoe, and he's carryin' a big buck in it!"

"Go 'round to the head an' keep him from comin' out!" Horse bellowed into the phone. "I'll follow up behind him!"

IF Horse Jenkins had been a rooster, he probably would have flown up on the nearest fence, flapped his wings, and crowed twenty-six times. Things just couldn't've worked out better. Water's Shoot was a six-mile stretch of white water with sheer walls that nothin' but a fly could've climbed. It didn't have no way out except the foot and head, and if Charley Hoe Handle was in there with an out-of-season buck, he was trapped surer'n hell!

Horse ran to the garage and got his car, which was loaded and ready for anything. His canoe was on top of it, his gun and belt on the seat, and there were even snowshoes in the trunk. Horse had checked it all so many times he didn't need to check it again. Three quarters of a second after he got the call, he was roarin' out of the garage.

He had some time to think on the way, and every time he thought, he laughed. There couldn't be a better trap than Water's Shoot, and why Charley Hoe Handle had let hisself be seen goin' in there with an illegal buck . . . But the smartest vi'lators pulled the dumbest tricks when they finally stumbled. It took Horse just four minutes to drive five miles to the nearest place where he could get a canoe on the lower end of Water's Shoot, and who should be there waitin' for him but his other deppity, Henderson.

"Has he come out?" asked Horse, tense with excitement.

"No, sir," said Henderson. "He's still up there and Blaine has gone to the head to stop him at that end."

"Has he really got a buck?"

"I saw it myself," said Henderson. "It's covered with a tarpaulin, but the head's lyin' right in the prow of the canoe and isn't covered. It's a buck all right."

"Go on up and help Blaine stop him," said Horse. "I'll chase him through."

Horse was twice as happy when the lower jaws of Water's Shoot closed around him and his canoe because, for sure and at last, the shoe was on the other foot. Charley Hoe Handle would need more than the brain of a trap-pinched coyote to think his way out of this one.

If he tried to paddle down, Horse would ketch him. If he tried to go on up, Blaine and Henderson would ketch him. If he tried to toss his plunder overboard with the idea of gettin' rid of it . . .

Horse grinned like a dog that's just rid his teeth of the last wool from a throat-cut sheep, and looked at the coil of quarter-inch rope in the bottom of his canoe. A dead deer thrown into this current would sweep downstream, and Horse could rope it when it went by. That evidence would be all he needed for a certain conviction.

Horse bucked his canoe along, takin' advantage of every little eddy and quiet place while he did so. He knowed that Water's Shoot was a tough place, but he had gone through tougher.

Horse kept workin', swingin' in to the bank when quiet water lay there, paddlin' up the center when that seemed best. He was about a third of the way to the head when he rounded a bend and came smack on Charley Hoe Handle.

The old wolf's canoe was hove in close to the north bank, and with all his strength Charley was hangin' on to a footy little tree what grew out of the rocks. If Horse Jenkins had known any college yells he would've yelled them right there because, sure enough, the head and antlers of a nice buck could be plainly seen sticking out of the front of Charley Hoe Handle's canoe.

Just about that time, holdin' on to the tree with one hand, Charley held up the two broken pieces of a paddle with the other.

HORSE didn't need a picture drawn to tell him what had happened. Goin' up the river, the old wolf had smashed his paddle. Now, to keep from bein' swep' back down the river and against the cliffs below, he was hangin' onto the little tree, what looked like it

was goin' to pull out by the roots any second. As soon as he'd seen that much, Horse acted—and fast.

He swung in close, flung his rope, saw it snake out and settle in Charley's canoe, and a second before Horse hisself was about to smash against the cliff, he swung out again.

It had all been timed as nice as could be, and when Horse started back upstream—he had to use his outboard now—Charley's canoe followed behind. Horse was happy as a yearlin' heifer in a patch of clover. Not that he gave a special hoot whether or not Charley drowned. In fact, there'd been plenty of times when Horse would have liked to drown him. But he was takin' Charley into court this time and no mistake.

Bringin' that heathenish vi'lator in would be all the feather any warden needed in his cap, and for sure there would be a nice promotion in it.

But, more than that, Horse knowed that at last his old score was settled and old insults wiped out, even if he had to take Charley in the hard way. They couldn't go downstream—there just wasn't no method of guidin' a free canoe in that water. But they could go up—with the help of the outboard. Horse fought that white water, always pickin' the best places and never slippin' once. They were halfway up when he knowed he had a job on his hands—even with the motor. But he was sure he could do it.

Sweat dribbled from every place on him where there was room for a drop of it, and his arms felt like they was made of wood. But, after what might've been three hours and seemed like three years, he got to the head of Water's Shoot.

He saw Blaine and Henderson, the two deppities, come runnin'.

Horse rested a second before he went over to Charley's canoe, and the first thing he saw lying in the bottom was a brand new ash paddle.

About the same time he saw red.

"Why, you—" he said.

"Why, Warden!" said Charley Hoe Handle. "Such langwitch is unsuited to a officer! Shucks, wouldn't a man be a fool to start up through Water's Shoot without takin' along an extra paddle?"

Horse counted to ten, and reminded hisself that it was against the rules for a warden to hit prisoners.

But he was still seein' red.

"Get out of there an' come with me!" he shouted.

"Whaffor?" Charley said. "Oh! You mean this?"

Then he throwed back the tarpaulin to show Horse a mounted deer head. "I jest took ol' Moe along for the ride, Warden. I kil't him last year in below Water's Shoot, an' I'm sort of sentimental about them things. I wanted to show him the country he come from once more. It ain't my fault if your deppities seen him, an' thought I had an out-of-season buck. Otherwise I jest went down there to pick up six hundred pounds of traps I'd cached a while back.

"Thanks for the tow, Warden. Water's Shoot's a right hard stretch of current for an old man to handle."

You may prefer the animate variety but

SOME LIKE 'EM DEAD

To Joe Elfer, delivery man for Happy Herd Dairies, the world seemed empty of everything but snow and blackness and dairy products this freezing December morning. It seemed incredible that anyone else could be around—particularly a young woman completely nude except for a blanket wrapped around her. Phil Platt felt the same incredulity three quarters of an hour later, but neither he nor Joe Elfer had long to wonder about it. They were both too busy dying! A slay-packed new novelette in the Bill Brent series by FREDERICK C. DAVIS.

Plus: *On the Homicide of the Street*, the latest C. D. Mort story, by JULIUS LONG; *Once Upon a Tomb* in which HENRY NORTON introduces us to a new character, Pinero Pershing, authority on genealogy, feminine pulchritude and murder; and the newest Malachi Manatee story by WILLIAM R. COX, *Objective—Murder!*

DIME DETECTIVE MAGAZINE
COMBINED WITH FLYNN'S DETECTIVE FICTION

March Issue on Sale Now!

THE LIEUTENANT

FOLLOWS HIS NOSE

Martin thought he heard that one splash, but he kept his course.

By

DONALD BARR

CHIDSEY

MARTIN PALMER undressed, pulled on his nightshirt, and blew out the candle, but he didn't go to bed. In the darkness he pulled off his nightshirt, put his clothes back on, and tiptoed to the window.

The man was still there.

Fog coiled itself around whatever objects it encountered. At a tree, for instance, it would fall back upon itself as though in bafflement; but in a moment it would slither in again, slide

●

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM P. TIMMINS

cautious fingers around both sides of the tree and then, having blotted the base from sight, writhe on.

The man, as he moved about, trying to keep warm, created small sluggish whirlpools of fog.

He had been there for more than an hour. The fact that he did not go away when Martin had apparently retired argued that he was stationed there for the night. Martin couldn't see him very well. He didn't look like a Revenue Mariner; he walked like a landsman.

Besides, as Martin knew, Lieutenant Wallace could scarcely afford the services of one of his regular hands. This man was probably a hired spy—paid, Martin reflected bitterly, by a government which was trying to prevent its own citizens from earning a living. He carried neither cutlass nor musket. He could be a foreigner, but it was more likely that he was some Connecticut man, some renegade. He walked back and forth flapping his arms. Sometimes he glanced at Martin's bedroom window, sometimes at the only door.

Martin watched him for about half an hour, then reproached himself for this waste of time. He had work to do, and you couldn't linger when you depended upon the tide; for the tide took orders only from God.

At the thought of God, Martin fell to his knees and prayed for a little while. When he rose he put on his boots and his coat and his rain-hat. He had decided to walk straight out and fight the man. If he could beat him into unconsciousness, Martin reasoned, then the man could not testify later that Martin had left his house. That was all that was needed—though Martin, a man of peace, regretted the necessity.

The man was big, while Martin was small; but Martin had prayed, and felt strong. He fastened his coat carefully, and went to the window for a final peek. What he saw almost made him smile.

From boredom perhaps, or plain curiosity, the man had crossed the street and was now standing under the oak just outside Martin's window. He seemed to be listening. Hoping to hear the bed creak? By gum, an old one like Martin wouldn't twist-and-toss!

Now that the man was on Martin's property, on his own land such as it was, he was a trespasser. He must have known that. He stood there, a rather forlorn and foolish figure, with his head cocked and the fog falling soundlessly away from his feet. On Martin's land!

Martin went to the closet and got out his pistol and powder-box. He loaded the pistol—ramming in not a ball but a wad of paper he tore from the *Courant*. He was careful not to tear too much, and he rammed it in well. He cocked the pistol, then felt the flint with his thumb. Again he almost smiled. He went to the window. The man was still there.

The wadding might hit him, might conceivably even hurt him; but to this possibility, Martin gave little thought. The explosion was what counted. The man, after all, was on Martin's land, where he knew he had no business being. The noise would scare him half to death. He'd scamper. And Martin could leave the house without being seen.

Martin reached up to open the window. Then he began to think. He didn't want to hurt anybody, or even scare anybody. He had no hate for this renegade, this Embargo man who, after all, was one of God's creatures. Wasn't there another way? He thought for a long while, his forefinger on the trigger, his left hand at the catch of the window.

A fact to be considered was that powder was expensive. The powder in this pistol right now must have cost at least three pennies.

He suddenly remembered a place just under the roof, in back. His house was one of the smallest in Mystic, and there was no window in back, nor was there a window on the north side, so that the man needed to watch only the door side and this, Martin's bedroom window side.

Quick decisions were his stock-in-trade, and for this very reason he tried to take his time whenever he had a chance to do so.

He finally decided upon the loft.

He uncocked the pistol, knocked out and unfolded the wadding, then put it back with the rest of the journal. With much care he spilled the powder back into the powder-box; then he put everything away and climbed up into the loft.

He found the very board he'd remembered—*why* hadn't he remembered it sooner? He loosened it, drew it out, stuffed his crumpled coat and rain-hat through the space, heard the coat and hat drop.

They dropped squodgily, but with not enough sound for the man in front to hear. Martin worked his feet and legs through the opening. He had some trouble with his hips. Tarnation! He was still small, but he was old. Yes, he was old. However, he got through. He held the edging for a moment with his fingertips, his body swinging back and forth, then he let go.

THE air was wet and cruelly cold. Martin noticed when he dropped that though the fog fell back, simulating alarm, it soon crept in again, and though it turned its eerie course only around his feet and ankles, sometimes, tentatively, it reached for his knees. He didn't like any kind of fog anyway. With aimless air like this they might have to use sweeps to get started; and sweeps creaked.

Martin took the trouble to peek around a corner. Yes, the man still paced his round.

Martin slid over a stone fence, trudged across

a field, and stepped into a street which was paved handsomely with cobbles. He jumped behind a cedar when somebody came, and listened to two men go by—they'd just left Captain Harrison's, he guessed. Martin approached the captain's house, went to the back door.

The door was opened by a Negro, to whom Martin said with caution that he wanted to see Captain Harrison. The Negro melted into the darkness of the house, then a shadow appeared.

"He been here?" Martin asked softly.

"Aye. But it was two hours now. And he wasn't drunk."

"Lieutenant Wallace," Martin whispered, "does not get drunk."

"When he thinks of you he does! Aye, it was earlier he was in here, grabbling and grubbling and cursing you—*you*, Martin!—and saying that there never was such a fool as he was for not arresting you out-of-hand."

"He daren't," Martin said simply.

"He daren't," Captain Harrison agreed. "But if he catched you out tonight, Martin—What's the vessel? That one from New Orleans?"

"Aye."

There was a silence, while they stood outside the back door of Captain Harrison's place. They could hear the drinkers. They could hear no wind—yet the fog moved. Martin didn't like this night. You couldn't tell what it was going to do.

"You'll have a dram?" the captain asked.

Martin hesitated. From the way Captain Harrison had said it, he didn't know whether he was offered a free dram or whether he was expected to buy one. A dram cost two pennies. Yet if Captain Harrison were going to say tomorrow that he'd not seen Martin tonight, it might be worth two pennies. On the other hand, could it be that Captain Harrison was offering him a dram for *nothing*?

"Aye," he said uncertainly.

Captain Harrison went away, and soon reappeared with a glass of rum. "He said that there was no keeping the Embargo with men like you loose. He said you were a traitor."

"*He's* a traitor!" Martin snapped.

"Aye. But I'm telling you what he said, Martin. He said that afore he died he'd see you bottled up in a Federal jail. One of these Democratic jails, I guess. He said he had the power, if he could only catch you, and that the men in Washington knew what they were doing when they *gave* him the power. Of course he's a wicked Republican, but what can we do, Martin?"

"Well," said Martin, "I know what I'll do."

The two nodded. They were cornered, but they were not killed. If Connecticut couldn't break away from the Union, the next best thing was to violate the Union's laws. When, at the bidding of the Virginia tyrant, a dastardly, cowardly, sniveling Congress had passed the Embargo Act forbidding American seamen to sail for fear that Washington would become involved in the war in which practically every other maritime nation was already involved—when that happened, you shifted for yourself. Mr. Jefferson might have pretty ideas, but a man had to eat, didn't he?

Martin gazed glumly at his dram.

Every dock and wharf and anchorage was now strewn with vessels which might fall to pieces from neglect for all those damned Republicans cared. The warehouses were filled with spoiling food, the streets with starving sailors; while the harbors were stuck with bare sticks, the topmasts housed, the mastheads covered with inverted tar-barrels or with canvas bags ("Jeff's night-caps") to prevent rotting. Why kill a whole state's trade? What was so wrong about war? It couldn't be worse than *this*, could it?

"That slave of yours—" Martin began.

"He says what I tell him to say. He never saw you tonight."

Martin nodded, and drank, then passed back the glass.

"It was very good of you."

"Two pennies, please," said Captain Harrison.

Martin sighed, and counted them out. He conferred for a little while with Captain Harrison, while he paid, then thanked him and went down to the waterfront.

HE WENT to Jabez Hertford's boatyard where, in ordinary times, Jabez built ships. But who'd build ships, who'd *want* ships, when the scoundrels in Washington insisted that nobody should sail? The boatyard was a dreary place. It had been a lively place, back in the days before that accursed Southerner in the White House had stopped all business.

There was a man there, and he was waiting for Martin.

He was pacing back and forth, flapping his arms, but staying close to Martin's boat, a dog-body. Martin watched him thoughtfully. The man wouldn't be difficult to take care of, for he was small, almost as small as Martin himself, and from the way he walked he wasn't strong. But he might yell and there might be somebody else around. Besides, Martin was a man of peace, who disliked hurting anybody.

On the other hand, there was no reason for him to fear an entanglement. Though he was small, he was only sixty-one.

Martin studied the yard, while the spy walked back and forth, and flapped his arms. This man, clearly, was meant to supplement the man watching Martin's house. One would watch him leave, and follow him to the boat, where he'd join the other, and afterward they could both testify that Martin had taken his boat out. A pity that a free-born Connecticut citizen

couldn't take his boat out at night, if he had a mind to! But that was Washington for you. Hired spies. Paid with tax money.

Martin sighed. There had always been smuggling in these parts, of course. The West Indian planters, no matter what their nationality, were willing enough to connive with men who brought dried fish and flour. After all, the planters had to feed their slaves, who raised only sugar and coffee. France said no, England said no, and Spain, Denmark, the Netherlands said, as they were told to say, no. But the planters were rich and the slaves were hungry. Just because Napoleon was loose and everybody in Europe was fighting everybody else, didn't mean a Yankee Doodle couldn't turn an honest dollar now and then, did it?

Now, however, with the passage of that infernal Embargo Act, it had become necessary to smuggle *out* as well as *in*, to dodge not only foreign warships but also your own government's revenue cutters! For the Jeffersonians were really trying to enforce their abomination. They had blockaded every port, as they had blockaded the eastern end of Long Island Sound, the back door to New York. They did more. They required a vessel to post a bond of double its ship-and-cargo value for every voyage. This precaution went for nothing when cargoes fetched, in the West Indies, five, six, seven, and even eight times as much as their home cost; but prices fell, when there was too much smuggling, and then the ships had to sneak out at night—with no papers. The Republicans met this move, too. They passed a law licensing all pilots and making each of *them* post a bond.

It was a lot of money, and Martin didn't intend to lose it. He went around the yard carefully, and at last selected the pit he wanted. It was a very deep pit, almost half filled with sawdust. It was a sawyers' pit which had been left, not cleaned out, when the Virginian had called a halt to commerce. The sawdust was easily eight feet deep, and very dirty.

Martin squatted.

"Um-goob-um-tweet-tweet-tweet!"

Sung softly, nothing could be sillier. Nor could anything be more inviting.

The spy stiffened. His head went up. He took his hands out of his pockets.

"Um-um-goobby-goobby-swee-swee-see-ee!"

It couldn't be a wolf, for there hadn't been wolves this near the water in years. It couldn't be a pheasant—at night. It was too loud for any sort of fieldmouse or chipmunk. And of course it wouldn't be a man. No man had ever made a noise like that.

The man came. He was a fool. He walked straight to the place from which the noise had emanated, but Martin was no longer there. It wasn't hard. Before the spy, stopping at the edge of the sawyers' pit, could think. . .

His knees got jerky as Martin flung himself on him, his arms flapped swiftly down, and he tried to yell. But Martin was fast. Sixty-one isn't very old. The man *tried* to yell—and then it was all sawdust.

Martin sprang into the pit, and jumped up and down on him two or three times, then knelt and pounded the man's head. The sawdust choked Martin, too. But soon the man was quiet.

He was not dead. He was not even badly hurt. But he could not truthfully testify that he had seen Martin Palmer in the Hertford boatyard. He hadn't seen anything at all! In a little while he would climb out of the pit, spitting and cursing. He would use profane words. Martin sighed. God's will be done. It was *his* fault, Martin's own fault, that this man would use profane words. But the vessel had to go out.

The dogbody responded to the first push, as she always did. She was as sweet a little boat as a man could ask for. She looked cranky, but she could do everything but chuckle, if you handled her properly.

"Thickish," Martin muttered.

The fog was still low, covering the water like snow covers flat land, and the dogbody pushed through it like a snowplow pushing through dry snow, piling it briefly to right and left. Yet there sometimes came, from due north or from north a bit northeast, an erratic, ominous breeze which lifted the fog oddly in streamers, obliterating everything from sight, and then departed, leaving the disturbed fog to settle coil by lacy languid coil.

"Should be near Little Gull, I reckon," Martin reasoned.

He didn't mind talking to himself on a night like this. The fog gulped all words as soon as they were uttered. Even in rifts the air was soggy and surly and unwilling to let anything pass.

He had been sailing for some time when he sensed that he was nearing Little Gull. He couldn't see anything at all, but then he didn't have to see anything. They didn't pay him for his eyesight.

Suddenly he lifted his chin. His nose, the tip of it, went up and down.

"By gum! Some bad barrels. Probably Hutchinson sold 'em that."

He moved the tiller a bit; and presently he was alongside.

THE *Cadance* was lumbrous, rigged a schooner, three-masted, very low in the waist, very high at the poop, and with blunt unfriendly bows. You got the impression that there was more of her below the waterline than above. A gulfer, perhaps. Certainly she was never built anywhere between Salem and Norfolk—not with those sour lines!

"Would you be looking for taxes?"

Martin lifted him and, while the shadow screamed, let him fall overside.

"No," said Martin, and scrambled aboard.

"Would you be looking for a fight?"

This is what Martin thought the sailor said, but he wasn't sure. The sailor talked in a strange accent; he might have come from the Chesapeake Bay country, or even from Georgia. But never mind the words themselves—Martin knew a tone of voice when he heard it.

"I'm the pilot," Martin said, quietly enough. "If the captain's here he'll tell you—"

The shadow came closer, and there were other shadows behind it. Martin thought of vaulting back into the dogbody, but reconsidered. After all, he was here to get his ten dollars.

"I said the captain. I said I'll talk to nobody else except—"

The shadow came too close, and Martin dived at it. The shadow was big. Martin twisted and rolled, not trying to hurt him, just rolling him to the far side. There Martin lifted him and, while the shadow screamed, let him fall overside.

"I won't fight you all," he said to the other shadows. "There's too many of you. I won't fight you. But you make a move toward me and I'll go over after him. I've got a boat. Don't you *want* a pilot?"

A door in the after cabin was opened, revealing a hazy yellow rectangle, a very faint light. There wasn't any other light, not even at the binnacle. This was a sneaky business.

"Qu'est-ce que c'est? Le pilot?" a deep voice asked.

Martin listened to the splashing below—that water must be cold!—then said softly to the shadows, "You do as you wish. You come here, and I'll go away. Go ahead talking some foreign language nobody can understand! But you hear the way my voice sounds? Well, where's your captain?"

The captain came out, a huge man, and shooed

them away as though they were flies. He faced Martin, his hands on his hips.

"One of your men's overboard," said Martin. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to do it. But he kept coming at me."

The captain did not move. Men were throwing lines to the man overside, but the captain paid no attention. He merely stood there, an enormous shadow, hands on hips, and glowered at Martin.

"Come in here," the captain said suddenly. "Come in. Noggin?"

"First I must tell you, sir, that you're carrying fish."

"Sixteen saints! Of course we're carrying fish!"

"I should explain, sir, that the fish—"

"Fish! fish! *Sacre nom*, those fish! You fool! You're the pilot, eh? Well, get in here."

Martin shrugged, not liking this. He had never liked foreigners. In the cabin he sat, edgy.

"Noggin?"

"No, thank you."

"You do not drink rum? Absinthe?"

"I'm working tonight."

The captain sniffed, and poured himself a long dark drink.

"My name is Fournet." He lifted his glass, nodded to it as to a friend, and put it down. "I am Captain Fournet."

Here was a large, coarsely put-together man with a shock of stiff black hair and huge overjutting eyebrows. The whiskers of his chin were long and unmannerly, and tough as wire. Martin couldn't see him too well in the dim light of the cabin, but he could see the shining eyes. Martin was not unused to captains, but this one was drunk. Captains usually were not drunk when they had to be taken out. They usually owned a portion of the vessel and cargo, and they didn't get drunk until they were clear. This one was very big, too. His shadow whammed and wobbled on the far wall.

"I do not comprehend. We load at a wharf, and no man says to us 'go away.' They permit us to sail—"

"You're a stranger here," Martin said.

The captain looked at him with red eyes.

"I come from New Orleans."

Martin gave him a serious nod. "Well, I don't know how they feel about Mr. Jefferson's embargo in New Orleans, but up here it ain't popular. Lieutenant Wallace—he's Revenue Marine—he's got little enough help. Can't call on any sheriff or constable. They'd laugh at him. Can't get the militia. Governor's written right to Mr. Jefferson himself, sir, that the sovereign state won't let its militia help enforce a law that's unconstitutional. Lieutenant Wallace has to be careful. He knows his rights, but he knows the people that live around here, too. He couldn't stop you from loading anyway. You could get a cargo at any one of a dozen places along the shore, by boats. And if he tried to interfere then, well, he might find himself wearing a nice new suit of Massachusetts velvet."

"Eh?"

"Tar and feathers."

"Ah!"

"That doesn't mean he's sleeping! He knows if he can catch you off soundings that's different. Right here he'd think twice afore he did anything but try to scare you. But on the high seas you're his—if he can nab you. It ain't likely even the people in this vicinity would see fit to object. That'd be open mutiny."

"I see," said Captain Fournet, and drank his rum swiftly, nervously. "Then this man hopes to hail us outside?"

"Oh, yes. I'm sure of that."

"*How* do you know it?"

"I know Lieutenant Wallace."

There was a glint of admiration in the captain's eyes.

"Is it that you have planned how to go out?" he asked almost humbly.

Martin thought of the fish, and glanced at the cabin door. But it would be better to explain. There were five possible exits for the *Cadance*, he told the captain. The simplest was to go straight out through the Race with high water, which would be in about forty minutes.

"Can you weigh in that time?" he asked.

"Bah! I could weigh in three! But why the simplest course?"

"Because your ship's not a tricksey sailor, sir. And also because Lieutenant Wallace will calculate that with me piloting you'll try something strange. Last thing he'd expect from me is straight through."

Now the captain fairly gasped. He rose, stared at Martin.

"How d'ye know this Revenue Mariner is thinking of *you?*"

"Oh, he is," Martin said earnestly. "I reckon he'll loiter just south of where you'd come out. Maybe off the Endeavors. Dangerous there, but Wallace's a good sailing man. And he'll reckon that once you clear Montauk you'll be so glad to be outside that you'll head due south—which is the way you're going anyway."

"You mean he'll think *you'd* think that?"

"Aye. Or else he might think I'd try to throw him off by having you beat up to the north—once you're outside. Matter of fact, your best course is to keep straight out to sea. Last thing he'd expect. He can overhaul you at any point of the wind, but he's got to guess which way you're going first. Can't see far tonight."

Captain Fournet poured and drank another glass of rum.

"You ought to be in charge of that revenue cutter yourself."

"No, sir. I don't believe in unconstitutional laws." Martin swallowed. "There's another thing, sir. It's very important. Those fish—"

"Sacre nom du diable! Must you always—"

"Tried to tell you before, sir. No lights. Everything greased good. But those rotten fish! If *I* could pick you up half a mile away—"

"Hmm, I never thought of it!"

When the captain had left the cabin Martin rose, trembling a little.

"Guess I'd better get out there and hush him," he muttered.

THE ship might have been a loafer, but she was well officered. After the first outburst, silence reigned. Nobody fussed, and when the hands weighed anchor they didn't chant, or even grunt. Even the links themselves were quiet, thanks to the grease a quartermaster slapped upon them. The *Cadance* lifted herself together.

Save for a last few ribbons, very low, the fog was gone. The breeze was now a touch east of north, and though it wasn't strong it was sure. The canvas filled. Sometimes there was a squeal of wood or of rope—a thin sound, a sound faraway in the air—but for the most part the schooner took the hint from her crew: silence.

Even her blunt, unexciting blows pushed the water aside almost apologetically, almost without a shush. She was riding full in the Race now, and, as Martin had anticipated, because of her beaminess and her lack of an aft-drag, she rode fast.

Martin stood now at the starboard rail, now at the larboard. He knew where he was, and seldom gave directions. He studied whatever water he could see, and he listened. The helmsman would glance at the mate, and the mate would glance at the captain. But the captain would shake his head—he had faith, now, in Martin Palmer.

"Should we throw the leads, *mon petit?*" the captain suggested.

"We don't need leadsmen," Martin replied curtly.

It had not been a polite way to speak, and later, when the captain had tiptoed back to the helm, Martin was repentent. He himself went to the wheel, to the small hushed group there.

These men did not move, any more than did the hands stationed aloft and below. The only ones who moved were those who hauled from out of the after-hatch, under the direction of a mate, foul barrels of shad; and even they were soundless. The barrels appeared to be hard to locate, but once found they were easily hoisted, rolled across the deck, and pitched overside. They were merely a tiny fraction of the cargo, a dozen or fifteen barrels, and fortunately they were stowed high. But so long as there was one left, one mess of unsalted fish, the schooner would wave a strong and noisome tail. As each fell with a loud, sodden splash the captain would mumble a curse—or a prayer.

"I'd no meaning to be rude, sir," Martin said gently.

The hand that landed upon his shoulder might have been a sledge hammer. The laugh was throaty and good, though not loud.

"It is forgiven, my little cabbage. Etienne Fournet grants that you are a veritable pilot."

Flustered, Martin swallowed.

"I think we're all right now. Only, I'd say crack on everything but the cook's shirt."

The captain laughed again. His ship was mov-

THE ISLAND OF CAPTAIN SPARROW

By S. Fowler Wright

An uncharted island in a nameless sea . . . a forgotten people's war against the world . . . a man who dared to risk fantastic death for a year's lease on life and love. . . .

From beginning to end of this exciting journey, the way is strewn with scenes of mingled terror, beauty and romance for which no parallel can be found in fiction.

Also "The Willows" by Algernon Blackwood.

Famous FANTASTIC Mysteries 25¢

The big April issue will be on sale February 20.

Note: *Famous Fantastic Mysteries* will appear bi-monthly, beginning with the February issue now on sale.

ing under him, his men were doing what they should, and he felt good. He stood very tall, this captain, and his immense shoulders shook. He was enjoying himself! The fret of preparation over, they were now running for it, and this was all right.

Etienne Fournet liked the sea. There was something almost indecent in the way he'd been suspicious, then angry, and now was so jovial. It didn't seem right. He dug his fingers into Martin's shoulder.

"We are clear then, my old one?"

"I'm not so old. And we're not clear yet, no."

The *Cadance* was going faster than Martin would have thought possible. He had picked the right moment.

There was no longer a trace of fog. The breeze, directly off their larboard beam, was brisker.

"It is ten dollars to you, eh? Good, my cabbage with the white hair! You have earned it."

"We're not clear yet," Martin repeated, pocketing the money.

"Ah, my little one, I could keep you—but it is good! You return in that cockleshell? *Eh bien*, may *le bon Dieu* be with you!"

Everything would have been perfect, Martin thought, except for the stink, and they were working on that.

"It is not pleasant, but I had thought to make it a task when we were far out at sea," the captain said.

One by one the barrels were hoisted out of the hold, rolled across the deck, pitched over the rail.

"You comprehend, my little old one," cried Captain Fournet, "we are now all *free!*"

"You don't know Lieutenant Wallace," muttered Martin. "And besides, I don't like to be called a little old one."

Up, up, and then down, squeakingly. The *Cadance* was a sluggish sailer but a sure one. Nothing skippy about her! They slogged on.

"We are open now, we are free! I see where we are!"

"Excuse me, sir, but you really don't see anything."

"Eh? I see no land, no light—ah, that's true! But I feel that we are safe in the sea!"

"I wish I could feel it," grumbled Martin Palmer.

A hand came aft and said something to the mate, and the mate spoke to the captain. The captain laughed, raising and then letting his hands fall again on Martin's shoulders.

"It is all finish'! All the stink! They have found the last barrel! It goes! You comprehend?"

The hand ran forward, the mate after him. They were getting something out of the afterhatch.

"You comprehend, my little friend? We are—"

THEN the gun roared, and they all turned their heads. It had been a dull heavy sound, pushing its way through the wet night. Captain Fournet instantly took his hands from Martin's shoulders.

Bam-m-m! slow and far-away, astern.

"He calls that shooting over your bows," cried Martin. "And yet he can't even see us! He never shot over anybody's bows! He likes to kill people! He really *enjoys* it!"

Captain Fournet became fatalistic. He lifted his shoulders high—thrust them fairly up toward where heaven would be if there'd been a heaven on a night like this—then lowered them. He rolled his eyes. He did not need to shout, for he had good officers. He merely said quietly, as though absent-mindedly, out of a corner of his mouth, "You will go now, eh?"

"That was the agreement, sir!"

"By all means, run," said Captain Fournet.

Martin took the man's elbow, and pointed forward to where the hands were rolling a barrel.

"You see, that last one they're just about to—"

Lieutenant Wallace was guessing, but he was guessing well. The splash was near. Some water came aboard. Captain Fournet lifted his shoulders.

"That last barrel!" cried Martin.

"Eh?"

There was no panic. These Frenchmen, it seemed, had known trouble before. Nobody screamed. The Frenchmen stood their posts.

"Look back," Martin cried. "D'ye see anything?"

No, they didn't see anything. Yet a Revenue Marine cutter of the Treasury Department of the United States of America assuredly was not far away.

The last barrel was near the rail now, and oh, how it stank! Martin shook Captain Fournet's arm.

"Don't you understand? Give me that, and I'll cut— But I want an extra ten dollars to do it! Don't you see? He *may* have us in sight, he *may* be able to hear us, but if you ask me I reckon he's just following his nose. Now if—"

Bmmm-wham!

It went all over them. Even the hands topside snarled in fright. The mate said something in French and collapsed, then apologized, and started to crawl away. The stays and rigging dripped as though after a rainstorm.

"Ten dollars—more?"

"Ten dollars more."

"Here it is, take it!"

The thing was big, though not very heavy, and it darted back and forth like a trapped animal. The hands who lowered it smacked their palms together afterward, and only with difficulty refrained from cheering. The captain cursed under his breath. The mate, the helmsman, crossed themselves. That barrel might

have contained gunpowder instead of rotten fish —gunpowder to which a lighted fuse was attached.

Etienne Fournet, after another search astern, made anxious eager outward gestures with his arm.

"Don't worry," whispered Martin, and put the tiller over.

The dogbody turned fairly into the wind, and a little past, almost seeming to swivel on a base. The barrel rolled from side to side, whopping the gunwhales. The boat shivered. She was a lady to handle, that dogbody, when you understood her. Now Martin put her due north, at a point of the wind one would have said no boat could sail, and she stepped away obediently.

However, she was not her usual self. The seas were long and high but fairly smooth, with little enough of tufted top, and where the dogbody would ordinarily have slithered up the lee side of one and then slid down the weather side almost without a pause and certainly with no sign of distress, she now tried to thrust her nose into them, or else to lift her nose out.

Martin frowned, leaning forward, holding the tiller firmly. He had the collar of his fearnought buttoned high around his face, so that it pressed under his nose, but even then, the smell of those fish was almost overpowering. The barrel rolled now to this side, now to that. He had to keep lifting his feet, so that he wouldn't get a broken ankle.

"Well, I've heard of dragging a red herring across a trail," he muttered, "but a barrel of putrid shad—that's new."

Bwamm-mm-mm!

"Yes, I reckon I'm drawing 'um all right," he muttered to himself.

There was shoal water nearby, water in the cutter would not dare to follow him. But if he ran for it, he calculated, that wouldn't be fair to the schooner; if he ran for it, Lieutenant Wallace back there would suddenly know, in the absence of a wreck, that it wasn't the *Cadance* he was chasing but something much smaller. Martin held his course. After all, he had taken that extra money.

The load rollicked and rolled, now crashing against this gunwale, now against that. Loosened, it leaked a little at the seams.

Bwamm-mm!

He thought he heard that one splash, but he kept his course. Ten minutes later he ducked into the protection of waters he knew well—shoal waters studded with reefs, safe for the dogbody, not for the cutter. He breathed more easily. He took in sail, and allowed her to gurgle the rest of the way. Sweet and light as a canoe, she slid up on the beach at Jabez Hertford's boatyard.

Nobody was waiting there, and Martin got the barrel out easily enough, rolled it into the sawyers' pit. The sawyers' pit didn't have anything in it now but sawdust.

CAPTAIN HARRISON said the next day, "He's in there cursing, Martin. If he'd ever got you—"

"Is he thirsty?" Martin asked. "Lieutenant Wallace is always thirsty, especially when he's just missed a boat, like last night."

Martin Palmer took two shillings from his pocket and put them on the counter.

"It might be well if I sent a dram in to him."

"Two shillings," cried Captain Harrison. "That part of the money you got for—"

"No, that's put away. I got this for a barrel of rotting shad. Kept it in sawdust last night, sold it to Jasper Nelson this morning. He needs it for his Indian corn. Good fertilizer. I wonder," mused Martin Palmer, "if I could have got a penny or two more by dickering a little longer with Jasper."

Captain Harrison picked up one of the shillings.

"You would buy a dram for him then?"

"No, I've changed my mind," said Martin, and took the coin out of Captain Harrison's hand. "After all, a dram costs two pennies."

"He needs a drink for the disappointment," said Captain Harrison.

"He'd better get used to disappointments," said Martin Palmer. "He's going to get a lot more of them."

BALLOTS AND BLUE-MOUNTAIN DEW

By NARD JONES

AFTER my old man had been mayor of Weston, Umatilla County, Oregon for three terms he decided he liked it pretty well and would run again—and mind you, this was quite a while before anybody around the state of Oregon had ever heard of Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

It wasn't that the job paid anything. It didn't. Not one cent. Weston only had a population of about four hundred and fifty and it was pretty hard to get anybody to run for mayor. The result was that some of the more conscientious citizens had been mayor more than once. Herman Goodwin, the druggist, had been mayor six times but not in consecutive terms. He was an easy-going fellow, and couldn't say no to anybody.

So when my old man came to town and bought the hardware and implement store, they got him to run for mayor right away. A stranger always got hooked, before he realized how much cussing went with the honor. By the time his term was up, though, he would know better and wouldn't get on the ballot again. Only the very oldest citizens remembered when there had been two candidates, and that had been back in the Civil War when the Secessionists put up an opposition candidate.

My old man surprised everybody, though, by consenting to run for a second term. I'm not saying that he didn't kind of like the idea of being mayor, but I'll say this for him—he did things, too. You see, the mayor of Weston usually didn't do very much except make a speech at the annual Pioneers' Picnic and hand out the diplomas at the high school graduation in June. But my old man surprised everybody by calling a meeting of the City Council, which no mayor had done for years and years—not since the town had been flooded by Mill Creek back in 1913. Another thing he did was call in Clarence Avery, the constable, and ask him what the law enforcement policy was. That just about floored Clarence, but not quite. "Why, if I see anybody breakin' the law, I just throw 'em in jail," he said.

"That wouldn't do much good," my old man told him. "I been up looking at the city jail. Some kids have taken one of the hinges off the door."

"Well, haven't had any cause to use the jail recently, Nels," Clarence Avery said. "Matter of fact, that jail house has been a waste of the taxpayers' money. Cost us a hundred dollars knocked-down, plus six dollars for the bars on the window, plus ten dollars to George Blomgren for settin' it up. Oh, and thirteen dollars for a chemical toilet."

"I didn't see any chemical toilet."

"Well, that was stolen," said Avery.

"First thing we got to do is fix up the jail house," my old man said. "And if we got any city laws, let's enforce them. Let's get a copy of the city laws and have a look."

●

"Nels!" Amanda yelled. "You great big hypocrite, you. Pretending to be a saintly man and all the time selling whiskey right in your store!"

ILLUSTRATED BY
GEORGE WERT

Well, sir, they couldn't find a copy of the city laws! Clark Wood, editor of the Weston *Leader*, remembered printing them for the city, but somehow he hadn't pasted a copy on the walls of the *Leader* office the way he usually did when he got a print job. All Clarence could remember offhand was that it was five dollars or five days for spitting on the sidewalk, ten dollars or thirty days for speeding on the main street, and a hundred dollars or ninety days for swimming in the reservoir.

So one of the first things the Council had to do was work up some new city statutes. Meanwhile Clarence got the jail fixed so he could do business if he had to. Then my old man had a new paint job done on the hardware and implement store he had bought, and furnished paint free to fix up the Memorial Hall which was what he had christened the old opera house in his second week as mayor. Also, he announced he would furnish paint at cost to any businessman who wanted to repaint his establishment.

IT wasn't long before the main street was shining, and somehow the town took a new lease on life, like a fellow when he gets a shave and a haircut and a new suit all the same day. Clark Wood wrote an editorial in the *Leader* entitled OUR NEW MAYOR which started out:

> Some folks have dubbed our new mayor a "reform mayor" because he has insisted on repairing our city jail and re-discovering our city statutes. But those who pass through our reviving community and see the bright new storefronts must admit he believes in reform of another sort as well . . .

Yes, sir, my old man got his teeth into it and really liked being mayor. I must tell you a little bit about how he got that way.

You see, my old man was always a big city man, and I will admit that he was a fellow who knew his way around. Even if he was my old man I will also admit that he could bend either elbow, or both, when the occasion demanded and not make a big fuss about it. In fact, my old man got around so much that my mother finally suggested maybe he ought to leave the big city and quiet down somewhere. She reminded him that I was growing up into a young man and would expect more of him and ought to have more wholesome surroundings and all that. I heard it all because I was in the hall closet, listening, when she told him.

The funny thing is, he took my mother's advice. I guess it was the first time he ever did, but when he finally did take it he took it good and plenty. He sold out in the city, gave up his standing room at various speakeasies and billiard parlors, and moved us lock, stock and barrel to Weston, Umatilla County, Oregon where he bought the hardware and implement store.

You know how it is with a fellow when he has been a gay young buck and turns over a new leaf. Those fellows often don't just turn it over, they rip it clean out of the book. When my old man got to Weston he kept on dressing like a dude, and he kept on being pleasant and handsome and likable—but he just didn't have any use for some of the things he had thought were O.K. before.

As a citizen of Weston, and as mayor, he decided he didn't want any part of moonshiners, and he even talked the City Council into a statute against the public dance on Saturday night. Fact is, he fixed it so that the Memorial Hall couldn't be hired for a public dance and, of course, there wasn't any other place to hold one in. The result was that some of the young folks, including me, drove over to Athena, the next town, every Saturday night. That was what some of the liberal folks argued.

"Nels," they said, "you don't help anything by closing up the Saturday night dances here. You just move the young folks over to Athena, including your own boy."

"Let's keep personalities out of this," my old man would say. "Everybody knows that nobody can control his own kids, not even the mayor." Then he would get sly. "If you're worried about the liveliness of Weston, why don't you take a place on the committee to get the Elgin Highway to run through Weston instead of 'way the hell and gone over the hill?"

That was why he didn't make the liberals sore. He got them to worrying about things like the new highway instead of whether there was going to be a lot of whoopee on Saturday nights. Another reason I think they never got sore at him was because they kind of sensed that he was a sinner at heart, just like them, only somehow he had just gone wrong.

Of course, the church folks thought my old man was just about the finest thing that ever happened to Weston. He got called on by a couple or three preachers who suggested he ough to go whole hog and come to church of a Sunday, inasmuch as he was obviously on their side. But my old man said that would be going too far. He said he hadn't ever gone to church much, though he wasn't against it, and if he went to church now the church might burn down or the preacher might stumble out of the pulpit and break an arm. The church folks couldn't understand how a man with such right ideas could talk like that, but jut the same they figured he was a mayor for

their side. None of the other mayors had ever worried much about what went on in town. They just made speeches at the Pioneers' Picnic and handed out the high school diplomas in June.

That's not to say my old man didn't do that, too. I guess he just *liked* being mayor. As I look back, it's too bad he didn't get into politics before he did, and, as I said before, he sure had that four-term idea long before anybody around the state of Oregon had ever heard of Mr. Roosevelt.

I'll admit he was about ready to quit at three terms—but then he got wind that Henry Pipson was going to run. You see, Henry Pipson had put in a small line of *hardware* in his grocery store. You can understand how my old man felt about Pipson. As soon as Pipson had done it, my old man put a small line of *groceries* in his hardware store.

Before this happened, every businessman in town had sort of stuck to his own business. George Blomgren stuck to hay and grain, and hauling, and odd jobs, and he didn't set up to run a pool hall like Old Man Crandall. It went right through the town like that, up one side of Main Street and down the other for the entire two blocks of the business section. Even Herman Goodwin, the druggist, didn't sell anything but medicine and maybe some candy and a few postcards.

Then this Pipson thing happened. I can tell you, the old man was mad, and when he found Pipson was going to run for mayor, he was even madder.

For the first time since the Civil War it looked as though Weston's mayoralty election was going to be a two-man fight.

Right away Pipson shaped up his campaign. He was for a wide-open town—dances on Saturday nights. He didn't dare come out and say he was for bootleg liquor, but he never said he was against it, either. And he went around saying that Nels, the hardware and implement man, was a big city slicker who had blown into Weston and just figured he would run the whole place as long as he had a mind to.

Of course, the conservatives lined up right away with my old man. It looked as if it was going to be a pretty bitter fight. My old man was smart enough not to say very much, but Henry Pipson, he had a lot to say. He had another trick that got in our hair, too.

Every morning his brother-in-law would come into my old man's store to see what fresh vegetables we had that day, and how much they sold for. He would pretend to be looking for something to buy, but he was always careful to ask for something ahead of season. Then he would go down the street and tell Pipson and Pipson would set his prices a little under my old man's. And when he got folks into the store he would electioneer at them. My old man was never one with very low blood presssure and I can vouch for it that he suffered something fierce.

You'd think that the conservative folks would have got him into office again like nothing at all, but the fact is that they were the very ones to turn against him at the crucial point. It happened on account of five gallons of moonshine.

BEFORE I get any further I better tell you something about the moonshine that was made around Umatilla County. You've probably heard a lot about Kentucky moonshine, and about hard liquor cooked up on the quiet in other parts of the United States. I wouldn't put any of it past anything that came out of the Blue Mountains of Umatilla County, whether it came in jugs, or old used bottles, or just plain fruit jars with a screw-top. The moonshine out of the Blues usually came in fruit jars, and most of it was made by Finns who lived up there and raised potatoes when they weren't making moonshine or cutting firewood or fixing to have kids. They weren't really bootleggers when you came right down to it. They just kind of liked to have the stuff around, and sometimes they made too much of it and it was better to sell it than throw it away. Some mighty respectable farmers made a little white whiskey, off and on.

It was mighty peculiar stuff, and some folks said it was because the Finns would let it set out in the moonlight there in the Blue Mountains. I don't know whether this had anything to do with it or not, but I know the moon affects the ocean, so why shouldn't it do something to a vat of corn-and-sugar liquor? Anyhow, it was smooth and it had a delayed action. It didn't taste any more powerful than good spring water, but it kind of *collected* itself slow for the punch. They used to figure that two drinks would get to a man on a horse after about five miles. When automobiles came in, all the calculations were off because some fellows drive faster than others.

When you took a drink of this . . .

But I'm forgetting about what happened to my old man.

Sometimes when the mountain farmers couldn't pay their bills, my old man would take it out in cordwood which he would give them credit for, and then sell the wood by the rick. There was an old Finn who had owed a sizable bill for quite a time and he kept promising to bring wood, and promising, and never did. My old man began putting the squeeze on him pretty hard, and one day the Finn came in through the back door of the hardware store and said, "Nels, my wagon

is out in back. Come see what I brought you."

"Well, that's good, Lepsoe," my old man said. "So you brought some wood finally."

"No, I didn't bring no wood, Nels. But come on out in back."

The old man went out in back and there in Lepsoe's wagon, under a gunny sack, was a four-gallon stone crock of Blue Mountain moonshine. "It sells for five dollars a gallon now," the Finn said. "That's twenty dollars. On account. Just as good as firewood, maybe better."

My old man swore a little bit. "You know I can't sell that stuff, Lepsoe. You've owed me eighty dollars for over a year and if you can't pay it I want some wood I can sell for cash."

"I ain't cutting wood this year," Lepsoe said, and when he said it you could tell he meant he wasn't cutting wood that year. "This is good whiskey, Nels. Maybe you can't sell it, but it's so good you don't have to sell it."

"Lepsoe, I haven't had a drink since I hit this town, and I'm not aiming to take it up again at my time of life." I think my old man was all of forty-three at the time. "I guess I've drunk liquor all kinds of ways and in all kinds of amounts and I know just what it can and can't do. I'm plumb bored with it, Lepsoe, and there's nothing it can teach me any more. I've drunk it enough so I can remember real well, when I want to, just how good it made me feel. And how bad, too."

"But you got friends, Nels—and there's holidays like Thanksgiving and Christmas."

"Well, all right, then," my old man said. "But the next time you bring that wagon down I want wood in it."

"I throw in the stone crock," said Lepsoe.

I guess everything might have been all right if my old man hadn't decided to hide the stuff. But instead of hiding it as you or I would, like putting it behind a packing case, my old man hid it the way a smart fellow would. And sometimes a man can be too dog-goned smart. In the back warehouse were a lot of new stone crocks grouped together according to size—one gallon, two gallon, four galllon, and so on. My old man put the crock full of moonshine right in with all the empty crocks, which was a smart idea except for one thing.

The one thing was Old Lady Amanda Butler.

Nobody knew just how old Amanda Butler was, but she was old. She had given orders to her husband for more than fifty years, and when he up and died she began giving them to everybody else—and we took 'em, too. Amanda was small and pert and she had bright, mischievous eyes, but they could get all-fired mad, too. And she was as straight-laced and religious as all get out.

Well, one day she sailed into the hardware store and said, "Nels, I want to get me a stone crock to put up a little sauerkraut." And with that she glided right on back to the warehouse where the crocks were, since she knew every blamed nut and bolt and thunder-mug in the place.

My old man went right after her, but I don't think for a minute he figured she would want a *four*-gallon stone crock for sauerkraut, because she lived all by herself. But I guess he sweated some, back there among all those crocks, when she said she wanted a four-galloner. He tried to get her away from them. "Mrs. Butler," he said, "a four-gallon crock is pretty sizable, and when it's full of kraut it's hard to handle. You sure a two-gallon one wouldn't be big enough?"

"Nels, I know what size crock I want."

"A four-galloner holds an awful lot of kraut," my old man said.

"Pshaw!" the old lady said. "I know how big a crock I want. It ought to come about to my elbow when I dip to the bottom, and that's a four-galloner." Well, sir, with that she whipped the top off a four-galloner and plunged her arm into it.

Yeah, you guessed it, all right. That was the one she had to pick, out of all those dozens around there. She let out a scream, and pulled out her black sleeve a-dripping with Blue Mountain dew. Right away she knew what it was. There's no mistaking Blue Mountain stuff when you smell it, and I wouldn't be surprised if maybe it burned Amanda's arm a little, too.

"Nels!" she yelled. "Nels, you great big hypocrite, you! You've been getting elected mayor by pretending to be a saintly man—and now you want to be mayor again. And all the time you've been selling whiskey right through the back door of this store!"

It didn't do any good to try to explain things. The more my old man tried, the madder and louder she got. "And now you want to be mayor again. Why—why, I'm not only going to vote for Henry Pipson, I'm going to report you to the constable as well!"

AS I look back on it, my old man must have been flustered. After Amanda flew out, he could have stayed right in the warehouse and dumped the evidence. Instead of that, he followed her, still trying to explain about the moonshine. He followed her out into the street, and past the drugstore, until they ran into Clarence Avery.

"Constable," Amanda said, "this man has whiskey on his premises."

Clarence had been taking quite a lot of criticism from my old man, and he looked hopeful but doubtful. "Amanda, you must be mistaken."

"You come with me, Clarence," she said,

"and don't you be trying to protect him just because he's mayor. If you do, I'll have you thrown out of the constable's job—and don't think Henry Pipson would dare appoint you when he's elected."

Avery looked at my old man helplessly. There wasn't anything to do but tag along after Amanda Butler. My old man was glaring daggers at me, because I guess he figured I should have had sense enough to stay behind and get rid of the whiskey instead of following him and Old Lady Butler down the street. Come to think of it, I guess he was right, but I was so anxious to see everything, I plumb forgot.

Well, Amanda walked right to the stone crock. And Clarence Avery didn't need more than his nose to tell him she was right. He got red in the face and stuttered. "Nels, looks like I got to arrest you, but if you'll put up a bail of ten or fifteen dollars I reckon you can be released on your own reconnaissance or whatever it is."

"No, you don't!" screamed Old Lady Butler, and just then Henry Pipson put in his two cents. Somebody had tipped him off that things were going on in our warehouse.

"You bet he don't," Pipson said. "Clarence, what does the statute say about moonshine?"

"Well, gosh," Avery said. "Everybody knows Nels; he's the mayor, and—"

"Never mind. What does the new statute say? The one that the mayor himself bull-whacked the City Council into making a city law?"

Reluctantly, Avery pulled the black notebook out of his hip pocket. Glancing sidelong at my old man, he thumbed for the page. "Read it," demanded Amanda.

Avery cleared his throat. "'To implement and supplement the federal and state laws regarding the illegal liquor traffic, and to stop all possible loopholes and flagrancies, it is hereby enacted and made a statute of the City of Weston that anybody drinking, selling, giving away, or having in his possession, liquor, wine, or beer, any or all three, shall be given an immediate jail sentence of not less than thirty days. Furthermore, such a miscreant cannot be released on bail, nor can he pay a fine in lieu of his jail term.'"

"There you are," said Pipson. "I was in the Council when that was written into the new statutes. I didn't hear anything about the mayor being exempted, and I don't hear it now."

Avery looked at Nels. "Looks like I got to take you in, Nels. Mighty sorry you went and had me get the jail door fixed. Wouldn't be any place to put you if you hadn't done that."

My old man was great, I can tell you. He just kind of drew himself up and said, "Very well, I'll go quietly," like a fellow in a movie at the Memorial Hall. He walked on ahead of Clarence Avery, dignified, straight to the jail house with the new door.

There was quite a crowd following us by the time we got to the jail and I asked my old man if I should tell my mother. He barked at me, "If Maizie Peabody isn't taken with a stroke, your ma knows it already." Maizie was the switchboard operator for Weston. And the old man was right, because Mother showed up just as Clarence was snapping the new padlock on the new hasp of the jail door.

She picked out Henry Pipson. "Henry Pipson," she said, "I don't know what this is all about, but I bet you started it."

"No, ma'am," Henry said. "It was Amanda here who started it, but I reckon I'm going to finish it when election day comes." Then he turned to Clarence, pompous-like, and says, "Constable, there has to be a trial, and I suggest you impound the evidence in the back of Nels's store right now."

"That's just what I was intending to do," said Clarence, who was getting tired of suggestions by this time.

So Clarence strutted back to the store and lugged the stone crock down to his office, which is a desk in the grain elevator office across from the postoffice.

My mother followed right along, and when they got to the office she said to Clarence, "I don't believe that's moonshine whiskey at all. It could be stuff to treat seed wheat."

"There ain't any question about what it is," Clarence said.

"I don't believe it," my mother said. She turned to Sim Barnes, who ran the grain elevator office. "Sim, how do you know that's whiskey? Looks like water to me."

"Don't smell like water," Sim said.

"Well, taste it," my mother said. So Sim did.

"Kind of tastes like water," he said, licking his finger. "Maybe I better get a little cup, just to be sure." So he tried it with a cup. "Sure tastes like it," he said. "Don't think there's any question about it."

"Let me try it," Clarence Avery said. "After all, I ought to see whether I got any evidence impounded or not."

There was quite a crowd around the grain elevator office now. Everybody in town had heard about it and had come down to get the news and see the crock. My mother stuck right there, insisting it wasn't Blue Mountain moonshine.

"Cer'nly is," said Clarence Avery suddenly. "I tried it twice now and it cer'nly is Blue Mountain dew."

Herman Goodwin said, "I don't think Nels would be guilty of a thing like that. Let me taste it." He coughed some after he got

through, but he said he guessed that was what it was, all right.

They kept coming, and discussing, and my mother stuck right there, saying they were all plotting against my old man and it wasn't whiskey at all. Maizie had been pretty busy, and more and more folks kept coming. In about an hour there were two fist-fights going on at once, but Clarence didn't arrest anybody. He was inside the grain elevator office, arguing with somebody.

ABOUT four o'clock along came the Reverend Amos Squelchley. He had stayed away as long as he could, but now here he was, and when we saw him coming we made a path for him. "What's this?" he asked, very stately, and they told him.

"But it's not whiskey," said my mother.

"It cer'nly is," said Clarence. "Plenty of us have tested it, Your Reverend, and it cer'nly is Blue Mountain dew. You just try it yourself, Your Reverend."

"I say now, really," said the preacher. But Clarence had gone over to the crock and was tipping it sidewise. "Not much left, but you can see for yourself."

Henry Pipson had got edged out of the office, but he fought his way back when the preacher came. "Look here, you fellows, you ain't going to have enough evidence if you ain't careful. Clarence, you better pour what's left in a jar and seal it up. It's liable to evaporate in that crock."

Somebody outside yelled, "Hooray for Nels—hooray for the next mayor! I knew he was O.K."

Clarence began hunting around for a jar and when he found one he set it on the floor. Henry Pipson and several others began helping him to lift the crock and pour what was left of the moonshine into the jar. I guess there were too many. Anyhow, they didn't hit the jar. Pouring anything from a four-gallon crock into a jar is hard to do no matter how you rig it.

My mother was right there when it happened. "Clarence Avery," she said, "you haven't any evidence that my husband was harboring moonshine in his store."

"There's my word for it," screamed Amanda.

My mother turned on her with a scornful look. "Amanda Butler, you're an old trouble-maker and everybody knows it, and you wouldn't know moonshine whiskey from pudding sauce."

"There's plenty of citizens here who can testify that it was moonshine," said Henry Pipson. "Look at 'em!"

"I don't think any of them will want to testify to it," my mother said, and she knew what she was talking about. The ones who didn't mind taking a drink now and then wouldn't testify against my old man now, anyhow, and the ones who "never touched the stuff" wouldn't get up in city court and say they had.

"I'll testify," yelled Henry Pipson.

"You can't," announced my mother. "You're running for mayor and you're prejudiced against the defendant." I don't know where she got all that, but it sounded pretty good, especially to those of us who had been trying to make sure it *was* whiskey.

"Clarence Avery," she said, "you'd better just get up to the jail house and let my husband out of there. You haven't any evidence, and for charges all you have is the complaint of Amanda Butler and she's been complaining about everything for seventy years."

"Three big cheers and a tiger for Nels," somebody shouted. "Move we 'lect him unan—unanimously right now, oral vote, without benefit of ballot."

The next thing I knew Clarence and Mother were marching up to the jail house with a big crowd of folks behind them. There were some protests against it from the Reverend Squelchley and Amanda and Henry Pipson and a few of their cohorts. But by and large it was a general acclamation and a sight to see.

I guess my old man thought they must be coming to lynch him, because when Clarence opened the door he was standing on top of the new chemical toilet with his fists clenched. "Case dismissed without a trial," Clarence said.

"There's no more evidence," my mother said, and she whispered in the old man's ear. A great big smile broke over his face. I could see a speech coming on.

It was the best speech the old man ever made, and at least part of his audience was sure appreciative. Next week, when the ballots were counted, it was 401 to 2 in favor of the old man for a fourth term. I always figured the two dissenting votes were from Henry Pipson and Amanda Butler.

DEATH OF AN OLD-TIMER

By FRANCES GALWEY

DECORATION BY JOSEPH FORTE

Poop Deck Pappy was pretty old
To swab the deck and clean the hold.

But he worked as long as he could stand
Always ready to lend a hand.

He never failed to stand his watch
Till they found him lying at No. 1 hatch.

The Old Man sighed and shook his head
When they told him Poop Deck Pappy was dead.

But you never knew how the captain would feel.
He just said, "Quartermaster, take the wheel."

And with solemn step he led the way
To the foc'sle where the dead man lay.

The mourners who gathered around his bed
Were Chips and Sparks and Blacky and Red.

His epitaph a line in the log,
His dirge a whistle in the fog.

The afterdeck became his bier
For once on deck without his gear.

The wind an organ played a hymn
Accompanied by the Wiper Slim.

This tale is told at every bar
From Lourenço Marques to Zanzibar.

How Poop Deck Pappy, though he was dead,
Heard the bosun's order, "Heave ahead!"

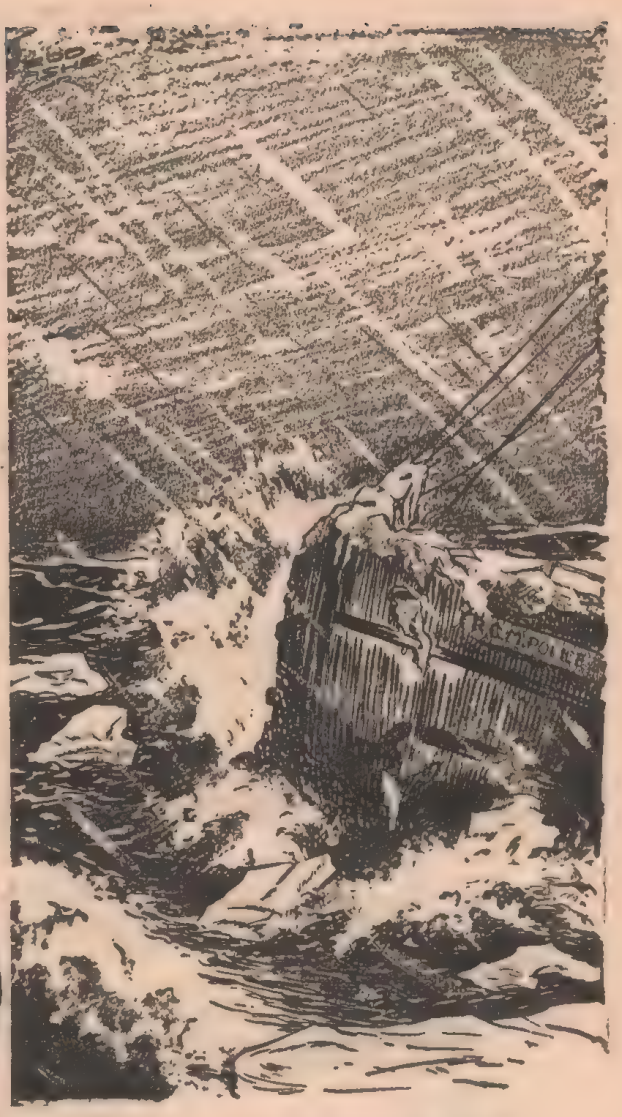
Always ready for that old command
He rose right up and lent a hand.

MY BEAT IS THE NORTH POLE

A Fact Story

By
STAFF SERGEANT
HENRY ASBJORN
LARSEN, R. C. M. P.
as told to
AL WILLIAMSON

ILLUSTRATED BY EDD ASHE



At four o'clock it began to snow heavily and we were being knocked about considerably . . .

ONLY three times in history, as far as I know, has a ship sailed from coast to coast around the top of the North American continent. Roald Amundsen did it from east to west at the beginning of the century. I am master of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police motorship, *St. Roch*, which made the second and third voyages through the Northwest Passage—from west to east three years ago, and from east to west a year ago last fall, leaving Halifax July 22 and arriving at Vancouver, British Columbia, on October 16, eighty-six days later.

Amundsen was an explorer. I am a sea-going policeman with the rank of staff sergeant. My beat, you might say, is the North Pole, and I suppose I am further out "in the sticks" than any other policeman in Canada. When I don't

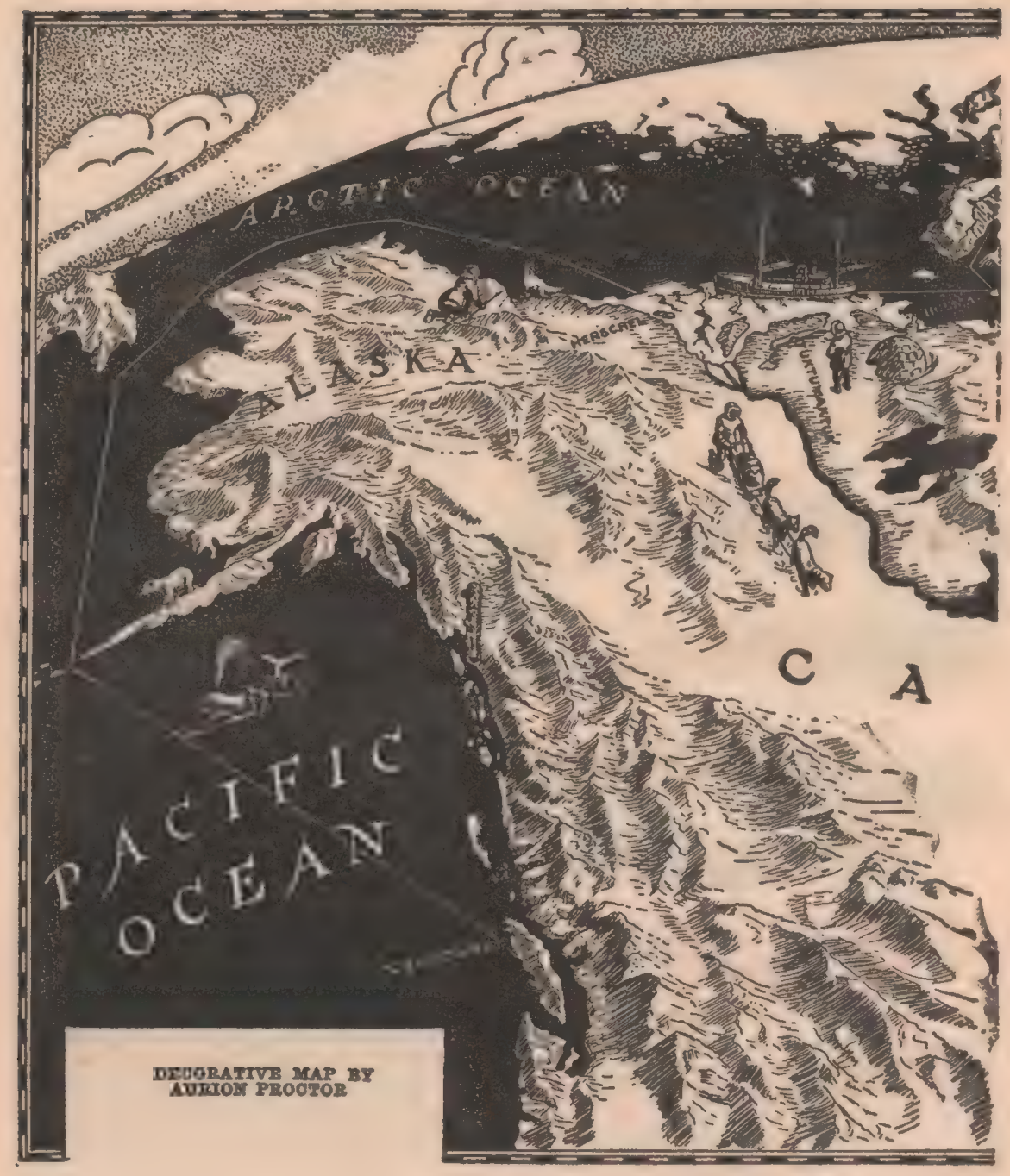
. . . Because of the danger of being smashed ashore, we moved out into the storm.

Staff Sergeant Henry Asbjorn Larsen, Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

ring in for six months or a year or so, nobody much worries. They can reach me, of course, by radio, but I'm left pretty much to my own devices.

My chief engineer, George Peters, is a corporal, and so is my mate, Pat Hunt. The other members of the crew are rated either as constables or special constables, and they draw regular police pay, except for an additional fifty cents a day while on *St. Roch* patrol.

When we are in port and dressed in our regulation scarlet tunics, gold-striped pants and spurs—yes, we wear spurs ashore—we are as landlubberly a group as you ever saw. The fact is, when we turned up for an official reception at Vancouver at the conclusion of this last voyage, a newspaperman said we all looked like Nelson Eddy and that he ex-



DECORATIVE MAP BY AURION PROCTOR

pected us to burst into song, momentarily. I think if he could have seen us forty days out of Halifax, he would have doubted that any of us could manage to look like Nelson Eddy or any other shoreside human. And as for singing then, the only singing we wanted to do was the kind that goes with a good hot bath, the sort of bath that flows out of a tap in a bathroom wall.

I am not suggesting that we didn't bathe for eighty-six days on the *St. Roch*. But our bathing was somewhat hurried and rather primitive—farmhouse kitchen and wooden-tub style. When the ice is grinding outside, and the wind is whipping across the deck with gale force, and the ship is creaking and groaning at every joint, you don't care to dally in your tub. All of nature outside seems to take your bathing as a personal affront, and, anyhow, it's a bit like splashing in a teacup.

We didn't set out from Halifax with the intention of making history. I don't think we

fully realized that we had made history until we sailed into Vancouver harbor and they told us we had. It came as something of a surprise. We had been moved mostly by a desire to winter in the best possible neighborhood, and we simply preferred Vancouver and Victoria to Tuktuyaktuk. We started out on a routine patrol, with the expectation of wintering somewhere on the northern rim. But the weather and the vagaries of the shifting Arctic ice made it possible for us to accomplish in one season what normally would have necessitated two.

It was touch and go, this latter part of our voyage. It was a race against time, against the bitterest cold, against the shoreward march of that vast sea of ice.

The *St. Roch* is steam-heated and yet I don't think any of us were ever warm. I made entries in my report book throughout this patrol, writing in my cabin. My hands were so cold so much of the time, that today I can't decipher some of my own writing.

ONE morning late in September we were groping our way through a thick fog off the north coast of Alaska, working our way by compass and feeling out the bottom by handline. We knew it was seven fathoms all the way to Point Barrow, and we were moving slowly when I heard the leadsman sing out: "We've lost bottom! The bottom has fallen away!"

I knew then that we had passed Barrow and could safely swing to the south and into the familiar waters of the Bering Strait, the Bering Sea and the North Pacific Ocean. The North Pacific is not the friendliest body of water on this globe, but compared with where we had been, it was like walking out of a blizzard into the safety and comfort of your own home.

There is not much traffic in northern waters, and mighty few people ashore. Polar bears and walrus and seals are about all one sees, except for one's shipmates, for days on end. We were hungry for the sight of other human beings. From Tuktuyaktuk to Barrow we had sailed through one of the worst fogs I had ever encountered. We all felt a little proud. I decided to put in at King Island, off Seward Peninsula, where there is a sizable Eskimo village. We hove to off the village shore, flying the blue ensign as big as life, and eagerly scanned the shore for movement. But there wasn't a native in sight. Puzzled, I ran up the Stars and Stripes, and almost at once the beach was alive with them.

They had mistaken our blue ensign, with its red and white inset, for the Japanese flag, and had scattered for cover. Once the misunderstanding was corrected we had a most pleasant two hours' visit with them, but we failed to convey to them where we had come from. They nodded solemnly and listened politely, but I am sure all they grasped was that we were white and spoke "American".

I have been asked since my return whether the Northwest Passage will ever become a great new sea route for commercial trade. It is difficult to look very far into the future, and I can only answer for the present that it is possible to negotiate the passage in summer months in wooden ships—but, and it's a large *but*—those ships must be built for the purpose.

The *St. Roch* is a stout and tidy little ship. She was built in Vancouver in 1928, an eighty-ton motorship originally rigged as a schooner. She's been altered somewhat since then, and we use her canvas only to steady her in a blow or when a favorable wind will help her along.

She was specially designed for the Arctic patrol, and her timbers are two thirds heavier than those of an ordinary vessel her size. Her frames are close set and give her hull twenty-two inches thickness of solid wood. The hull is sheathed in ironbark from Australia, one of the hardest woods obtainable, and one of the few that can resist the constant grinding of ice. Forward, she wears a steel sheathing around her nose. She is ninety-five feet long with a beam of twenty-four feet. She's no beauty, and she rolls like a barrel, but she's gone through a lot. She's been where no other ship ever went before—and she'll go again.

Her power is a 300-horsepower Diesel, and she cruises at eight and a half knots. There are accommodations forward in the foc'sle for eight men, and aft in the house for ten. The pilot house is above the cabin accommodation, which is abaft the well-deck. The engine room is aft. The engine is new, installed in the summer of 1944. In addition to our cargo of a hundred tons of supplies, we carried spare wheels and a spare rudder which, I am happy to say, still lies in its original lashings on the well-deck. I shouldn't want to fit it during an Arctic storm—it weighs well over 3,000 pounds.

We sailed from Halifax in good weather on the twenty-second of July. We were off on a cruise that might take a year, eighteen months, or even two years, depending on the perverseness of nature and our own good or bad luck. We had a hundred and thirty fifty-gallon drums of fuel lashed on the well-deck, several drums of coal oil and gasoline for our little launch, and forty-three tons of coal. Some of this, of course, was intended for R. C. M. P. outposts in the north—supplying these remote detachments being part of our mission.

There is nothing more indefinite than the time required by these Arctic patrols. Our first west-east trip through the Northwest Passage required two years and four months, and twice we wintered in the ice. We expected to do so again and were prepared for it. When we sailed from Halifax we went immediately on rations. It wasn't a war measure but standard procedure in the north to allow for emergencies. It's a good ration, a bit on the sweet side, perhaps, to help the men fight the cold. For instance, we consumed five ounces of sugar and five ounces of jam or honey a day. One needs sweets in the north to keep the body temperature up.

WE sailed northeast through the Straits of Belle Isle, then north up the coast of Labrador to Cape Mercy. Some of the crew were seasick for a time, the *St. Roch* having a peculiar gait and roll, but by the time we made the cape and sighted our first big ice field every hand was on his feet again.

On sighting the ice, I changed course to the east and headed for Greenland. We approached

Greenland off Disko Island, turned north on a course paralleling the coast fifty miles offshore. The sea was free of ice, but rough, particularly in Davis Strait and Baffin Bay.

We continued northward until I thought we could clear the ice off Hudson's Bay, then swung northwest to Baffinland and passed through Navy Board Inlet. For two days off Baffinland we were hemmed in by drifting ice, but we found our way through without too much trouble. From Lancaster Strait we ran to Devon Island, and there went ashore at Erebus Bay.

It's like stepping back into the pages of history to go ashore at Erebus Bay. A few men have been there before, men who were trying to do what we had done two years previously and what we were about to do again—explore the Northwest Passage. We saw much evidence of this. We found parts of a ship, undoubtedly some ship which had been searching for Sir John Franklin, who, like Henry Hudson before him, had perished in a vain attempt to find the passage. That was nearly a hundred years ago.

At Dealey Island, just off Melville Island, which we reached after passing safely through Barrow Strait and Melville Sound, we found a cairn erected in 1852 by the Franklin search party under Captain Henry Kellett. We found pieces of navy cloth, weathered, tattered and rotted, and some cans of meat. None among us was adventurous enough to try the tinned meat, but we brought away some of the cans. On the beach we also found the remains of several leather sea boots; how old they were I can't guess.

Polar bears had wrecked the cairn, and in their playfully destructive way had scattered the rocks, the cloth and the canned goods over a wide area. We saw many of these animals throughout our journey; once three of them drifted idly by us on a floe, a good deal less amazed at the sight of us than we were at seeing them.

By this time the complement of our ship had increased considerably. Expecting to hole up somewhere in the Arctic for winter—we had taken aboard at Ponds Inlet, Baffinland, an Eskimo family consisting of a man, his wife, his mother-in-law, five children and seventeen dogs. The women were to do our sewing and mending, the man to build ice houses and to hunt and fish, and the dogs to furnish what overland transportation we might need.

Perhaps fortunately for us, they scorned the cabin accommodations, it being much too warm for their hardy natures. They pitched a pup tent atop the main cabin and lived there, humans and dogs alike, from August 12 to September 17. It was cold enough up there most of the time to freeze ice cream, but they seemed to thrive on it. We left them in September at Herschel Island, off Yukon territory, when we decided to try for Vancouver.

Until our entry into Lancaster Strait there had not been much floe ice, mostly bergs. We don't worry much about bergs—they bulk so large that you can see them readily, even at night, and can dodge them easily enough. Persons unfamiliar with Arctic navigation are inclined to picture the Arctic ocean as dotted with these great silent frozen chunks, but the bergs are relatively few in number, and there is greater danger by far to a ship like ours from the endless fields of floe ice.

In floe ice, where you must pick your way, it is foolhardy to run at night—you must tie up. You can't see the leads or channels, and if you once lose your way you run up on a floe and stick there. We did run up on a floe on one occasion, but luckily slid off again. Tying up at night presents no difficulties; there are innumerable projections upthrust everywhere in the ice around which a line can be secured.

LOOKING back on our second voyage, and thumbing through the ship's log and my own patrol report, I find our greatest concern was not the ice but the fog. In the winter there is little fog over Arctic waters, but in the summer months the northern coastline is almost continually shrouded. We had black fog, which closed in on us like night—and we had white fog which blazed with the rays of the sun overhead, but which did not divide to let us see that sun and make our reckonings. Sometimes the compass would stand still because of the drag of the Magnetic Pole. Then we had only the sun to determine our position and our course. The stars were lost to us because there is very little actual night in the Arctic summer.

Whenever we had fog, we had ice in the rigging. Of course, there was young-ice all the time about the ship, but whenever fog came on there was ice on the rigging and deck. The temperature in these parts ranged about twenty-seven degrees, just below freezing. But the cold belied the thermometer. It was a damp penetrating cold which seemed always to be with us, inside the ship or out. There was no escaping it.

We left Cape Providence for the crossing of Melville Sound in mid-August and for four days lay in the Sound in a dense fog, groping our way slowly, finally picking up land again at Richard Collin Inlet.

We subsequently reached Peal Point on Victoria Island, and passed through Prince of Wales Strait. Incidentally, a British explorer, Captain Perry, was in Melville Sound in

1819 but he did not cross over Melville Straits and I believe we were the first to do so.

On little Holman Island, off the southwest coast of Victoria Island, there's a Hudson's Bay Company post and mission. We put in at mid-morning, greatly excited at the prospect of seeing some fellow humans. This proved to be something like our later experience at King Island. There wasn't a sign of life. We dropped anchor and blew the whistle. Presently there was a commotion ashore. It seemed that the Hudson's Bay Company supply boat, the *Fort Ross,* had left the post only three hours prior to our arrival. The good people ashore had spent most of the night unloading her supplies and had then gone to bed in the late morning. When we sounded our whistle, they assumed the *Fort Ross* had put back for some reason. When they discovered we were another ship, their astonishment and delight was boundless. In that part of the world ships are few and far between.

But I think the real significance of this near-meeting with the *Fort Ross* was that between us we had circumnavigated the continent. The *Fort Ross* had left Halifax ahead of us, had sailed south to the Panama Canal, had beat her way up the North American Coast to Point Barrow, and had taken the western leg of the Arctic summer route to Holman Island. It had taken her a month longer.

Father Bulliard of the Roman Catholic mission came aboard and told us we wouldn't encounter the *Fort Ross* on our westward journey—her skipper, Captain Summers, having taken her southeast to the Copper-mine with supplies. We passed some time with the natives, exchanging Arctic gossip, and I inquired for an old friend of mine, Ikey Bolt, an Eskimo, in whose snowhouse I have passed many a warm and comfortable winter night. Ikey, they told me, had gone to Edmonton to have his eyes treated. Two weeks after we arrived at Vancouver, a well-dressed man, wearing glasses, came aboard and asked for me. It was Ikey Bolt, visiting in Vancouver, and thirsting for news of his home town. I guess no matter where you live, home is home.

At 5:30 A.M., September fifth, we sailed from Holman for the mainland of Alaska. We had a good run all that day until about midnight when we were forced to shut down because of darkness and very heavy ice. The following day the ice grew worse and a strong headwind came up. By evening this wind had become so strong I decided to try to find shelter for the night; there was no telling what we were headed into. We moved into the lee of Cape Bathurst and lay there until four o'clock the next day. The cape is not high land and doesn't afford much protection, but we were somewhat snugger there than out in the open.

At four o'clock it began to snow heavily. We were being knocked about considerably, and, because of the danger of being smashed ashore, we moved out into the storm. September seventh we met with very heavy ice and a strong current. To add to our worries we discovered the ice was grounded. We were practically blind and without means of fixing our position. We were moving along by soundings when suddenly the bottom shelved to six fathoms. I figured we were off Toker Point, on the mainland, just east of the mouth of the Mackenzie River. We tied up to a piece of heavy ice and waited out the night.

THE next day the visibility was no better and we took the opportunity to replenish our failing fresh-water supply from pools of fresh water on the ice—melted snow, mostly. At two o'clock that afternoon the weather cleared somewhat and I found we were completely surrounded by heavy ice, most of it grounded. I didn't like the look of it. There was imminent danger of our being dragged into it and crushed. I climbed to the crow's nest and looked around. I could see no open water to the west or north and visibility was bad to the south and east. But to remain there meant losing the ship, so we headed south and west for Tuktuyaktuk.

Moving slowly through the ice, we made the entrance to Tuktuyaktuk harbor at about six o'clock that night. It was so dark and the entrance so shallow that I decided to wait for daylight before venturing in. We anchored off the bar for the night. At five o'clock the following morning, September ninth, there was a fresh westerly. Before we had logged one or two miles of the seven-mile run into Tuk, it had blown into a full gale.

On the way in we passed an outward-bound native schooner. In view of the conditions outside, we wondered for her safety. Long afterward, when we had reached Vancouver, we learned that this ship, a ten-ton schooner, had gone down with all hands, crushed in the ice. Aboard her were ten men, women and children, including one white man.

We were having a rough time ourselves as we ran for the shelter of the sandspit at Tuk. I'll never know how we crossed it. I assume we were picked up and carried across by a wave at exactly the right moment. We made it just in time, and we remained through one of the worst storms the people of Tuktuyaktuk had ever experienced.

Tuktuyaktuk, "place of the cariboo", is no metropolis, but it's a mighty big town as things are measured in the Arctic, and boasts an Eskimo village, a Hudson's Bay post and another post operated by an American, Slim Semler, originally from Portland, Oregon.

Right at that moment the people of Tuk were having their troubles, too.

I ordered anchors run out to the beach and we battened everything down and hoped for the best. The wind brought the tide roaring in, and, as we discovered later, washed away the sandspit. The tide ran up the beach, flooded the Hudson's Bay warehouse and put two feet of water into the home of John Sedgewick, the factor.

There was much wreckage in the water about us. Little islands went swirling past us as we lay at anchor—real islands with trees and bushes and what looked like solid ground, but they weren't attached to anything. Seventeen sleigh dogs tied up on the beach were drowned and a number of Eskimo schooners were driven ashore.

Civilization has made the Eskimos careless. In the old days they would have looked both to their dogs and their ships. Today they know they can afford to buy more dogs and repair their ships. Some of the Eskimos at Tuk are wealthy by any standards.

When the worst of the storm had passed, we went ashore and helped Sedgewick clean up. Among other friends I met was Tom Omuk, an Eskimo, now the Reverend Mr. Tom Omuk, an ordained Protestant minister. We had often hunted together in the days when I was stationed at Tuk and when I wintered there.

While we were waiting for the weather to clear, we did some fishing and hunting in the vicinity, bagging a couple of walrus. The meat of the walrus is good and his tusks are valuable as well. When you shoot at a walrus you must make sure you kill him with the first shot. Otherwise he'll squirm off the ice and sink like a stone. We shot two of a group of four, and the boys put the dory over the side and went after them. One big bull was dead, but he rested on a very small piece of ice and it was ticklish getting alongside him. We put a harpoon in him and secured him with a line. The second started to kick about, and we got a harpoon in him just as he went off—and down.

Meanwhile the live pair was looking for trouble. A walrus in his own environment can be a mean enemy, those tusks of his were designed for business. The two came snorting over the ice in our direction, and we discovered we had no ammunition left. The men on the ship couldn't bring their own weapons to bear because they would have been shooting virtually around and over us. We got away, though, at the very last moment, and hauled our prizes aboard. They were heavy fellows, and the change of diet they afforded us was most welcome.

By September eleventh the weather had taken another turn for the worse, although the gale had since abated. The sky was overcast and snow flurries were frequent. It looked as if we were there for the winter. Next day we heard by radio from Point Barrow that ice conditions at Barrow were the worst in years. If you can't get around Barrow, you stay in the Arctic. The most dangerous waters along the northern route are those between Herschel Island and Barrow—by far the greatest number of shipwrecks have occurred between these two points. The Western Arctic is the one big hurdle. With bad ice at Barrow, I wanted no part of it. I ordered the fish nets out to build up a stock of fish for the dogs that winter. We were holing in at Tuk.

But the next morning came a light easterly wind, a present from the bag of old Santa Claus himself. An easterly wind is the only wind that will push away ice that is crowding on Barrow and open a lane through which a ship can run. But we were still undecided.

ON THE night of the fifteenth the *Fort Ross* appeared off the harbor entrance and there was great excitement in the settlement. She laid off during the night, and came in early next morning. On the morning of the sixteenth heavy snow fell. We took soundings of the shoreline for a likely spot to put the ship up and made preparations to take all possible weight out of her. You want a ship riding high when she is to spend the winter in the ice.

Now, and this is the surprising thing—we sailed the next morning at 8:55 o'clock. I don't think I can explain exactly why I decided to do this. It was impulse, it suddenly seemed the right thing to do. We headed for Herschel. The folks ashore weren't even about—they didn't discover for hours that we had gone.

It was cloudy but there was a good easterly wind. We moved slowly through heavy fog and ice, and by evening were abreast of Pullen Island. There we encountered some of the heaviest ice of the voyage, but we continued slowly throughout the night. There was no stopping now.

At ten o'clock the next morning we caught a very brief glimpse of Herschel Island through the fog. We used a lead-line and crawled. When the bottom shelved to eight fathoms, we dropped anchor and lay in solid fog, waiting. That afternoon at four o'clock the fog lifted sufficiently to allow us to proceed into the harbor. It was snowing and our prospects again were bad. We glumly prepared to take our stores ashore and winter there.

Herschel is not the settlement it once was. The early American whaling ships put in there once upon a time, and it had also been a Mounted Police post. There are good buildings on the island, one of them being a warehouse.

We moved our Eskimo family in, and on September nineteenth began unloading fuel.

But September nineteenth proved to be the finest day of the voyage, cold but clear, the sun overhead shining brightly. From Point Barrow came word that ice conditions were improving. The whole crew was cheered. We rushed at the work of getting our winter supplies off the ship. I decided if the weather continued good we would try for Point Barrow. And good it was.

September twentieth dawned clear, with a light easterly. We worked again at top speed and at two o'clock that afternoon sailed for Barrow. It wasn't a moment too soon. Already the harbor was coated with young-ice, and I knew within another two days it would be frozen solid.

By midnight we had covered no more than fifty miles, moving through scattered, heavy ice. Fog slowed us the next day, and by eight in the morning of September twenty-third we had logged only 150 miles from Herschel. We could see nothing except ice on all sides, but I judged from the soundings that we were off Thetis Island. Conditions the succeeding day were worse. We never did see Thetis, but we kept moving, and, as the day progressed, I began to hope we would be off Barrow by midnight.

Well, we made it. We made it under conditions I am not anxious to face again, but which I suppose I shall as long as I sail Arctic waters. We saw nothing of Barrow, we knew only that it lay off to the port. The next morning, we were again moving through heavy ice and fog, but about one o'clock in the afternoon the fog suddenly lifted, the ice disappeared, and we saw in the distance Wainwright, Alaska. That sight, as pretty a sight as man ever beheld, marked the end of my anxiety.

We had heavy weather from Wainwright to Cape Lisbourne and Port Hope but nothing to compare with our experience at Tuk. We had it rough in the Pacific, so rough for a period of three days that we drew our galley fire and lived on uncooked foods. But still we were in familiar waters, and the absence of ice made up for the worst of it.

Despite the bitter temperatures of the Arctic and the dampness and chill, and hours of exposure, none of the officers or crew of the *St. Roch* came down with what is known as the "common cold". But a day after our arrival at Vancouver, everyone of us had one.

I've often been asked since returning to Vancouver if it is not lonely on the *St. Roch* patrol. Of course it is, it is desperately lonely. Our saloon is only eight by ten feet, and at night we sit around and talk or read. But mostly we argue—we argue over the whole wide field of human knowledge, and I am delighted that the Rotary Club of Vancouver has given us a complete set of the encyclopedia to provide us with some means of settling the disputes that will always arise.

We are, of course, in touch with the American and Canadian mainland by radio, and we hear most of the popular broadcasts. Occasionally our friends speak to us through the Northern Messenger service of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. I have at times heard my wife's voice come cheerfully through the saloon receiver, and it gave me a lift. This service is much appreciated in the Arctic.

I'll go back again one of these days. It's my work. Canada has to maintain her sovereignty in the northern spaces, and there is much of that country we know nothing about. There's another spot I'd like to look into—Greenland. No ship has ever sailed around the top of Greenland and one of these days I'm afraid I'll be tempted to try it.

OF HEROES

By NORMAN H. SOKOLOW

DECORATIONS BY JOSEPH FORTE

Don't gawk at me, you boots,
Your eyes poppin' out from the roots
Like you'd been on a couple of toots,
  An' the score was still point zero.
Sure, sure, I nicked me a few,
(An' got nicked a little, too),
But I did what I had to do:
  I ain't no blasted hero!

You've got you a hero-yen?
Listen! I'll tell you of men—
Heroes twice over again—
  But it ain't no bedtime story.
Back in the days before
We evened up the score,
The "innocent" days when I wore
  My single stripe of glory!

An outfit of sea-marines,
Temptin' our restless spleens
With visions of spicier scenes,
  We hustled aboard an' upped anchor.
Eight craft in stagger-style,
Each bearin' a precious pile;
In front of us, half a mile,
  A salty little tanker—

Loaded with lads I knew;
Some were my buddies true,
(Even among her crew,
  Though I called 'em "fouled-up swabbies!").

By "buddy" I mean a man
You can rough an' josh an' pan;
Who'll share a dream or a plan
  At corners, cafés, an' lobbies!

Joe, scarce seventeen, was a prize,
His world-reformin' eyes
Lookin' up so much at the skies,
  A future divinity student.
Just "Joe"; he was too sincere
To "holy Joe" an' jeer,
An', bein' huge as a steer
  It wasn't exactly prudent!

A quaint little Swede my age
We tickled by dubbin' "the Sage."
He ought to have gone on the stage

Instead of pencil-pushin'.
He'd chant how his "babby" was due
When his "blesset" furlough came through,
An', if *he* didn't make that "debyoo",
You could stuff him an' call him a cushion!

"Curly", fittin' between,
Would rave of his highschool queen
An' bran'-new harvest machine:
He was set to make love an' money.
While I'd have me a beer an' smoke,
He'd swear to me, over his coke,
The world was his artichoke
An' he'd give its heart to his honey!

There were more but I've named the three
Who counted most with me:
They could open my heart like a key,
An' the world would look less shabby:
Joe, burstin' to tell of the Lord;
Curly, to harvest his hoard,
(While "Honey" was fixin' his board);
An' the Sage, to bounce his "babby"!

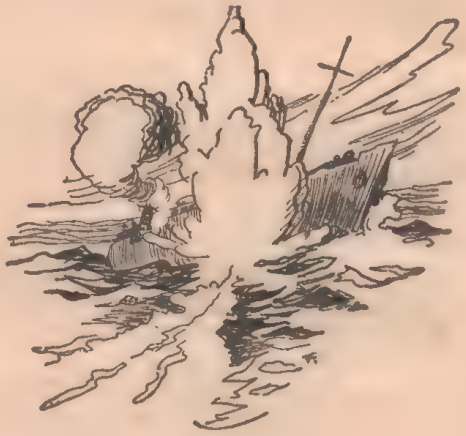
* * *

Though we skimmed the southern seas,
We swore, one dawn, we'd freeze;
The fog set thick as cheese—
But it broke, all at once, about seven.
The day had a lazy look;
I sprawled on deck with a book,
When the universe thundered an' shook
An' geysers of flame spat at heaven!

The hairs rose stiff on our necks
As we watched those quiverin' specks
Sprayin' around the decks
When the tanker got socked in her belly!
A spreadin' sheet of oil,
An' the seas began to boil,
An' the lads who were in 'em to broil,
An' the air grew black an' smelly!

When you see your buddies sink,
Your soul sinks, too . . . (but I think
I'm spoilin' that lady's drink;
I forgot we were at "The Lido"!) . . .
Praise be, I didn't hear
How they howled from pain an' fear:
The blasts had ruined my ear
In the wake of Tojo's torpedo!

(But just last night I woke
In that hell of oil an' smoke,
Where I'd squirm an' squeal an' choke,
An' look to shake hands with the devil!) . . .
I'd braced to lose my chow,
When things got steadier. Now
I could tell the cut of her bow,
The only hunk of her level!



Weak in my bones with hope,
I snagged a telescope,
(Fumblin' it worse than soap),
An' squinted like a fanatic;
For a moment my heart caught,
Then I yelled like my seat had been shot;
The rest of 'em must have thought
I was stewed or "asiatic"!

Out of a bloody squeeze
Of braid an' dungarees,
I'd picked 'em, hale as you please:
Joe, an' the Sage, an' Curly!
Their time was runnin' thin
Before they'd take the spin
An' the oil would close 'em in,
But, by strainin', we'd get to 'em, surely!

Then the mike growled harsh an' hoarse:
"Full speed . . . *Continue course!*"
It bowled us with blitzkrieg force:
We'd get it unless we beat it!
The boilers belched in the stacks,

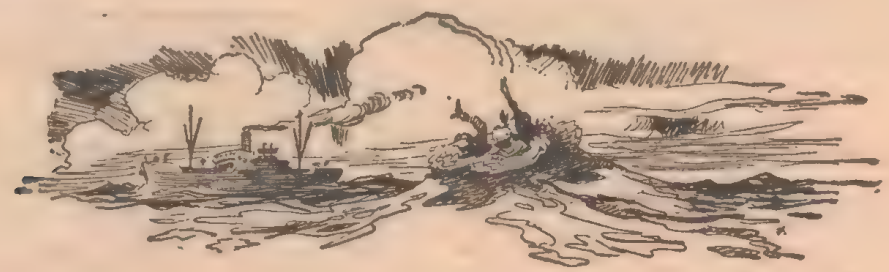
But we stood like dummies of wax;
Our minds were popped paper-sacks;
We wondered how *they'd* meet it.

Would they damn us for rattin' out,
Connivin' to knock about
Or loaf with our loves an' grow stout
On the victory feastin' an' fetin'?
An' theirs the fire an' foam;
No hope of sailin' home!
Faces gray as the chrome,
They huddled together, waitin'.

They listened, great an' small,
For Death to pipe his call;
Not a soul would break down an' bawl,
(*We* weren't so salty-appearin').
As, in dread, we scudded by,
They drew themselves up high
An', lookin' us square in the eye,
Saluted, then burst into cheerin'!

* * *

I'll stop the story there,
As our mates secured with a prayer
For us that would dream an' dare
When all their dreams were zero . . .
If I think how a man can go
Like Curly, the Sage, an' Joe,
I feel a godly glow:
I call that man a hero!



"Riley Grannan's Last Adventure"

This is the classic of funeral sermons—the sermon delivered in a burlesque theater in Rawhide, Nevada, by Herman W. Knickerbocker, the busted preacher-prospector, over the body of Riley Grannan, the dead-broke gambler.

ADVENTURE has ordered a large reprint of this famous booklet. Now available at ten cents a copy.

Adventure
205 East 42nd Street
New York, 17, N. Y.

Please send me.....copies of "Riley Grannan's Last Adventure." I am enclosing.....cents. (10c in stamps or coin for each copy desired.)

.....
Name

.....
Street Address

.....
City or Town State

ILLUSTRATED BY
L. STERNE STEVENS

CHAINS FOR COLUMBUS

By
ALFRED POWERS

THE STORY THUS FAR:

IT IS the year 1500 and COLUMBUS, the great Admiral of the Ocean Sea, idol of the populace but victim of the jealousy of FONSECA and other court officials, is being returned to Spain fettered like a common felon to stand charges of treason. Young FRANCISCO PEREZ, the narrator of the story, and his friends CORTES and GOMEZ, nicknamed "Pieces-of-Eight," make the mistake of firing a salute to the returning navigator and Francisco finds himself, along with PICO, Columbus' cannoneer, in the toils of the Inquisition. They have been caught by Fonseca's agents while attempting to deliver a letter from Columbus to his sponsor QUEEN ISABELLA. The fact that Pico's parrot, imported from the New World, keeps repeating the cryptic words, *Lord, my lord, my great lord Montezuma,* is taken as an indication that Columbus has forsaken allegiance to his king and faith and accepted some strange new god and master.

● ● ●

Señor Pena y Pena stepped forward to the anvil. "I can have the chains off in two minutes, Your Excellency . . ."

ZORILLA, the Inquisition's Cadiz torturer, seeks unavailingly to obtain evidence against Columbus and admissions of guilt from Francisco and Pico, both of whom are removed by the dread tribunal to Seville to be executed by the *auto-da-fé*. They escape, however, and manage to rejoin Cortes and Pieces-of-Eight who tell them they have managed to deliver Columbus' secret letter to the queen and that the admiral is now free. They join Columbus and accompany him to Granada to plead his cause before Isabella and the King. There in the great Alhambra Palace, Columbus exhibits his chains—the fetters have become a symbol to him of the nation's ingratitude and he vows always to carry them with him—and wins permission from the queen to make a fourth voyage of discovery. Because, as a boy, Francisco has worked in the gun powder factory of BERNARDO CRUZ, Columbus signs Francisco up for the voyage and delegates him to purchase the necessary powder and ordnance for the expedition.

It is difficult to find good crews so Columbus is forced to accept the dregs of the waterfront. He signs on one CARLOS ROBLES, without investigating his background, and when the fleet is ready to sail Francisco and Pico see the man for the first time. He is Zorilla, the Cadiz torturer.

Disregarding all warnings as to the man's evil character Columbus permits Zorilla to sail. On the voyage one of the ships becomes disabled and the Admiral is forced to put in to the harbor of Santo Domingo, a port forbidden him by the king. OVANDO, the governor, forbids him haven there and orders him to sea again. Columbus, in turn, warns the governor of a hurricane coming up and begs Ovando to delay the homeward voyage of the treasure fleet till it has blown over but the stubborn official pays no attention and the fleet sails, and thirty-two ships are lost. Only Columbus' vessels are saved.

Mutiny, fomented by Zorilla, occurs on his own ship and with the admiral sick the captain takes command, quells the uprising and executes the malcontents by making them walk the plank, Zorilla shackled with Columbus' own chains. The Cadiz torturer, however, is picked up by Mosquito Coast Indians before he drowns. The vessels put into a harbor near a settlement of savages to take on water and the Indians, at first friendly, are finally goaded by the Spaniards' lust for gold to attack them. Cannon and gunpowder have been brought ashore for defense purposes and for a while the Indians are held off but finally they force the Spaniards to sail away. Francisco, separated from his fellows in the melée, is marooned alone on the hostile and unexplored shore with the two horses which had come on the voyage, two cannon, some matchlocks and a few kegs of gunpowder.

He starts out on a lonely trek along the coast, hoping to signal a friendly sail some day. Driving through the jungle a Spanish voice hails him. It is Zorilla, still wearing Columbus' chains. By a trick the evil man from Cadiz gets Francisco to unlock his fetters and promptly claps them on the young man instead. Indians accept Zorilla as a white god and assume Francisco is his slave. They wend their way through the jungle and come at last to an ancient, uninhabited city built around great pyramids.

From the top of a pyramid they see a ghostly figure stealing food the natives have left for them. Zorilla shoots and kills the man. They are surprised to find him a bearded Spaniard like themselves. They bury him but next night see what they assume to be his ghost in the same spot. Frightened, they leave and take to the jungle trail again. Finally they come to the great, deserted city of Toltepec, even more extensive than the other. Here they settle down. Zorilla assumes the title of King of Toltepec and insists that Francisco do homage to him. His companion refuses and threatens to kill the brutal man from Cadiz, but finally agrees to carry out the mockery, even writing on the wall of the room a confession of his intention to do away with Zorilla.

They discover a huge treasure vault filled with Aztec gold and jewels and Zorilla releases Francisco's hands from the fetters so he may help chisel into the vault. They make little headway and decide to blast the door open with the cannon. Francisco fires the charge and the temple collapses burying Zorilla under tons of debris.

Still partially chained, Francisco, now alone again, departs with five salvaged bars of gold, the cannon and one remaining horse.

Traveling through the jungle he meets a party of Aztecs on a mission for their great lord Montezuma. They are visiting outlying tribes to leave parrots which have been trained to extol the virtues of their emperor in sonorous tones. It is one of these same birds which Pico had brought to Spain and which Zorilla had kicked overboard when he walked the plank. Francisco helps the Aztecs fight the hostile Scultecs with his cannon and matchlocks and their leader, TOPOZULA, assuming the Spaniard has superhuman power and may have ideas about setting himself up as a rival god to Montezuma, lures him, on the pretext of replenishing the sulphur supply, to the volcanic mountain, Popocatepetl.

They lower Francisco into the abyss with a keg for sulphur and as he looks up, before starting to fill the keg, he sees NOCHIX, one of the Aztecs, climbing out on the timber to which his rope is attached. He carries a knife. Realizing he has been betrayed Francisco aims the matchlock up at Nochix.

PART V

NOCHIX took the knife out of his teeth and called down to me in fear and anguish: "It is I. Don't use little thunder."

He turned around and looked imploringly at Topozula.

"Do as ordered!" commanded the captain. "Cut the rope!"

Four warriors reached out their javelins and prodded him and threatened to spear him off the pole, which now bent and quivered with the double weight of him and me.

With the knife once more in his teeth, he resumed his sliding-out to where the loop went over the timber. He thought it was safer to risk the matchlock from so far below than the spears, which already touched him in the back and flanks with their sharp points.

The loop was now close in front of him. He reached out his hand with the knife. As he did so I fired.

But it was not at him, I aimed, it was at Topozula, leaning out over the precipice. The shot hit him in the left arm. He fell forward and I expected him to tumble over the perpendicular wall down into the crater. He did fall but caught hold of the pole with his strong right hand and hung there with his wounded left arm dangling and the blood from it falling down upon my face like mist.

Warriors took hold of him and lifted him back. All this had interrupted the man with the knife and the wounded captain now spoke to him in sharp command.

"*Tihui*, Nochix, cut the rope!"

"Nochix!" I yelled up. "Nochix, don't!"

Warriors again compelled him with their spears and he reached out now and down under the pole and drew the sharp blade across the rope. One strand parted, then others.

But I had gained a little time. Fifty feet below where I hung suspended, there was a ledge covered with sulphur and snow. All the time that I had watched the treachery above, I had been letting myself down. I had not quite reached the ledge but was only three or four cubits from it when the rope was completely severed under the knife of Nochix and I fell into the soft snow and sulphur of the level shelf.

A great shout went up from the rim. I was marooned in the horrible abyss of Popocatepetl.

The three-hundred-foot length of the rope originally attached to the basket, and the three-hundred-foot length of the loop which I had just tied to the handle, both fell down about me on the ledge, stirring up a white-and-yellow cloud of snow and sulphur dust.

The upper end of the loop part was still fastened above, but the long section of it that waited to be let out at the time I was cut down, now pulled off by its own weight from the rim and piled up on top of the rest of the cable. Topozula and his men made no move to untie the end from where it had been secured to the pole. They seemed to be unaware of it, but this continued connection of the rope with the rim

As Nochix reached out his hand with the knife I fired the matchlock.

somehow gave me a little comfort—though certainly any use of the suspended length depended entirely upon the wishes of the Aztecs, and the grim fact of their having cut me loose in mid-air indicated clearly enough what their wishes were.

They wanted to get rid of me. Whether I was really the white god or not, to them I might easily be so on account of my pale skin. And the evidence was made stronger against me by my incessant urgings to see Montezuma and my possession of the two little thunders and the big thunder.

They had destroyed the keg of sulphur and had lured me up here under the guise of getting another supply, only for the definite and single purpose of leaving me entombed in the crater of Popocatepetl. It was a roundabout and laborious way of putting an end to me but an out-and-out killing was apparently not allowable in the case of a possible divinity, and certainly this abyss was as suitable a sepulchre as could be found for a god.

THE three hundred feet of rope reaching from the basket handle, where it was still tied, up to the pole where no move had been made to untie it, were out of my control. But I had all the rest of the cable to use as I pleased. Its length was ample to let me down the rest of the way into the brimstone bottom.

The shelf which had saved my life, and upon which I now stood amidst an upheaping of rope, was not quite halfway down. The rest of the distance seemed a little greater, possibly four hundred feet, but it was less sheer and would be easier to descend.

I anchored the rope to the rock pinnacle and left behind the basket, the keg, and the matchlock. By hanging on to the cable with both hands and keeping the soles of my moccasins on the rock surface, I could back down like a spider, and I made sure beforehand I would be able to walk back up the face of the cliff that increasingly tilted from the vertical.

The bed was filled with sulphur, sufficiently crusted on top to keep me from sinking into it. Here the distance was about a third of a league across in the widest part. I tried to estimate how far down this lower part of the cone went below my feet before it ended in a point. I observed the slant of the walls and figured that the sulphur deposit was a thousand feet deep. There was enough to supply Bernardo Cruz, the Guadalquivir Gunpowder Works, and all the rest of the gunpowder factories in Spain for five thousand years.

I stood out in the center, gazing up at the rim, needing to crane my neck less from this location than from the ledge. The Aztecs were still there, looking down to see what I would attempt to do in that terrible trap, as inescapable as any in which a human creature was ever caught. They seemed to take pleasure in watching my frantic and helpless actions. There was not one thing I could do to escape my fate, even to alter it or postpone it. It was a complete hopelessness for the eyes to see, for the intelligence to comprehend, for the strongest will to recognize.

The vapors and gases from subterranean smelters, pouring out through several vents in the crater floor, would corrode and eat away and destroy my lungs, I did not know how soon. There was no water, though I could slake my thirst from the snow gathered from the ledges. But it would be only a question of days until I would certainly die of hunger, and of fewer nights when at this high altitude I would assuredly die of cold.

Yet the wind that still tossed the long hair of the peering warriors and flapped the five tall feathers of Topozula's helmet, did not lower to me here even in the mildest gusts to make little dust-whirls of the sulphur that crumbled in my tracks. The sun poured upon me its hot rays out of a sky that seemed to come low down to roof that vast hole, as blue and hard as a sheet of steel. So it was at noonday, but at midnight, still more than three miles up in the bottom of this pit, the insufferable cold would descend—and a foolish Spanish boy who boasted of being a god, but thinly clad and wholly blanketless, would run desperately to where the sulphur vapors, warm but suffocating, hissed out of the vents.

This murderous subterfuge no doubt left the Aztecs with clean consciences. They would probably consider themselves entirely guiltless of killing me, after I had met here one of three deaths. Hunger was too slow. Cold would drive me to the third—to stand close to the heat issuing from the vents, the heat and the poison. Would this be quicker than the cold and more painless?

And yet, as I looked up, that three-hundred-foot length of rope still came down from the projecting pole to the ledge where I had tied it around the rock pinnacle. Maybe—it was a small hope that took hold of me and grew and increased—maybe they would leave it tied there, forget it and leave it, when they deserted the mountain-top, as they would have to do before nightfall. And, if they did not remember to untie that end from around the pole, then the rope leading all the way up from where I stood at the bottom of the crater—up nearly seven hundred feet to the rim—was a road to freedom for me.

In that rare atmosphere, it would be quite impossible to go up hand over hand, but that would not be necessary. I could simply hang onto the rope and walk up the whole eighth-of-a-mile height of the cliff, as I had walked backwards down the part below the ledge.

I did not want the Aztecs to think that this idea had entered my head. They would simply cut the rope. Maybe, in cat-with-mouse playfulness, they would let me get halfway up before doing it.

So, in what was pretended rather than real despair, I remained at the bottom of the caldron, and wandered about in that sinister arena, examining various points in the surrounding ellipse of palisades as if distraught enough to search those impossible heights for footholds and handholds and zigzag perches of trail.

CHAPTER XXII

THE BRIMSTONE GOD

I WAS now covered all over with the saffron dust that had settled upon my clothes, my hands, my face, my hair. I was yellow from top to toe—more so than when I had worn the sanbenito at the *auto-da-fé* in Seville.

As part of my acting, I kneeled down and held up my hands to them in supplication. Upon their swarthy and broad-cheeked features there was nothing but amusement.

Then my spirits leaped up, because there was nobody on the rim. I waited five minutes, a quarter of an hour, twice that, and still there was no sign of life up there.

I reasoned at last that they had departed in order to get down from the icy summit before dark. And, as I had hoped so eagerly and yet so fearfully, the end of the rope was still there tied to the pole. They had left me, without realizing it, a means of escape.

In my wanderings about and across the crater floor, now thickly tracked up by my single pair of heels and soles, I had carried nothing except pouches of gunpowder. I hurried over to where I left the rope by which I had descended. By gripping this with scaling hands, at the same time putting my feet against the wall, and thus clinging to it and mounting it horizontally, my legs often above my head, I hoisted myself up to the ledge.

Here I paused long enough to recover my breath, to let the weakness go out of my hands, to draw up the rope by which I had climbed, and to examine the rim for returned Aztecs. Nobody was to be seen. I stopped yet a little longer—to fill the keg with sulphur, the original purpose of my trip so grimly postponed.

This second half of the climb would be up almost perpendicular cliffs. All the equipment on the ledge must be left behind, even the matchlock. I put my hands to the rope. Its lower length passed between my legs to the basket handle, from which I did not release it, in order that after gaining the rim myself I could pull up the basket with the gun and keg of sulphur in it.

I reached up high, but before I threw the bottom of my feet over against the black, smooth stone, I let my eyes travel up the rope. I stood rooted and tried to appear innocent. Not raising my legs but letting them remain kneedeep in a coil of yellowish cable, I swung on to the suspended rope idly as though that was all I had ever intended to do, and wore a beseeching look as I gazed up.

For there at the edge, three hundred feet above me, their faces staring down as mine looked up, were Topozula and four warriors. The captain's wounded arm was held at the wrist by his other hand as if to support it. I wondered what had become of the others but I did not wonder long.

In a little while there came hurtling from above a small log. In its swift flight downward I recognized what it was. Its shadow traveled with it. It bumped against the sheer wall as it fell and dislodged imbedded stones and clipped off projections. I jumped to one side out of its range as soon as I saw it being pushed off over the rim. It fell where I had been, smashing the basket, breaking the matchlock in two, and knocking the stout oak keg off the ledge so that it rolled to the bottom and lay there on its side several cubits out in that yellow, desolate amphitheater.

It was the cannon. They had gone back and brought it up over the summit ice in order that this big thunder might be destroyed finally and irrecoverably along with me.

It hit upon a thickness of snow and sulphur, upon the gun and basket, and finally upon a big pile of rope. The jar was sufficiently softened so the powder did not go off. My five bars of gold were still strongly tied to the tube, spurned by Topozula as he said Montezuma would spurn it. Or, possibly, was he deterred by some superstition about a dead man's money?

The cannon's muzzle was buried in the sulphur drift but, since the heavy part of it was held up by the pile of rope, I was able to get it placed there on the ledge, and, to prop it on its haunches, so its aim was straight up that three-hundred-foot ledge to where the Aztecs were leaning over to view my reunion with the big thunder. I thought they were a little put out by my practical actions down below.

After I arranged that vertical pointing, they scurried back from the edge, except that a single warrior in a quick and darting way would lean over and look into the threatening, cavernous eye of the big thunder. Topozula himself did this once and, with his fear overcome by his fascination, a second time, but never a third, because I pretended busily to be touching off the fuse.

As time went on and the Aztecs remained on the rim, I decided at last to shoot in earnest. I hoped this would scare them enough to hurry their departure and particularly to cause them

I jumped back as the cannon fell in a cloud of snow and sulphur dust.

to forget about the rope's upper end being tied to the pole.

I lighted the fuse. There was a great roar, a thunderous booming that filled the deep cavern and echoed and reechoed from the walls, until the crater from its profound depths to its rim seemed to vibrate with sound, as if reawakening from volcanic slumber to volcanic life.

But the sound and its reverberations ceased, and for a brief interval there were only the two customary noises of the hissing sulphur steam and the dislodged stones in a thicker shower from the walls.

I looked upward in consternation. The cannon ball had hit the pole and partly severed it, about a cubit toward the cliff from where the rope was tied. The timber sagged noticeably and I was sure it was no longer strong enough to support my weight. I pulled experimentally on the rope; the beam in responsive weakness sagged still farther.

In my impatience to be rid of the Aztecs, I had put myself in a final tragic plight so it did not matter any more whether they went or stayed. I had destroyed my one and only means of escape.

MY inspection took but one moment, the jerk on the rope took but another. Then a sound suddenly filled my ears as if the volcano were in truth erupting. But there was no funnel of black smoke bursting forth, naught except the small sprays of sulphur steam exactly as before. An unchanged calm lay everywhere over the crater.

I saw nothing to cause a noise of such bigness, at first sharp and explosive, then swelling and continuous and itself like a cannonading. It was a prolonged report of a mighty dissolution taking place somewhere, a vast cleavage and sundering and breaking apart. It was succeeded by a rush and a scraping and a collision of immense bulks and masses.

Now I saw a cloud, not black but white, yet not fleecy but powdery. It rose up and expanded back of the rim, and the strong wind assailed it and lifted it still higher and away.

Meantime, what had become of the Aztecs? They had disappeared. Had they been swallowed up by this crash or upheaval or whatever it was—the sound of which continued, though receding, as of an onset and dislocation of vast proportions, as of some tremendous and violent passage?

It was not long before I saw them, all fifty again I judged from the long line of faces peering down at me from the rim. Topozula still nursed his left arm as something helpless and painful.

With his right one he pointed at the pole and commanded: *"Tihui,* Nochix, *tihui!"*

The big fellow straddled the pole, shoved himself out a short distance to the break, and untied the knot.

I expected the three hundred feet of rope to come tumbling down upon me and around me. But it did not matter now. Nochix had no knife in his teeth this time, so he carried there the end of the rope, with which he slid back to the bank.

The rope tautened. I clung to it. It was still tied to the handle of the basket but the basket was smashed beyond any use. I took some turns around my hips, making a loop to hold me. Cubit by cubit, fathom by fathom, I was drawn up, rather rapidly and without effort on my part beyond the effort of holding on. The long length of rope, fed from the coils on the ledge, trailed down below me as I rose. Once I was halted by a section of it being tangled up with the cannon. I hung there motionless while they pulled from above. All the time I feared I might have to be lowered back down to disentangle it or that it might be broken between me and the pole, so I would be a crumpled figure on the ledge or tumble on down to lie beside the keg at the bottom.

But for some reason the Aztecs seemed as anxious as I was not to have the latter happen. Topozula cried out a warning for the men not to tug at it any harder and asked me to try to free it from where I was. I swung back and forth like a pendulum, in big sweeps across the face of the chasm, and by jerking from a different angle was able to get the snarled rope loose.

I could not understand this sudden change of heart of Topozula and his warriors—or of mind if not of heart. Though my death down there in the crater was sure enough, did they hesitate

to leave me while yet alive, thinking perhaps my being a god would enable me by some supernatural means to escape? Were they pulling me up to slay me so they would know I was dead beyond doubt? Then would they toss my lifeless body back over the sheer walls to be buried in a brimstone grave forever?

I had thought of this before gripping the rope to be lifted. Would it be worse, indeed would it not be better, to be finished off quickly by them than to meet a lingering death down in the cauldron?

There was also the chance they had repented of efforts to destroy me, out of fear, because their courage had failed them.

Up, up I rose like a bucket from a well. Just before I reached the pole, a second length trailed below me. The loops about me had loosened the thong attaching the upper end of the leg shackles to my waist. It now hung down from my left ankle, swinging and clanking, and made such a sight for the Aztecs as one sometimes saw in Spain under a gallows tree.

It was an ominous thing to regard, but as soon as I stood among them, all yellow from the sulphur and dragging the chain across the ice, I saw why they had been willing to pull me out. The noises I had heard had been caused by an avalanche, no doubt almost ready to break loose and given the start it needed by the vibrations caused by my cannon shot. The main part of the glacier had torn free of this section resting upon the flat margin of the crater, and had slid down the steep mountainside, a great unstoppable force two hundred feet wide that plowed a giant furrow through the lava and made a broad highway to timberline.

TOPOZULA and his men stood on the remnant of the glacier, a rectangle of ice upon which they had been completely isolated and imprisoned without the ropes. To the left and right were the perpendicular notches in the rim, fifty or sixty feet high. At the back were the ice walls left by the avalanche, blue and smooth and glistening and forty or fifty feet deep, a distance no one could leap down without broken bones. In front was the crater's seven-hundred-foot jump-off.

They had to have the rope. And they could not get this without taking me along with it. That was the big and little of it. When I was three hundred feet down they could not detach me. They could now. What would they do with me?

I refastened the chain to my waist, shook in the chill of the wind up here that dusted me of sulphur—and waited.

Topozula paid no attention to me. He was busy with orders to pull up the rest of the rope and hang several lengths down the glacier walls so the fifty of them could descend. Would they leave me here on this glacier end? To that the answer was quick. I presented myself among the first to slide down the ice cliff, and no one stopped me. Below, for a short distance, I trudged along beside Topozula who did not object in the least. We walked down the wide path of the avalanche, looking back uneasily from time to time to be sure the rest of the glacier did not come in pursuit. I placed myself in front of him.

"The cannon," I said, "your men must not leave until they bring it up. Give them orders before we go any further. And tell them to get the keg and fill it with sulphur. That is what we came here for."

"Big thunder too heavy," Topozula declared.

"Not much heavier than I am, *señor capitán*, and it was not very hard to pull me up."

"You go back, you go down," he countered, "you get big thunder, you get keg of yellow dust."

"And have you leave me there again? Tell Nochix to go. Tell the others to let Nochix down."

He gave some general directions and then called out: *"Tihui*, Nochix, *tihui!"*

Since he seemed to have abandoned the notion of leaving me in the crater, I decided to go back and supervise the rescue of the keg and cannon. I also realized it might be safer for me away from Topozula than with him. It was not likely anything would be done to me in his absence and without his orders. But if he were present he could change his mind and, *pronto*, I would be down in the depths of the caldron again.

So I returned to the glacier front and was lifted up it. On account of my experience, I assumed direction of this new descent. Nochix was glad to get my instructions and took courage from my assurance the trip was not dangerous if there was no treachery above. When I said this I looked meaningfully at the warriors and they had the decency at least to appear ashamed.

"Leave little thunder," I ordered. "No good now." This matchlock was bent like an elbow and past any mending or use. I would have to get along with the cannon and the other matchlock that had been left with the horse. The keg was brought up first, spilling a little sulphur in the ascent, but arriving about three-fourths full. The cannon was lifted up next, with the five gold bars hanging to it, then Nochix himself.

We had redescended the glacier front, all but three or four of our party, when we saw a man hurrying up the mountain toward us, calling out as he came for us to wait. He was one of those who had gone down with Topozula and I was afraid from his excitement he carried orders for my execution. But it was not to one of the warriors he reported but to me. He

panted from the exertions of his fast climb.

"Cavallo is covered by snowslide," he announced, "so deep we do not see him, we walk over him. Cavallo dead."

The avalanche had engulfed the sorrel.

Without the animal, the cannon was useless. I directed the men to go back with me the short distance to the glacier front, taking the gun with them. The last few warriors had not yet come down. Others went up and lifted the cannon and crossed the glacier with it to the margin of the crater. I ordered it placed there close to the edge. I untied the five bars of gold and gave them to a warrior to carry for me.

Then I pronounced the last words over the gun. "Big Thunder, with which I have seen so many events, I now give you to the depths of the great smoking mountain."

I made a sign that the men were to push it over the brink. They did it with a will, plainly glad and relieved to be rid of it finally. This time it did not land on the ledge but went all the way down, and was half buried in the sulphur, which was thrown up in a cloud of dust at the impact. It would stay there till its red rust mingled with the yellow powder, but long before then it would be covered over so that if others came to the rim and looked down they would see nothing.

One of the men carried the sulphur keg upright to keep it from spilling. When we arrived at our timber-line camping place, Topozula was waiting. Everything was covered up—everything but the parrot. His being tied to the high limb had saved him from burial in the snowslide. I now walked forward to the cage, and, without having to reach up, untied it.

The shock had loosened all the talk he had—everything ever taught him in Spanish, everything he had ever known in Aztec.

With the horse was gone the other matchlock, the keg of charcoal, the two kegs of saltpetre. I took the keg of sulphur from the warrior and poured the yellow dust out upon the rubble of the avalanche, the wind picking it up and blowing it like the yellow pollen of flowers.

When one has high position, or wealth, or powerful weapons, he can easily think himself powerful, and when these are gone as easily think himself bereft and weak. I felt small and inconsequential and much less like a white god without the gunpowder, the matchlocks, the cannon, the horse. I still had the parrot but he was an Aztec bird.

All the relics of civilization left to me now were the chains of Columbus.

TO Topozula I proposed an alternative, talking as big as ever, for all that I felt like a shorn Samson: "Take me to Montezuma, or across the wide water to other Spaniards."

To my surprise, instead of saying he had to do neither, he answered obligingly: "Montezuma cut your heart out, Topozula's heart, put together on sacrifice stone, warm and beating." He made a sweeping gesture to the warriors. "Twenty men take you to Spaniards."

"Will Nochix be one?"

"You wish Nochix? Then Nochix one."

We continued to travel as a single party for a few leagues from the foot of the mountain. At the forks of the trail we halted and prepared to divide.

Topozula bowed low in farewell, saying: "Lord of Toltepec."

"No," I corrected him, "Francisco."

He smiled, so that his lips separated expansively over his prominent teeth, and this time said, "Huancizco," which was as close as he could come to pronouncing my name.

I bowed low and said: "*Señor Capitán.*"

"Topozula," he corrected me.

I bowed again, saying: "Topozula, my friend."

As I and the twenty Aztecs went away along our branch of the trail, the parrot kept repeating: "Señor Topozula! Señor Topozula!"

At the seashore we secured a canoe made of a single tree, six feet wide, fifty feet long. In this we traveled for many days and many weeks. Then, at last, the Aztecs pulled into a cove just before dawn, while it was still dark, and put me ashore about a league from Santo Domingo. They took on fresh water and paddled right out again.

I said good-by to the warriors and in a more special way to Nochix. He reached up to the chain that went along my left arm, and fingered the links.

"Take off now?" he asked. "Take off after long time?"

"Yes, Nochix, in the town yonder. It won't require a blacksmith more than five minutes. Farewell, Nochix."

Why does one hold on to money the longest of any possessions? The Spanish coins I had in my pockets when I was marooned on the far-off shores, I had in my pockets still. In all my adventures, during all the time I never expected to see a Spaniard again other than Zorilla, throughout the period when they had no value, I clung to them and I had them now.

I was glad as I stood there on the Hispaniola shore that this was so. Otherwise, though I had five hundred doubloons in the five gold bars, I would not have been able to buy a breakfast in Santo Domingo—for I was not so unwise as to let the populace see these big ingots to excite their greed, and turn them loose on myself like wolves to assail me relentlessly for the secret of where the gold came from.

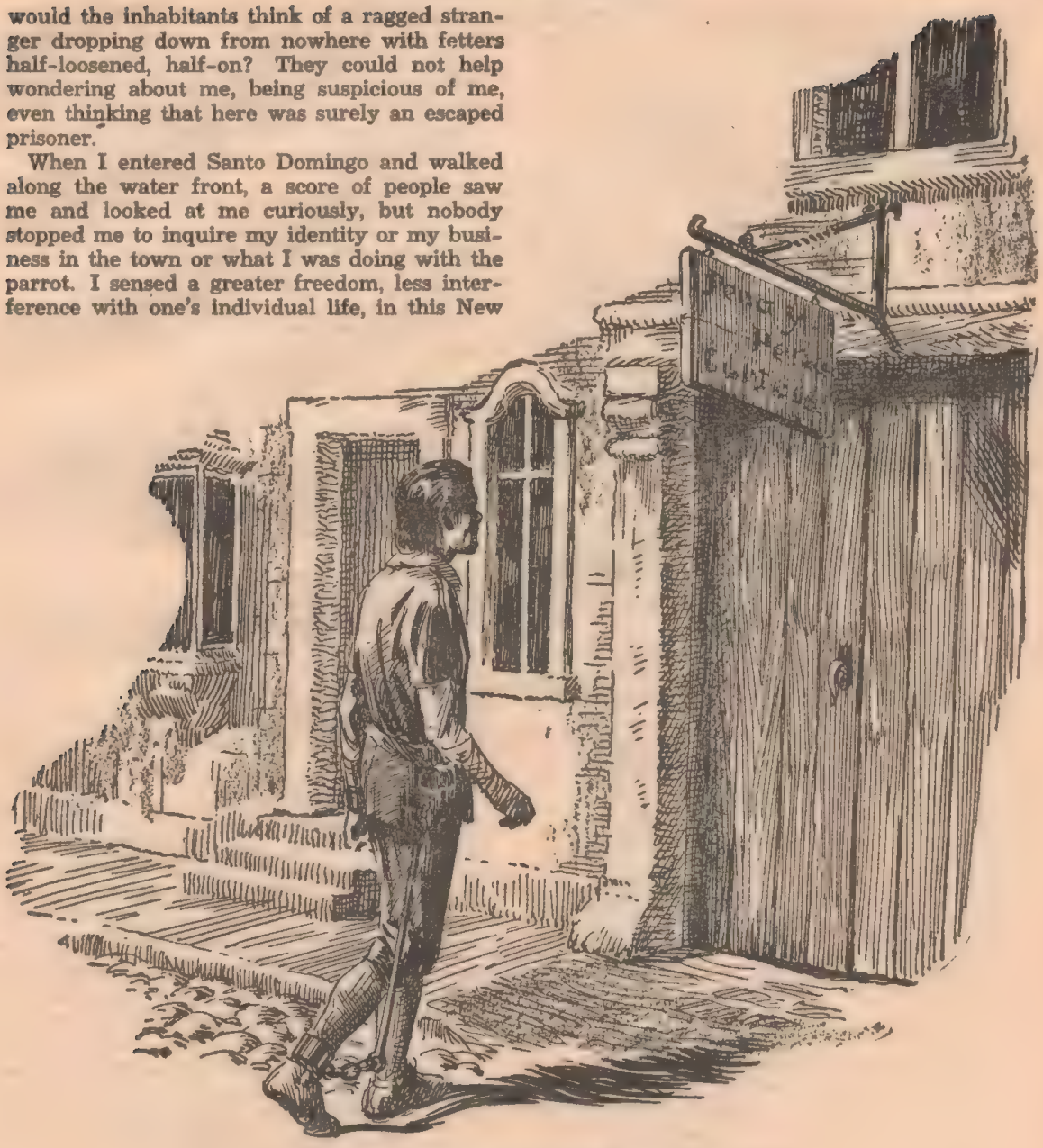
Now I could pay for my meals, for a room, and to get the shackles off.

As for the bars, I hung them about my body under my clothes.

But the chains I could not conceal. What

would the inhabitants think of a ragged stranger dropping down from nowhere with fetters half-loosened, half-on? They could not help wondering about me, being suspicious of me, even thinking that here was surely an escaped prisoner.

When I entered Santo Domingo and walked along the water front, a score of people saw me and looked at me curiously, but nobody stopped me to inquire my identity or my business in the town or what I was doing with the parrot. I sensed a greater freedom, less interference with one's individual life, in this New



I went into the town hunting for a blacksmith shop and found the establishment of Pena y Pena.

World than in the Old. I sensed this at once and liked it.

I went into the Admiral Columbus Inn and ordered breakfast. Here again there was no prudent, preliminary inquiry as to whether I had the money to pay for it, as would have been the case with such an unkempt and ragged guest in Spain.

At the inn, about a dozen persons saw me with the chains tucked up out of the way, but no more than on the street was there any questioning, none even from the landlord when I registered for a room. But though he did not ask for money, I paid him in advance with a *castellano* from my pocket.

I went up to my room, removed four of the gold bars from my body, and hid them under the bedding.

In the apartment I also left the parrot, which so far had been accommodatingly silent but which at any time might start chattering on the street to collect a curious crowd and expose me to all kinds of idle questions.

With the fifth gold bar still hidden upon my person, I went out once more into the town. I was looking for a blacksmith shop and saw

two. One said: "Luis Zorca, Blacksmith." The other said: "Blacksmith Shop of Pena y Pena." I entered the latter.

CHAPTER XXIII

NOT BROTHERS BUT THE SAME MAN

ONLY one of the partners was present and he did not seem to be very busy—a small man, almost without hair on his crown but with a luxuriant beard, causing me to wonder why a man's face did not get bald the same time his head did. His sleeves were rolled up and he looked well-muscled for all that he was undersized. "Can you take off these chains, *señor?*" I asked.

He looked at them in brief inspection.

"Each in one minute's time. A chisel at a link upon the anvil and a single blow of the big hammer, and the young *señor* is free at the wrist. Another link and another blow, and he is free at the ankle. And we toss the chains in the scrap heap, and maybe I use them for something else sometime, maybe not."

"Not these chains, *señor,*" I protested. "They are not to be thrown away. I will keep them. They are Columbus' chains."

I could have bit my tongue off for letting this slip out.

"What did you say about the chains and Columbus, *señor?*"

"These are like the ones they put on him. Did you help?"

"Oh, no, *señor.* Even Luis Zorca didn't help. They just needed to be snapped on. The governor had to wait for a long while for somebody to do it. Then Togno, Columbus' cook, a treacherous knave, stooped to his ankles and smiled up insolently into the admiral's face."

"I thought I saw Togno on the street, sitting all by himself on a bench like an outcast."

"He was sitting there when Columbus was in Santo Domingo not long since. As Columbus passed by, he jumped up and threw himself imploringly in his path, crying out: 'Great Admiral, forgive!' Columbus lifted him up and said: 'In the past, Togno, you are remembered for the good meals you cooked for me. I wish you well. If there is aught of injury from you to me, I forgive it, I forget it.' "

"Did you learn anything about his fourth voyage while he was here?"

"Only that it was a great failure. He left with four ships. He lost them all. It was a terrible voyage of native warfare and storms and shipwreck and mutiny."

"Was a sailor by the name of Pico with him?"

"I do not know. Governor Ovando met him at the dock and took him to the palace and entertained him, after neglecting to rescue him from shipwreck at Jamaica. All the while here in Santo Domingo, the small governor, no larger than I am, *señor,* but dressed like a peacock, was very polite to the tall admiral."

"When did he leave?"

"He sailed back to Spain about a month ago."

"And you can't remember at all whether a sailor by the name of Pico of Hispaniola was with him?"

"No, *señor,* I did not particularly notice anybody in his crew except the leader of the mutineers, one of the admiral's own captains, who was under arrest."

"We talk, *señor,*" I said, "and forget that I am still shackled. Will you take the chains off now in the two minutes you mentioned."

"I said I was able to, *señor,* but I am not allowed to do it without an order. Somebody put them on you. Somebody must say I can take them off. Maybe there is a reason for your wearing them, maybe not—maybe a reason for your wearing them half-on, half-off, maybe not. I do not ask. But there must be an order. Otherwise I cannot take off your chains, *señor.*"

"They were not put on by a regular constable of the law but by an enemy."

"The truth of which I believe, but nonetheless an order is required. Get it and the chains are off, *pronto,* in two minutes, not more than three, *señor.*"

"Where do I get an order?"

"From the governor."

"From Governor Ovando?"

"*El mismo*—the same."

Would he remember me from the two irritating trips I made to him with Captain Terreros. Even if not, he would soon find out that I was one of Columbus' sailors. And why was I arriving so late? From where? I would be in for such pitiless questioning that I might not be able to keep the secret of Toltepec and its treasure.

"I cannot go there," I cried out. "Not to him. I must keep on wearing the chains."

As I started to leave I must have looked so utterly defeated and woebegone that I aroused the blacksmith's compassion. Anyway, he inquired: "Has anyone seen you in Santo Domingo? How many?"

"About a score on the street, a dozen at the inn."

"Ah, if you had but slipped into town and come here without anyone's noticing you, then something might have been done. But not now. Someone who saw you with the chains on, would see you with them off. There are whisperers in Santo Domingo. You would have to tell who removed them. They would be put back on you. Another pair would be put on me. So I would not help you, only hurt myself. See Governor Ovando. If you can explain, there will be an order for you. Several men have come here with orders. They are not a new thing. See the governor, explain things to him,

and I think you will be back soon. Come to me again, please. Do not blame me for what I cannot help. Do not go to Luis Zorca."

As I went out, I looked up at his sign: "Blacksmith Shop of Pena y Pena."

"I will come to you," I promised, "not to him. How long have you and your brother been blacksmiths in Santo Domingo? If for a long time, I am surprised you do not know my friend Pico of Hispaniola."

"Only for two years in Santo Domingo. Before that in Barcelona. But I am Señor Pena y Pena, the only one there is, young *señor*, there is no other one."

"Not brothers, eh, but the same man?"

"*Aja*, what an attractive saying, words to make people take notice if put on a sign. People of the New World like things with a zest, with a little fun, maybe. Customers would read the sign of Luis Zorca, and then read mine and like it better: "Blacksmith Shop of Pena y Pena, Not Brothers But the Same Man!"

AFTER I had walked a short distance along the street, I stopped. Suppose I gave the gold bar to Governor Ovando, might not my way in Santo Domingo become very smooth? I did not mind giving the bar, if I could only do so without revealing where it came from. It was so big, it was bound to start questions . . . but why not cut it up . . . the blacksmith back there could chisel it into small pieces. But could I trust him? Somehow I thought I could.

"Señor Pena y Pena," I said, returning.

"One Pena is enough, young *señor*," he corrected me.

"Señor Pena, can I trust you? I know no one, I have no friend in Santo Domingo. Will you be the one I know? Will you be my friend?"

"I will, young *señor*, but I beg you tell me nothing if you have been in difficulties."

"Señor Pena, will you take your chisel and chip up this bar of gold into small pieces, very small pieces, and then perhaps melt them into natural-looking lumps in your forge?"

"It is the bigness of a fish, young *señor*. I do not ask where you found it because that is the fact you wish to conceal by cutting it up. But did the young *señor* get it honestly?"

"Yes, Señor Pena. As a Spaniard and a Christian, I declare it."

"We will cut it up, then, and afterwards melt it."

With these small nuggets, I went to the fortress to see the governor. Ovando still had his twenty esquires to attend him. Unchanged was his grand and ornate manner of ruling Hispaniola.

I, on my part, was shabbily dressed to present myself where dress was so important—appearing in the antechamber in clothes I had worn through all my adventures. My body, my face, my hands, were really clean but looked dirty, and my garments actually were dirty, with a persistent yellow shade in spite of the dusting winds of the mountain, the plain, the sea.

The one of twenty esquires to whom I announced myself was very supercilious and told me I could not see the governor.

I took out one of the nuggets and put it in his palm. For a moment he felt the weight of it there with unchanged haughty face. Then his eyes lowered and recognized what it was. I handed him a small pouch containing about a dozen small pieces of the gold.

"Will you take these to the governor with my compliments?" I requested. "Say that Francisco Perez, a miner, respectfully requests an appointment."

"Yes, *señor*," said the man, bowing. Very shortly he returned and announced: "His Excellency will see you now, Señor Perez."

I put another lump of gold into his hand and followed him to a big room where, at a big desk, sat a little man with a florid face—the gorgeously clad, slight figure I had seen twice before when I came with Columbus' blunt captain. There was no recognition in his eyes. As soon as I had bowed, I poured out on the desk in front of him a fourth of the chipped-up bar, of the value of about twenty-five doubloons.

"Your Excellency," I addressed him, "you may have observed these fetters. Please believe they were put on by an enemy, not by any officer of the government. Will Your Excellency send an order to the blacksmith to remove the chains?"

He summoned a secretary and said to him: "Write the usual order to Luis Zorca, telling him to remove the shackles of this young *señor*."

"If it please Your Excellency, address the order to Señor Pena y Pena."

"Do so. It is all the same."

I now laid half the gold on his desk. "Your Excellency," I explained, "during this visit I shall leave with you a fifth of all I have—a tenth for yourself, sir, and a tenth for Their Majesties. I will later bring another tenth to make up the customary fifth for the king and queen."

"The queen is dead, young *señor*."

"I mourn, sir. I have stood in her presence. She has spoken kind words to me. Please receive the royal portion for delivery to the king as you wish; his other tenth, and another tenth for yourself, sir, will be brought to you. Will Your Excellency license me to run a gunpowder factory in Santo Domingo? I am experienced, sir, with Bernardo Cruz at Cadiz and the Guadalquivir Gunpowder Works at Seville."

"B. Cruz owns both factories now," reported the governor.

He put the gold in the pockets of his magnificent garments, the crown's part as well as his own. Then he sent for the secretaries again and asked how I wanted the license to read.

"Just five words, sir: 'F. Perez, Gunpowder, Santo Domingo.' I promise to make it an honored brand on kegs wherever matchlocks pop and cannon boom in the New World."

Soon the license was brought to me. I already had the order. With these two documents in my left hand, I used my right hand to pour out the remaining fourth of the gold on his desk and to drop beside it the empty pouch. I bowed low and started to leave.

"Just a moment, Señor Perez. May I have some information?"

This was the question I had been fearing.

"Yes, Your Excellency, all that I can give."

"You announced yourself as a miner. You said nothing of being one of Columbus' sailors. Yet forsooth you are a miner; these nuggets, worth a hundred doubloons, confirm it—and you have four times as much remaining. Where are your mines, young *señor*?"

"Somewhere to the west where I was marooned and Columbus' ships sailed on and left me. It was in the gravel of a river. During my long stay I found all there is, in the form of dust. Natives helped me wash it out with gourds. I have given you a fifth, sir, of all I have. If there were more, if I could go back for more, would I be content to settle down to making gunpowder, Your Excellency?"

"No," agreed the governor, "No, obviously you wouldn't."

I bowed myself out.

WHEN the shackles were taken off, I asked the blacksmith to keep them for me. He tossed them into an empty keg in a careless sort of way, it seemed to me.

"Will they be safe there?" I wanted to know. "Won't other things be put on top of them? Won't they be thrown out?"

"Things on top, yes. Thrown out, no. Come back in a year, five years, ten, ask for chains; stoop over the keg and pull them out."

A new sign appeared on Señor Pena's street: *F. Perez, Gunpowder, Santo Domingo.*"

His sign now read:

POLVORA FABRICA
de
Pena y Pena
No Hermanos Pero El Mismo Hombre

I made my own charcoal. I ordered saltpetre from Spain, and I had to order sulphur from there, all the while thinking covetously of that thousand-foot deposit in the crater of Popocatepetl.

One day at hearing the bell of the entrance door, I came out of a back room to open it. I pushed on it but it was held against me on the outside. Through the panel there came questions in sepulchral tones.

"Is this F. Perez, late of Cadiz? F. Perez, who with evil associates from the University of Salamanca, did wickedly and feloniously fire a cannon fourteen times in salute to the Admiral of the Ocean Sea? F. Perez, the companion of a wild sailor by the name of Pico? F. Perez, a member of Columbus' crew on his fourth voyage?" The door suddenly flew open. "It is," he exclaimed. "It is F. Perez, by the tides of the Guadalquivir, it is!"

"Pieces-of-Eight!" I cried in gladness. "By Lucifer's Adam's apple, I never knew a red-headed Spaniard could look so good. Where's Cortes?"

"Several leagues from here, serving as the town clerk of a new Hispaniola village. At first he said he came for gold, not to work. He has had to change his mind."

After we had visited for some time, I asked: "Your father is still a banker in Seville, isn't he?"

"Yes."

"And he has a great deal of money?"

"Yes, but it is his, not mine."

"But doesn't he take your advice?"

"Sometimes, not because it is mine, but because he thinks it is good."

"Can you keep a secret? Can you keep it absolutely?"

"Friars and doctors and bankers are good at that."

"Pieces-of-Eight, I know where there is a mine, rich enough in all conscience to be King Solomon's, richer than any so far found in the New World. I do not give details, not even to you, until I get a pledge of assistance. I realize, in turn, how hard it is for you to pledge assistance until you know details. I am willing to give ten percent to anyone advancing money for a ship, tools and workmen. I think ten percent gross will be worth eight million doubloons and at least half of that net after all expenses are taken out. Say four million. I won't guarantee it, but you can positively count on that much."

"By the tides of the Guadalquivir, Francisco, it sounds real and it sounds exciting. I can't speak for my father, but I am here to start a bank in Santo Domingo, and I can speak for myself. How many men?"

"Suppose the Seville Cathedral fell down—just suppose. How many men and how long to clear away the ruins?"

"Let's see—oh, I can't begin to figure it out."

"I can't either. Besides, the cathedral isn't solid rock. Call it a hundred men."

"Francisco, I believe we can handle the money right here in Santo Domingo with the understanding that a tenth of the net profits will come to me and my bank. But you will have to clear everything with Governor Ovando and

Then, on a fair morning before daylight, we sailed out of Santo Domingo harbor.

better have all agreements in writing with that little pouter-pigeon."

Pieces-of-Eight signed a paper promising to advance all needed funds for the expedition. Then, under absolute seal that it not be told, not to Cortes, not to anybody, I informed him of Toltepec.

"Your estimate of the amount seems to be about right," he said. "Of course, there's a chance that the vault is mostly filled with something else, maybe tombs, and the treasure only a thin covering at the top. When you were poking the poles through the loopholes, I wish you had worked the ends of them down into the accumulation to see if you came at once to something hard. And there is a good chance that the floor level is raised a foot or so. Yet, for the dimensions you give, and for a cubit depth, eighty million doubloons is a good guess. But be prepared for a jolt, Francisco. In treasure-hunting, all kinds of things can happen."

"You don't talk very encouragingly, Pieces-of-Eight."

"I am a banker, Francisco."

We began immediately to make preparations. Pieces-of-Eight and I worked out together a proposal to present to Ovando without being specific about where the gold was. Ten percent was to go to the governor, five percent to the crown. The governor was to have two officials to represent him on the expedition, the crown two.

"What about Cortes?" I asked.

"He knows how to command men, but might not know how to keep the secret if we told him about Toltepec. Just call it a mine, and make him superintendent to get work out of the hundred men."

Arrangements went on, the recruiting of workmen went on, all as quietly as possible. Then on a fair morning before daylight, we sailed out of Santo Domingo harbor. But our superintendent was not aboard. Cortes had missed the boat.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE HEART OF A FRIEND

"SEÑOR TOPOZULA! Señor Topozula!" cried out the parrot.

"No, not within hundreds of leagues of him," I answered as I stood on deck with Pieces-of-Eight, the ship's captain, and Señor Pena.

The latter had accompanied us as the expedition blacksmith. He had needed the keg for carrying odds and ends of metal and had asked about the chains of Columbus.

"We can hang them on a nail and leave them here in the shop or just let them stay at the bottom of the keg."

"Let them stay; we might have a mutiny," I said jocularly. "Columbus nearly always had one."

"Not on a ship of mine," declared the captain. "I nip mutinies in the bud and nip them hard."

"Take the chains along anyway," I directed the blacksmith. "I mustn't ever lose them but return them to Columbus, and they would at least seem safer along with us."

And so he'd brought them.

Now we sailed a little north of west. It was not hard to find Yucatan, but I had never been on the shore in the region of Toltepec.

"I think there is a road," I told the captain. "I think an ancient highway, about fifteen feet wide, comes down to the sea from the city."

We searched for this and finally found it, followed it until we arrived at the fallen pyramid and the familiar ruins.

"White god returns with many white gods," said the Yucatan chief when I went to him. "No can feed so many gods."

"You don't have to," I answered. "Not even me. We have brought plenty of food with us. But come work at the pyramid, with all your men. Carry stones from one place to another place." I rattled some hawk's bells. "One day —one of these—each man."

But he refused.

One of the king's representatives was a kind of sheriff or constable. The other was a commissioner or judge, who acted very important, and made us go through the ceremony of taking possession.

He set up the Spanish flag and said: "Dead kings and dead people, and all kings and peoples who are alive, witness that I take possession of this ancient city of Toltepec, and of all country a hundred leagues round about, in the name of His Most Christian Majesty Ferdinand, King of Spain."

This, at the very outset, caused my spirits to sink. By this ceremony, the ancient capital which had seemed as much mine as a jackknife in my pocket, now seemed to be taken away from me, to have a fence around it, to belong to the government.

"The Spanish flag must fly over the city," announced the commissioner. "Let it float from the top of yonder tower."

"The stairs are broken in many places," I explained.

"They can be mended, can't they?" he demanded testily. He ordered a dozen men to the work at once, including the carpenter and Señor Pena.

More and more, the commissioner ordered everybody about. He selected for himself the best room in the palace, the one Zorilla had used, and moved me out of my old quarters to make a place for his associate, the sheriff. He sent the latter to me late one night when the parrot had a talking streak with orders that the noise was to stop and stop at once. It went on just the same until the commissioner himself came in with a stormy face and shouted at me and at the bird: "Silence!"

I wished Pico had been there to hear the perfect response: "Silence yourself, you dirty-bearded Spaniard."

The commissioner was so astonished that he walked away speechless. The next day, Pieces-of-Eight, Señor Pena and I moved into the Temple of the Tigers. We were soon joined by the governor's two representatives, who resented playing second fiddle to the presumptuous commissioner.

The hundred workers all found rooms in the various buildings. These men thought of me as the owner of the treasure they were digging out, and looked upon me in advance as a very rich man, and spoke of me to one another as the Grandee of Toltepec, and addressed me respectfully as Don Francisco.

The commissioner, overhearing a group, walked up to them and asked: "Who is this Grandee of Toltepec?"

"Don Francisco."

"Who made him grandee?"

"The king."

"What king?'

"King Zorilla of Toltepec."

"Spaniards," he shouted, "what treason is this you utter? Ferdinand is the only king who appoints a lord of Spain."

Nevertheless, the workmen continued to address me as Don Francisco. Sometimes I heard one remark to another as I passed by: "Pedro, wouldn't you like to be in his shoes? Just think, when we get this pyramid cleared off, that young man will be the richest Spaniard in the world."

NOW, however, by Lucifer's Adam's apple, I began to believe I was not going to be rich at all. It was the percentages that made me downhearted. One-tenth went to the governor, a fifth to the king, and a tenth to Pieces-of-Eight. Then there was Columbus to be considered, and I was the last person in the world to refuse him his due. By the old agreement of 1492 with the king and queen, which Ferdinand and Fonseca were always trying to break, he was to receive a tenth of all New World treasure—and I certainly meant for him to have his rightful share from Toltepec.

Even so, the end of percentages was not yet.

Who should appear at the now sentineled gateway but an Aztec messenger, none other than Nochix, asking for "Huancizco."

He led me to Topozula, who was again making the rounds of the Yucatan tribes and leaving more parrots. He had a hundred men with him this time.

"Get big thunder," he urged right off.

"Topozula, you know that big thunder is at bottom of Popocatepetl."

"Four other big thunders in Toltepec. Bring one. *Tihui*, Huancizco! Go to Scultecs."

"What have the Scultecs done now?"

"Bad men, very bad men."

"Brave men," I countered.

"Huancizco always like Scultecs, but bad men. Kill other parrot. Dead, stuffed, at end of pole, held up for Aztecs to see. Great Montezuma angry at Scultecs, angry at Huancizco."

"Why angry at me, Topozula?"

"You bring men, you dig for gold."

"Yes, Topozula."

"Toltepec in Aztec country."

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Then you pay a part to Montezuma."

This on top of all the other percentages was about the last straw. But, knowing Topozula's determination, when backed by Montezuma's wishes, I thought it just as well to comply amiably and at once.

I counted off my two thumbs and eight fingers and flipped one as a sign that a tenth would go to Montezuma.

He counted off the five digits of his left hand and flipped one to indicate that a fifth would go to Montezuma.

"It is agreed," I said, "but your hundred men will have to help dig."

"Will help dig," he replied.

When the governor's representatives heard that these Indians were to receive twice as much as the governor, they urged me to raise him to a fifth. I showed them the written agreement and stood firm. But all these tenths and fifths left only three-tenths to me. Yet it was still the largest single portion and might amount in the gross to twenty-four million doubloons.

The hundred Aztecs did more clearing away of the ruins than did the hundred Spaniards. After several weeks of excavation, the joint crews of two hundred men dug down to the horse, the cannon, the two matchlocks, a big bat, and Zorilla.

The king's commissioner, accompanied by the king's sheriff, stepped up to me accusingly.

"Sheriff, take him in the name of the king!" And so I was arrested for murder.

"His death indicates foul play," he said. "It indicates murder, Francisco Perez. Come with me to the throne room."

I followed him. Pieces-of-Eight walked by my side. The Spanish and Aztec workmen threw down their tools and followed. They made such a crowd in the big hall as must often have stood there in centuries past.

The commissioner went to the wall and traced his finger over the charcoal statement I had written there under one of the cross-legged skeletons by Zorilla's command: "On

coronation day I threatened to kill Zorilla, King of Toltepec. Francisco Perez."

"Did you write that?" he demanded.

"Yes, sir, but he made me. Zorilla made me. I had forgotten it. I could have erased it or marked over it. If I had meant it, would I not have erased it? Would I have left it there plain for everybody to read?"

"There was nobody to read it after the murder; you did not think there ever would be; you forgot it was on the wall—you said so—when you returned with the expedition. But, Francisco Perez, you have confessed to writing it."

"Yes, sir, but he forced me to."

"You confess the threat. Do you confess to killing him?"

"I kill him?" I asked, stupefied by it all. "How was it possible for me to kill that vile Spaniard?"

"Sheriff, take him in the name of the king," commanded the commissioner.

And so I was arrested for the murder of Zorilla.

THEY escorted me to the blacksmith shop.

"Where is the blacksmith?" the commissioner demanded.

"Here," said Señor Pena, rushing forward, for he had been part of the crowd in the throne room.

"Give us something to serve as irons for this murderer," said the king's commissioner.

"I have nothing, *señor.*"

"I said get something!"

"Yes, *señor,*" said the little man as a matchlock was pointed at his breast by the sheriff. He hastened to the keg, reached down under other contents to the bottom, and pulled out the familiar shackles. The commissioner grabbed them out of his hands.

"These are good only at one end. At the other a link in both has been cut in two and pried open." He snapped the unlocked ends shut upon me, put the severed loops around my other wrist and ankle, and coupled the links. Then he dragged me over to the anvil and said to the blacksmith: "Hammer the two cut links together again."

In this condition I was taken to the top of the Tower of Toltepec and imprisoned there. I looked out and saw the burial service for Zorilla, saw him put in an honored grave, with Christian rites and with the hundred-odd men standing with bowed heads and bare. Always afterwards I could look out my east window and see the fresh mound of his sepulchre, across the river, between two carved monoliths over against the southeast corner of the city.

I watched oftener from my west window. From there I saw the gold being taken out—the gold and silver and jewels and precious stones—and being put in chests with three locks for the king, with two locks for the governor, with one lock for Columbus and Pieces-of-Eight and me, in heavy casks for the men and for expenses, and in skin sacks for the Aztecs.

For all the percentages, my treasure boxes were still the most numerous, and I doubt that King Solomon's miners ever had so many piled up at Ophir. Only it was no longer proper to speak of them as mine. If I were proved guilty at my trial in Santo Domingo, my share would be forfeited to the government—and I would be left with nothing but my eyes to weep with. For the rest of my life, if life itself were spared me, I would be only a poor gunpowder man.

But now I reminded the commissioner of my dignity. "I am the Grandee of Toltepec," I said. "I am entitled to a servant in my cell."

"So he is, so he is without question," spoke up Pieces-of-Eight. "This privilege is customary and you have no right to deprive him of it, if you are unwilling to release him altogether under bail. I pledge his due appearance at trial to the amount of one hundred thousand pesos."

"No bail is big enough for such a murderer," said the commissioner. "He will be kept in a cell until the ship returns to Santo Domingo. But he can have his servant. Yet only during the day, from sunup to sundown, never during the hours of darkness."

They were afraid that with a servant's help I might escape, though on one side was the river, patrolled by night under my window by men in a boat, and elsewhere, all round the base of the tower, by sentinels walking their beats every hour of the night and day.

"The keeper will need to know who your servant is."

"Nochix."

"The big, dull-witted Aztec?"

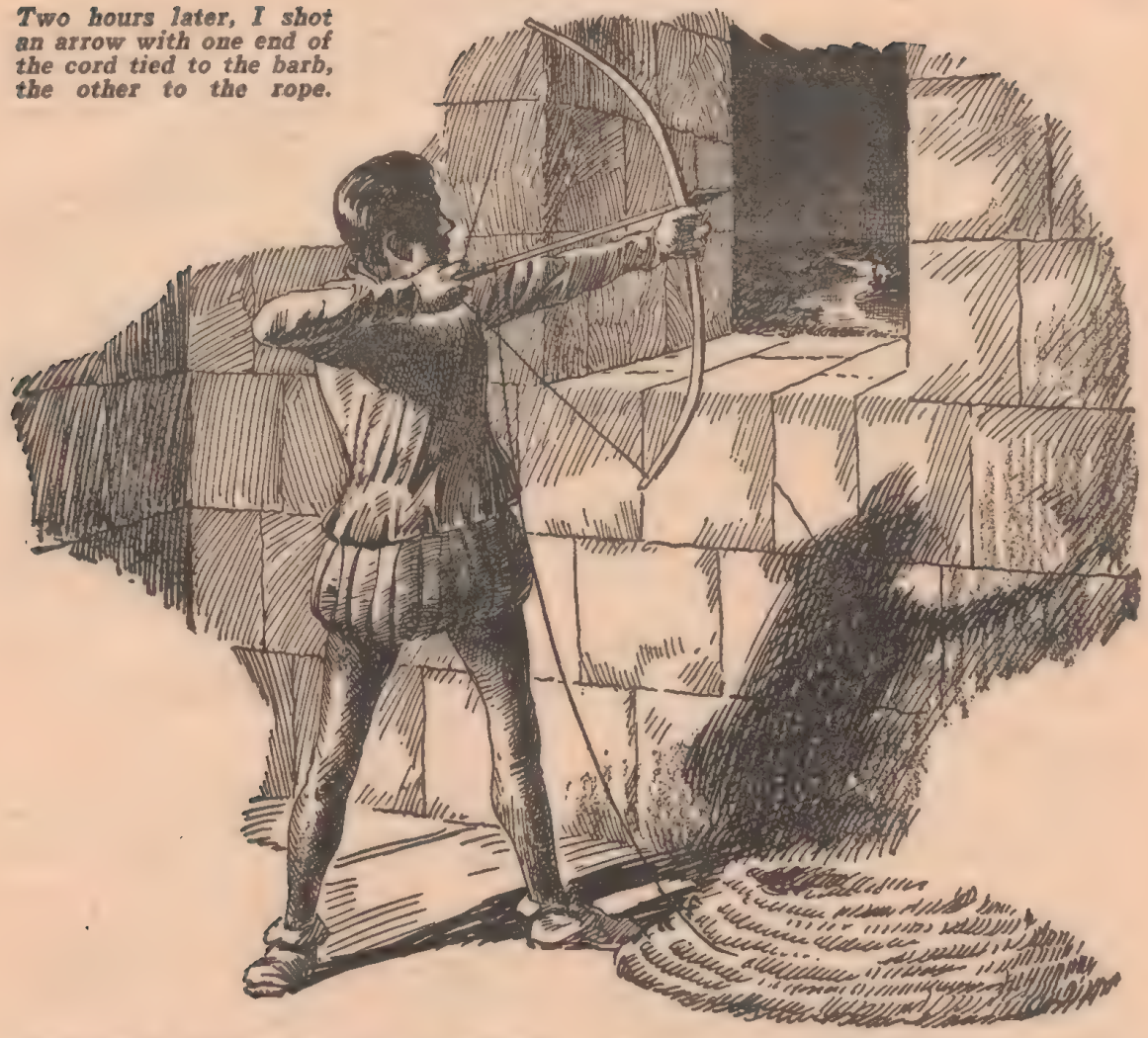
"*El mismo*—the same."

Pieces-of-Eight was not allowed to visit me, nor was the parrot, which I left in care of Señor Pena. So I sat there at the top of Toltepec Tower, with visits twice a day from my keeper who brought me food and water, with only the daylight companionship of Nochix, and with nothing but my own long, long thoughts at night. I sat there and looked at the grave of Zorilla and observed chest after chest of treasure being taken from the ruins of the pyramid.

On the second day Nochix removed his quilted armor. Around his waist, from his armpits to his hips, a one-inch skin rope was coiled in a solid winding—a fifty-foot length. We hid it. The next day he had another fifty-foot length.

"For escape," said Nochix.

"I can't escape if I had a thousand feet of rope. The sentinels, the guards, are down there day and night. And I could not let myself down into the river because men are always there in a boat. No use, Nochix."



Two hours later, I shot an arrow with one end of the cord tied to the barb, the other to the rope.

However, he kept bringing up rope, fifty feet at a time, until I had four hundred feet. Next he brought four hundred feet of cord at one winding. Then he came with stays along his side. A five-foot bow had been made to be joined in the center and wrapped there with thongs, so each half was two and a half feet long. The arrows were of the same length. These were therefore short enough to be concealed like the rope by his quilted armor and were padded in such a way that they gave no evidence of themselves.

"An hour past midnight," explained Nochix, "after the meon goes down and it is dark except for the stars. Tie the small cord to the arrow tip and shoot it out of the window across the river, straight east across the river, pointing up a little when you shoot. Then tie the end of the small cord to the end of the rope and hang the rope out of window so it will pull easily, fastening the end in the room. Topozula and Aztecs on other side; Nochix on other side. We tie rope there when it is tight; you slide down like down a hill. Huancizco and Aztecs escape."

"And you are leaving all your share of the money in order to help me?"

"We all escape in the night," he repeated. "Nobody knows where we go. Afraid to follow."

"I cannot shoot the bow with these fettered hands; I cannot escape with my feet fastened together."

With his strong hands, Nochix respread the severed links which the blacksmith had hammered together. Half of them were open, just as they had been during my travels with the Aztecs. Half of them were closed—on my left wrist and right leg. He joined the halves of the bow and strung it.

He left in the usual way at sundown. The keeper brought me my supper, noticed nothing, and left.

Two hours later, I shot an arrow with one end of the four-hundred-foot cord tied to the barb and the other end tied to the rope. I waited briefly. The cord pulled taut. I lifted the end of the rope over the window sill. It began to pull out. I kept it loosely coiled so it would let out easily and not get tangled. It in turn became taut. The sentinels below looked up, the

men in the boat looked up, but they could not be sure of seeing anything. They called out to each other that there was nothing—just their imagination in the dark.

I had fashioned a harness to slide down the rope with. At each fifty feet where there was a knot I had to stop and lift the loop over. The sentinels saw me and fired but missed. I was received on the other side of the river by Topozula and his warriors. We took to our heels without ceremony.

Each of the men carried thirty pounds of gold or a total of a ton and a half. I supposed they were taking it to Montezuma. But it was only a small part of all they had. As I ran, I kept wondering what they had done with the rest, whether they had properly concealed it.

I thought with particular misgivings what might happen to the remainder of their treasure in case they had dug a pit for it. The Spaniards would see the fresh earth and would not be deceived even by the ashes of a fire over it. If the money had been hidden away in one of the numerous Toltepec rooms, sooner or later a rummaging Spaniard would come upon it. If it had been put in skin sacks and dropped into the river, its weight would keep it anchored sure enough but the clear water would reveal it there.

"What did you do with it?" I asked Topozula in my suspense.

"It is safe."

"Safe where?"

"Do you know the grave of hairy man we dig out of pyramid? Spaniards will not disturb. Yucatans never touch. In night we go to grave, with ten full sacks of gold, with ten empty sacks. We fill empty sacks with dirt; we leave ten sacks of gold. We cover all over. Dirt already fresh; no change; no difference."

"Yes, it is safe," I said.

WE traveled a long time, day after day, from Toltepec. At last I knew we were in the Valley of Mexico.

"Where are we going, Topozula?"

"To Montezuma."

"Brimstone and dragon's teeth, Topozula, what do you mean? What of the punishment, what of death for bringing me?"

"The much gold may get pardon. Anyway, Huancizco must be rescued from other Spaniards. Montezuma can protect with eight thousand warriors, eight times eight thousand."

The town stood in a large lake. To reach it, we walked two miles over a dike wide enough for ten horsemen to ride abreast—only we saw not a horse, nor ox, nor dog, nor sheep. At the south entrance we halted. I looked up a street that stretched straight on and on for a league.

A messenger went to announce us to Montezuma.

We waited an hour. Then eight men came bearing a luxurious litter. Four men held a canopy above the magnificent burden. Strange the effect that mortal flesh can have on mortal flesh, for all these carriers looked down as they walked, and the people touched their fingers to the earth and then to their lips.

When the great Aztec dismounted from the litter, the canopy was still carried over him. A strip of cotton cloth, bleached and white, was laid down for him to walk upon.

Copper-colored Montezuma, as tall and lean and supple as a bullfighter, was withal so haughty that I thought even Fonseca's haughtiness would have wilted before it. From a mitred crown of gold, topped with green plumes, his black hair fell to his shoulders. His long robe was of feather-work, green like the sea or new grass in a wet sod. The soles of his sandals were of gold, and their green straps were studded with gems.

All bowed low, I like the rest, and said: *"Teotl, no teotl, no mahuiztik teotl Montezuma!"*

He was much impressed by my perfect tone of adoration.

The gold, worth over half a million pesos, was thrown down at his feet for him to see.

Topozula meanwhile looked at him, waiting for a verdict.

Montezuma looked back at him and said: "You bring the white one, you bring him without permission, you bring him to Valley of Mexico, to lake, to city of Teloctlan, to Montezuma."

"Yes, great lord."

"Topozula will be deputy of the Aztec gods."

"Yes, great lord. And the white one?"

"We will see."

All the people began to bow to Topozula, treating him with a respect second only to what they gave Montezuma.

I judged—I couldn't help judging—that he was being highly honored. He was later dressed up in magnificent clothes. He was given attendants. People bowed to him. Four beautiful maidens were appointed to wait upon him.

He acted as my guide in seeing this great city that was thrice three miles around. It was withal white and fair, not so white as Cadiz nor so fair as Seville, but larger than the latter, larger than any city in Spain. It contained sixty thousand houses and a third of a million inhabitants. A thousand men did nothing but wash the streets, so one could go through them without soiling his feet any more than his hands. Topozula showed me the zoo. The animals included a crooked-back ox, black and savage-eyed, and shaggy-necked like a lion. Serpents in feather-lined cages kept up such a hissing that I thought I was back among the boas.

One big cage contained two-score parrots being taught by a bored keeper to say the glorifying words: *"Teotl, no teotl, no mahuiztik*

Copper-colored Montezuma was so haughty even Fonseca would have wilted before him. All bowed low, I like the rest, and said: "Teotl, no teotl, no mahuiztic teotl Montezuma."

teotl Montezuma." There was little reverence in the keeper himself. He would pronounce the words; wait about five minutes and repeat them; sometimes in disgust he would get to his feet and box a silent parrot on the jaw.

"I am condemned," said Topozula to me repeatedly.

"I don't understand," I replied. "I see you honored like a prince, a god."

"Wait and see," he said.

Then one day the town was decked out in holiday trimmings and was everywhere in a holiday mood. From the end of the street we started toward the great temple. Topozula was carried in an almost kingly palanquin, his attendants were about him, the four maidens surrounded him. One by one the attendants fell away. One by one the four maidens left him. Little by little the music ceased. Little by little he was stripped of his fine garments. At the end he had to go barefooted in a mean robe.

He was made to walk up to the temple top, around the circular stairway on the outside, five times around it, to the grim room at the summit, where stood three priests in red robes.

Topozula was laid on a stone table on his back. I in my fetters had been carried up and was now halted four cubits away where I could see everything.

I cast a quick gaze out from this eminence over the city. Far off was the frosted summit of Popocatepetl.

"I leave you, Huancizco. Farewell!"

"You should not have brought me here, Topozula. Farewell, my friend."

He was indeed my friend. He had given his life that I might live, and what more can be done amid all the fates and fortunes that a hard world holds for a man?

One Aztec priest stepped up to the slab and slit the mean robe of Topozula, baring his chest. A second priest beat a dirge upon a snake-skin drum. A third red-gowned priest held in his hand an obsidian blade, sharp as the razors that Topozula shaved with.

This one with the knife slashed Topozula more quickly, more deftly than I had ever seen a ship surgeon work.

The sacrifice stone was of jasper, slightly convex at the top, dark green in color.

Topozula's heart was pulled out, and placed upon the altar stone, and from it went a steam as from a man's nostrils on a frosty morning, and the heart was palpitating there upon the green stone. And seeing it yet warm and beating, I fainted away.

I AWOKE in a peaceful, beautiful room, as though what I had seen had been but a nightmare. At once I was taken to Montezuma.

A guard conducted me to the palace, a vast low building, with twenty doors leading into it and with a single hall capable of holding three thousand persons.

The throne room, though large, was no such size as this. It was dazzlingly white, and I thought anybody spending much time in it could not help getting weak eyes. Here Montezuma was playing a game of ball with one of his nobles, who had put on a coarse robe over his fine raiment and was barefooted—part of the humbling that always took place in his presence. From the highest to the lowest, the Aztecs were ground to the dust by the despotism of this man. Everywhere I turned I had seen melancholy faces, attitudes of humility, natures as cold as the pavement stones.

The ball game went on without any attention being paid to me.

A sheet of gold had been set up, with concentric black rings getting smaller and smaller to form a bull's-eye in the center. The noble and Montezuma each had a solid gold ball as big as an Andalusian orange, which they threw a distance of forty cubits at a target, with a clangor that filled the hall. Each had five throws. It seemed to me the noble was the better shot, but after he had hit the bull's-eye twice he began to throw wild, so that Montezuma won.

He walked to his throne and sat upon it.

This was my third, nay, my fourth experience with thrones. The first was with Columbus and Pico before Ferdinand and Isabella. The second was diademming myself with Ferdinand's crown in the dark. The third was when Zorilla made himself king of Toltepec. Here now before the fourth throne I bowed so low that my forehead touched the polished stone floor, and said the words that had become a refrain in two languages in my ears and upon my lips: *"Teotl, no teotl, no mahuiztik teotl Montezuma!"*

He came at once to the point and gave me an alternative—*I could suffer the same fate as Topozula, or go back to the Spaniards but under oath never to tell them about Montezuma and my visit here.*

I think he was surprised that I did not instantly grab at the second. Instead, I hesitated. I stood there in front of him for a good two minutes, debating it in my mind, until he, great monarch that he was, became the nervous one. I could see little difference between the two choices—death upon an Aztec altar or swinging from a Spanish gibbet for the murder of Zorilla. So I appeared contemptuous of the alternative, and this made him think it was because I knew I was the white god and nothing could happen to me.

"You told me you were not Quetxalcoatl, the great pale one," he said almost accusingly.

"And it is true, great lord."

"You leave behind the little thunder, the big thunder, the caged lightning, and come in the guise of a beardless youth to deceive us."

"I came without guns because I was brought

to you straight from a prison cell, and my face is smooth through lack of years."

"You do not tremble," he persisted. "You do not shake at the threat of death, but stand before me as old, old wise men have stood to say all is change in the world, and today is not like yesterday and will be different from tomorrow. You are Quetxalcoatl, or you come as his herald and spy. Does another Spaniard send you here, another Spaniard who is the white god?"

"No, great lord. The king is the most powerful man in Spain but like his humblest subjects he worships the true Christian God, and is himself nowise a god. It even stirred up a great deal of excitement when Pico's parrot addressed you in such a reverent way. The king was uneasy and thought Montezuma might be a god, and here is Montezuma just as afraid that the king might be."

"Did the most powerful Spaniard hear the parrot?" demanded Montezuma eagerly. "Did the parrot cause him to consider me a god?"

"Yes, great lord?'

"It is well. My parrots are sent to many lands far off. They make people think Montezuma is Emperor of the World, even a god as in distant Spanish country."

"Yes, a good way to glorify yourself, a better way than any kings have thought of aforetime to have the majesty of their names spoken ceaselessly into the ears of men. But now, great lord, your courage oozes out of you like pitch from a tall pine tree. Instead of staying here in your capital and wringing your hands in dread of a white god's return, why don't you keep an army along the coast and drive all approaching white gods back into the sea?"

"You talk like a god; you are a god!" cried Montezuma.

"Only like a man, which I am, great lord, but if it is grand for two strong men to contend, how much grander when one of them is a god. You are mortal but you do not have to be afraid. You are just letting yourself be. Yours is the strength of half a million Aztecs, enough and more than enough to get even a divinity on the hip. You are brooding on this white god more than Columbus did on the chains."

My talk had no more effect on him than bugles blowing, no effect at all, for to my disgust he asked: "Is Columbus the white god?"

"He could look like him—the most of any Spaniard—if he wore a white robe with crosses on it, but Columbus is not Quetxalcoatl, not the white god."

"Not the king, not Columbus. Name other Spaniards."

"Not Fonseca. He is too evil and was much upset by the thought of your being a god. Zorilla told the worshiping Yucatans that he was, but he is dead, Zorilla is dead and in a deep grave in Toltepec. Governor Ovando is a small pompous person, not like the tall one you are waiting for. If you are bent on having a white god, Pico is a good choice but he would get homesick for the sea and sail away on a ship and you would have to start waiting for Quetxalcoatl all over again. Did he have red hair?"

"Quetxalcoatl's hair very black."

"Not Pieces-of-Eight, then. The only one left is Cortes, and he couldn't be, not Cortes, by Lucifer's Adam's apple, not he. He was in a duel. He missed the boat. He is always in trouble. He is always missing the boat. People are fond of him and do what he wants them to, but you can't depend upon him—and gods are dependable."

"Gods most uncertain," Montezuma corrected me. "Never know what gods will do next. Coltes sounds most like white god."

He indicated that the audience was at an end. He made up my mind for me. Nochix who knew the way, Nochix and twenty men were to take me to Santo Domingo.

I was forced to swear that I would not tell the Spaniards about the Valley of Mexico, the shining lake, the great city of Tenochtitlan, or Montezuma. Upon my sacred honor, the veil covering these things, lifted to let me in and to let me out, must drop again all around the Plateau of Anahuac, and from sea to sea, and never be lifted to a Spaniard with a fair face and a long beard like Quetxalcoatl's.

Such was the feeble action of this New World despot to whom all men bowed to the dust, because the superstition of the white god was a canker at his courage.

It could scarcely be well for him that he did not keep his secret in the daring way, the surest way, by having me taken up to the sacrifice room where stood the green jasper stone. Whether it was well for me that he let me go, I knew not.

CHAPTER XXV

GRANDEE OF TOLTEPEC

NOCHIX and his men set me down at the same cove as before. I hid out all day and far into the darkness. Then I slipped into the town. I walked along the harbor front and saw the treasure ship at anchorage. It had returned ahead of me, as I expected.

Avoiding the watchman, I made my way to Señor Pena's blacksmith shop, and slipped under his door a message I had previously scratched on a flat piece of shell: *Midnight . . . on beach . . . half league east . . . F.P.*

I remained in concealment all the next day and did not venture forth until I heard the Santo Domingo roosters crowing for midnight. As I walked down the beach, I saw two figures approaching.

"I brought an old friend," said Señor Pena.

"Francisco!" he exclaimed and grabbed me up into his strong arms.

"Pico!" I cried out, and again and yet again.

"Pieces-of-Eight and Cortes are expecting you at the Christopher Columbus Inn," he told me, after we had calmed down. "The landlord is also expecting you and has your old room for you. Come and spend the rest of the night there. Tomorrow, go to the fortress and surrender. Cortes will be your lawyer and defend you at your trial; he studied law at the University of Salamanca."

"Did the Great Admiral return with you to Santo Domingo?" I asked. "Did the king restore him as governor?"

"Columbus is dead, Francisco."

"When, Pico?"

"On May 20 in Valladolid in Old Castile. His last words were in Latin: *"In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum*—Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit."

"Did he ask for the chains, Pico? These chains I wear?"

"Yes, Francisco, the day before he died. 'Where are they, Pico?' he demanded. 'Why are they not here? Why were they not kept as I wished? Go fetch them, Pico, go fetch them, so they can be put in the coffin with me.' "

"Did all Spain mourn his death?"

"Very few people paid any attention, very few knew about it. It was much the same as any obscure man passing away. All Spaniards were now conscious of the New World but they had ceased to think of it in connection with Columbus. Fourteen years after his first voyage his name had faded from the lips of men. But King Ferdinand, who, after the queen's death, had treated him with neglect and shunned him, had a monument erected to his memory, with this inscription:

Por Castilla y Por Leon
Nuevo Mundo Hallo Colon

For Castile and Leon Columbus Found a New World."

When we arrived at my room, there waiting for us were Pieces-of-Eight, Cortes, and the parrot.

"When I first heard the bird," said Pico, "by Hurtado's cat, I nearly fainted from shock, thinking that it was a ghost, that my original parrot had come up from the bottom of the sea."

"By the beard of my grandfather," observed Cortes, "we four seem to have a way of getting into trouble. I suppose I started it all that morning in Cadiz when I went to Bernardo Cruz' for a keg of gunpowder for firing a salute to Columbus. I have appointed myself as your lawyer, Francisco. We are going to give you up, all snugly bound in chains as you are now, to Governor Ovando. I have already written a dozen letters to Spain. Pieces-of-Eight has written several. Though we did not know whether you were dead or alive, we meant to clear your name."

Pieces-of-Eight had previously listened to my full story. I now went over it again in detail so Cortes and Pico could hear it.

"Zorilla has surely been your Jonah," remarked Cortes.

"I ought to have wrung his neck back there in Cadiz before we started," said Pico. "The two ghosts he saw at that first ancient city—did the little man have a scar above his left eye, running diagonally across his forehead to his hairline?"

"Yes, Pico, yes he did—how did you know?"

"That was Dr. Alonso. He was the ship's surgeon on the first voyage in 1492. We left him behind at La Nividad. He was one of the thirty-nine in the lost colony . . . What did the other ghost look like?"

"We just saw him in the night, and at some distance off, from the top of the pyramid. He wore a white robe but he seemed tall."

"He could have been the carpenter or tailor, I think the carpenter. Did he seem to be in control of things?"

"I had a feeling that the small man was acting as his servant."

"That is about the way it would have worked out—the doctor under the thumb of the rough carpenter. They were undoubtedly two who escaped—two of the thirty-nine who somehow fled from La Nividad. They could have taken the *Santa Maria's* small boat and gone from Hispaniola to Cuba, along the far-stretching shore of Cuba, and then across to Yucatan without being out of sight of land for very long. Are you certain you did not kill the other ghost?"

"I am pretty sure that Zorilla hit him but he may not have been wounded seriously. He could still be living and be worshipped there by the Yucatans."

"Columbus' carpenter become a white god! I wish we could find him someday and get his report on La Nividad, which everybody thinks was wiped out to a man. But I don't suppose we ever will."

I SPENT many weeks in the same tower in which Columbus had been imprisoned.

"How much was the total treasure?" I asked Pieces-of-Eight.

"It amounted roughly to a hundred million doubloons, as nearly as we can estimate it, although we found a considerable mixture of turquoise and pearls. And pearls, you know, are not gems. They are fishes' bones and through all the centuries they have lost their freshness."

"Where is the money now?"

"All is unloaded from the ship. The king's portion is on the way to him in a caravel. The governor has his share, and I have mine. The

Aztecs made off with theirs. Yours is in the fortress awaiting the outcome of your trial, to see whether it will be turned over to you in full or be confiscated to the crown."

"How much will I get, if I get it?"

"Over and above all expenses, as nearly as we can figure values, you will have about twenty-two million doubloons."

"You could send a Columbus on many expeditions," said Pico. "The first voyage of 1492 cost only seventeen thousand florins. So you see."

My friends were allowed to visit me while I was shut up in the tower. Cortes worked with great zeal and energy in my behalf. I was determined to give him a large fee if he cleared me. There would be nothing for him if I were hanged from a gibbet.

Nochix had told me I could have the treasure sacks which the Aztecs buried in Zorilla's grave. If I lost everything else but life, this was enough to keep me from being exactly a poor man.

My oath not to tell about Montezuma and his great valley and lake and city, had been forced upon me, but nevertheless I meant to keep it. I constantly guarded my tongue against some information slipping out unintentionally. If I told Cortes that Montezuma was a great king with rich dominions not far off, and moreover that Montezuma had picked him from among all others as the white god, then he would not rest until he had played the part.

"Fonseca is our worst enemy in Spain," Cortes explained. "He will not worry about justice to you, if he can get those twenty-odd million doubloons for the crown, with not a little of it sticking to his fingers. I have tried to soften his opposition to us. Pieces-of-Eight advanced the funds for a gift to him."

At the trial Governor Ovando presided, dressed up with special care for the occasion. I sat in the courtroom still wearing the chains of Columbus.

The king's commissioner made a stirring and eloquent speech about two lonely men in an ancient city; they were the only Spaniards in all that remote part of the world; they should have had love for each other in their hearts; but the younger man, the *señor* on trial, killed the other in cold blood.

"And shoved a pyramid over on him," spoke up a wag, and many of the Santo Domingans laughed.

"Order! Order!" rapped the governor, though it seemed to me he was not particularly on the side of the king's commissioner. He had not liked the way his agents had been treated at Toltepec.

"The defendant wore fetters on his hands and feet," said Cortes. "This Zorilla who had been a torturer in the Cadiz Inquisition. . ."

"Down with the Inquisition!" shouted a spectator, and others took up the cry: "Down with it!"

"Order!" demanded the governor.

"This torturer, Zorilla, was a mutineer on Columbus' flagship, the *Capitana*, on his fourth voyage. He and seven others were made to walk the plank. I call as a witness Pico of Hispaniola."

"Your Excellency," said Pico, "this Zorilla was bound in these same chains wherewith the prisoner is fettered, the chains which Columbus wore, and had them on when he was made to jump into the sea. But the ship's chip—a big cork float—was thrown overboard by an accomplice. Zorilla hung onto it. Native boats were gathering around him when we left. It is clear that he was rescued by them and that later he captured Francisco in the way described in the young *señor's* testimony and led him about like a dancing bear until the fall of the pyramid at Toltepec."

Cortes now took up the argument: "The last that was seen of Zorilla, Your Excellency, he wore the chains. The first that was seen of Francisco, he wore them. How did they get from one to the other? I ask you in the name of reason, Your Excellency, if Francisco would have switched them of his own free will. Zorilla was in control, he had the upper hand, he made the young *señor* a prisoner and kept him one."

THE king's commissioner spoke up: "How do we know he was fettered when first seen. Who are the ones who first saw him?"

"I will call witnesses to testify," answered Cortes. "I begin with Togno."

There was a hissing from the spectators.

"Order!" cried the governor.

"Togno," inquired Cortes, "are you the cook who fastened the chains on Columbus? Examine these upon the young *señor* and see if they are not the same. Did you not see him go along the streets of Santo Domingo, ragged and unkempt as if returning from a distant journey, and did he not have these chains on him?"

"I saw him, *señor*, and he wore the chains, locked to one wrist and one ankle."

When Togno returned from testifying, Pico reached forward and took hold of his arm. He drew back as if expecting a blow.

"Togno," explained the sailor, "I just wanted to tell you that I forgive you as the great dead admiral has already done."

Togno burst out into sobbing.

"What of the threat on the wall?" demanded the king's commissioner. "On the Toltepec palace wall in the handwriting of Francisco Perez and signed with his initials?"

"The prisoner has explained that," said Cortes.

"Let him explain it again and more believably," said the commissioner. "Francisco Perez,

The bird cried out: "Grandee of Toltepec!"

did you threaten Zorilla before he forced you, as you claim, to write the words on the palace wall?"

"I did, sir."

"Repeat your threat exactly."

"Sir, I told him this: 'You can force me to say it, you vile scoundrel . . .'"

"What were you referring to?"

"He had ordered me to kneel and pledge my loyalty to him as King of Toltepec."

"Go ahead and tell us what you replied."

" 'You can force me to say it, you vile scoundrel, but, by Lucifer's Adam's apple, you can't make me mean it, for I would kill you now or any time I had a chance.' "

"And did Zorilla compel you to speak so? Would you stand there and report anything so ridiculous? You declare that he made you do the writing on the wall, there under the cross-legged skeleton, but just how could he compel you to say the menacing words you have quoted? Isn't it true, Francisco Perez, that you threatened him of your own free will?"

"Yes, sir, but I knew and he knew there was not a chance in the wide world for me to slay him, fettered as I was."

The speeches went on, back and forth, from the king's commissioner trying to make me appear guilty and from Cortes trying to show my innocence.

Finally, near the end of a long day, Governor Ovando said: "The prisoner was in chains forsooth when he came to me; I gave him the order for their removal. In light of this and all the testimony offered, and the sound reasoning presented, the defendant, Don Francisco Perez, is exonerated from all charges for the murder of Zorilla, the Inquisition torturer, the mutineer, the self-styled King of Toltepec. I have an order from His Excellency Fonseca, Superintendent of the New World, stating for the king that if the said Don Francisco Perez is cleared of guilt, his three-tenths of the treasure are to be restored to him in full—and, further, that his Majesty King Ferdinand confirms the title of Grandee of Toltepec, and gives to said Don Francisco Perez the ancient city of Toltepec and all the land and the tribes dwelling therein for twenty leagues surrounding. Will Señor Pena y Pena remove the prisoner's chains?"

"It is only Señor Pena, Your Excellency," he explained, stepping forward with a big hammer in his hands. "If we may set the anvil on the floor, I can have the chains off in two minutes. There is no key, Your Excellency."

"Proceed," directed the governor.

The chains fell to the floor with a rattle.

"We must preserve them," I said.

"But Columbus is now dead," the blacksmith replied.

"Preserve them," I repeated.

Pico now brought in the parrot, which had been excluded during the trial.

"Wait, Francisco," said the sailor. "Be patient and wait for three new words I have taught him in preparation for this day that is *muy magnifico.*"

The bird was completely silent for two or three minutes, and then cried out: "Grandee of Toltepec! Grandee of Toltepec!"

EPILOGUE

WHY did not Francisco, in later years, add a few words about the chains?

Because these were not buried with Columbus as he wanted them to be, we do not know for sure the location of the New World's greatest sepulchre, whether it is in Havana or Santo Domingo.

Columbus was originally buried in Valladolid. Seven years afterward he was reburied in Seville, and again in 1536 in Santo Domingo. There, in the main chapel of the cathedral, his body remained for two hundred and fifty-nine years. Then what were thought to be his bones were taken to Havana.

The chains could not have been placed in the first grave because Francisco was wearing them then. But the removal to Seville and thence to Santo Domingo gave him two chances to put the fetters in the coffin.

Why, especially, were not the chains added at the time of the New World entombment? Were they offered and rejected? Or meanwhile had they been lost? Was Señor Pena y Pena succeeded by another blacksmith who, finding the shackles in the bottom of the keg, used them as scrap metal? Or had Francisco become so occupied with his vast wealth and activities as Grandee of Toltepec that he overlooked this renewed opportunity to carry out Columbus' wishes?

This seems unlikely in light of all the care he took to preserve the chains.

After the majestic mortal body had been returned to its parent dust for a fourth of a thousand years, it was disinterred in 1795.

A small vault was opened. In it were found the fragments of a leaden coffin, a number of bones, a quantity of human mould. These were put in a new lead case that was smaller than a seamen's chest and gilded to look like gold, and this in turn was placed in a coffin covered with black velvet.

In Cuba the coffin was opened, the case unlocked, and the contents verified. Then the clay of the New World discoverer was enshrined in the Havana Cathedral, in the wall on the right side of the grand altar.

But no one is absolutely sure that these are the remains of Columbus.

Many people believe he is still buried at Santo Domingo. During two hundred fifty-nine years of interment there before the removal, no record was kept of the exact crypt in the cathedral. Or, if there was a record, it was lost during ten generations of sextons.

In the vault there was nothing to identify the remains beyond doubt. In this respect the chains would have served an important purpose. Even if they had rusted entirely away during the two and a half centuries, yet their red rust, mingling with the body's mould, would have proved the sepulchre unquestionably that of Columbus.

Today it is still a disputed point whether the dust of Columbus rests in Cuba or Santo Domingo, all because the irons wherewith he was fettered by a nation to its shame, were not part of his ceremonies as he wished and expected.

On that November day in the year 1500 on the sloping plank in Cadiz, he had stated: "They will be put in my coffin with me, so it can be said: 'Here is buried Columbus and with him the chains wherein he was brought home to Spain and wherein he stood at Cadiz for all the people to see!' "

When he died six years later in Valladolid, he thought the irons were in the bottom of the sea with Zorilla. They had actually loaded down Francisco during countless leagues into the wilderness and along the New World shore. Though, every time they were taken off, he preserved them for the grave of Columbus, yet they never found their way there.

But can we be sure they did not? Isn't it likely that the real grave has simply not been disturbed? Can we be sure that Francisco, as the powerful and wealthy Grandee of Toltepec, did not carry out determinedly the wishes expressed by Columbus there upon the sloping plank in Cadiz?

When in the far-distant future, in the sad destiny of all man-made things, the Santo Domingo Cathedral crumbles and falls, may not the ruins contain the remnants of a small vault? And therein, after the lapse of century upon century, may not there still be some mould tinged and mixed with the red rust of those historic fetters?

THE END

FRESHWATER

A Fact Story

By R. A. EMBERG

SHIPS that pass in the night, Flying Dutchmen, the schooner *Celeste*, the collier *Cyclops*, stories of these and a thousand other strange mysteries of the sea have been spread on newspaper, magazine and book pages, pored over by pen-and-paper sleuths, and their riddles solved or left unsolved depending on the slant you take. But one mystery of the sea, or rather of the Great Lakes, a comparatively modern one at that, still puzzles not only amateur crystal-gazers, but marine designers and technicians as well, not to mention masters, mates and ordinary sailormen. On September 9, 1910, the steamer *Père Marquette Eighteen* foundered in Lake Michigan with a loss of twenty-eight lives, and to this day the cause of her loss has never been ascertained.

The owner of the vessel, the Père Marquette Railway, operated—and still does to this day—a fleet of steamers on Lake Michigan. Many of these ships were railroad ferries, sailing regularly between Ludington, Michigan, and Manitowoc, Wisconsin, two of the road's terminals.

The vessels were strong, well-built and seaworthy. Their decks were literally miniature railroad yards onto which a whole train of cars could be shunted at one time. In addition to this peculiar cargo capacity there were also the regular steamship accommodations for passengers.

Two of the crack ships of the fleet were the sister craft *Père Marquette Seventeen* and *Père Marquette Eighteen*. They were 350 feet long, 56 feet beam, with a gross tonnage of about twenty-six hundred.

The skipper of the *Eighteen* was an experienced, skilful seaman with a long and perfect record on the Great Lakes. He was not the sort to take chances with human lives.

With a crew and passengers totaling sixty-one, and twenty-nine railroad cars loaded with coal as cargo, Captain Kilty singled up his lines at Ludington shortly after midnight on September 9, 1910, and cleared for Manitowoc. There is not the slightest doubt that the *Eighteen* was in A-1 condition, ship-shape and tight, below and aloft. And as usual all the precautions were observed—that is the cars were anchored tight to their tracks by the regular time-tested devices to prevent their moving when the vessel rolled or pitched.

Just before daybreak, thirty miles at sea, something happened. What it was is anybody's

The doomed vessel's sister ship, Père Marquette Seventeen, *arrived just in time for the tragedy.*

MYSTERY ?

guess. The watch engineer was down in the crank-pit. This is an oblong compartment beneath the engines, so-called because the connecting-rods revolve in this pit, turning the main shaft and propeller. The bottom of this pit is right on top of the bilge-plates, and naturally far below the water-line.

It was with considerable surprise that the officer noted water seeping in over the plates, since the weather was a dead calm, and the vessel was on an even keel with no pitching, no rolling.

The engineer communicated with the bridge via speaking tube and started the pumps. The captain ordered the wells sounded; the chief engineer was called. Within moments the whole ship's crew was on the alert.

The wells were sounded. Two feet more than the amount necessary to keep her in trim were in her bilges.

The first mate accompanied by an engineer officer went over the vessel's cargo-hold immediately. They examined her thoroughly, but could find no indication of sprung plates, no holes, no tears, although their survey was curtailed to some extent by water on top of the bilge-plates.

The pumps, of ample capacity to clear the ship of any water that might come through a sprung plate, coughed and coughed. Anxiously, Captain Kilty conferred with his officers. These experienced men had no answer. Nothing had happened since clearing Ludington that would give a clue. Nobody aboard had felt a sudden thump, no scraping such as would have been the case had the vessel run into a derelict or scraped an uncharted reef. In fact the entire voyage so far had been over almost mill-pond-calm waters.

CAPTAIN KILTY and the chief engineer were confident of the pumps' ability to keep the water down if not to clear it completely, so the sleeping passengers were not aroused, and cooks and messboys went ahead with breakfast preparations as usual. No one not of the ship's crew knew that somewhere below the waterline in the great hull water was coming in.

With the wells being sounded at five-minute intervals, a half hour passed. And now Captain Kilty was genuinely worried. *The pumps were not clearing the water!* On the contrary, the water was gaining. *Père Marquette Eighteen* was appreciably lower in the water. She was loggy and not answering her helm as readily as she should.

By this time some of the passengers were awake and on deck for their morning constitutional. The doleful *arrumph* of the pumps and the tensed faces of the sailors told them that something was wrong. Nipping incipient panic in the bud, the stewards were quietly told to get the passengers to the boat deck, just in case.

Père Marquette Eighteen did not carry radio

(Continued on page 145)

ASK ADVENTURE

Information You Can't Get Elsewhere

THE great horn-spoon.

Query:—For some time I have been trying to get authentic information in regard to the HORN SPOON for gold washing.

I think there is no question at all that prospectors used this thing quite widely twenty-five or fifty years ago. I have recently been able to buy a new horn spoon but apparently there is very little sale for such an article and no one seems to know much about it.

Did you ever see a horn spoon in the hands of a prospector?

Do you know with certainty just what it looked like?

Can you describe just exactly how he used it?

Is it possible to find an old horn spoon?

Were the horn spoons used by prospectors all of one size or shape or did they vary greatly?

Are there any prospectors using them now?

I am very anxious indeed to get answers to such questions. I cannot find in published literature anything really authentic on this utensil. I get a little here and a little there but nothing really definitely descriptive. I have great reason to suspect that the use of the horn spoon goes back into antiquity. I find a reference in Herbert Hoover's translation of "Agricola" that probably refers to the horn spoon but the reading matter does not say it was actually "horn."

There is, however, some description in words and a drawing of a utensil that certainly resembles what I believe the horn spoon has been in relatively recent years.

If you can give me any information yourself or put me on the track of other people to whom I can write, I shall be very grateful. I would particularly like to get hold of some old prospector who has himself used a horn spoon and could answer definite questions I would like to ask.

—Charles R. Toothaker,
Curator, Philadelphia Commercial Museum,
Philadelphia, Penna.

Reply by Victor Shaw:—I am very familiar with the placer tool known as a "horn spoon". I've used them and even made them during my somewhat extensive experience at prospecting and mining, which dates from a first practical field venture in Alaska during the Klondike Stampede in '98.

This horn spoon is a tool, or device, used, so far as I know, chiefly by the early (prior to 1900) prospectors merely to test alluvial sand, earth or gravel for traces of contained gold, platinum or gems of alluvial type, including rubies, diamonds, etc. It is most decidedly *not* a working tool, being used only for preliminary testing to discover presence of alluvial gold. This is due to its size, for the largest I've ever seen wasn't over 6 inches long, although some were as short as 4 inches in length, the width at widest point being 2½ to 3 inches. Its maximum depth was not over 2 inches and in many cases those of 4 to 5-inch length were 1 inch to 1½ inch deep.

All I've seen, or used, were made of horn; this being ordinary cow's horn, moulded from a section sawed from the belly of the usual curve in the cow horn, between its tip and butt. This, as you'll see, afforded a tapering curved and truncated cone lacking its tip. A saw-cut was then made lengthwise on the upper or concave side and the horn section was then boiled in oil (or could be steamed) to soften it. When perfectly soft and pliable, it

was spread out widely enough along the lengthwise cut to open it to proper proportions for the proposed use as a testing panner of small size. It was then carved with a sharp jack-knife or other cutting tool, to the general shape desired, in which the wider portion of the sawed-out section mentioned would be used entirely for such test-panning, the smaller end for convenience in holding in the hand.

Its only reason for being is of course to afford a method for testing gravels in new wilderness regions, where no means of transportation exists other than canoe, back-packing, or possibly pack stock or dog sledge. This because it may be slipped into a pocket, whereas even a small-size gold pan of usual type is inconvenient to carry.

In selecting such a horn, pick the dark colors, the darker the better, as tiny particles of gold and microscopic flour-gold shows up more plainly to the naked eye, or glass. Do not *polish* the *inside!* If for any reason it is smooth inside, with a sort of semi-polish, roughen it with sandpaper, or emery cloth of coarse texture, in order to catch and hold fine particles of gold better. The outside usually polishes itself, from continuous wear in the pocket or pack.

In fashioning the finished spoon, the top or upper portion, as it lies spread open on table or bench, should be roughly cut straight or level from end to end (i.e. from tip to butt). This leaves the wider butt portion shaped with a shallow curved hollow with greatest depth an inch or more back from the extreme rounded end or outer lip, thus as you can see being a rough adaptation of the bottom and slanted side and rim of the ordinary gold pan. Obviously, no great amount of sand can be panned with this, but it is especially useful in testing river bars for colors. Motion in use is chiefly forward and back, the 4-5 inch interior hollow affording enough scope for washing off waste, similarly to the motion used in handling any gold pan. A jar, sidewise, serves to settle contents while concentrating, to make sure any gold is on bottom with the black sand. Final inspection of concentrate is done by leaving a teaspoonful of water with black sand concentrate, then a quick and deft forward-back motion will shove black sand toward the hand, leaving any gold "colors" behind and in the deepest hollow, or close to it.

A good scheme was practised by many prospectors using these, in order to get a rough idea of weight of gold thus panned out, after the concentrate was thoroughly dried and all black sand removed by blowing. The horn spoon was filled with water, which was accurately weighed to determine what part of an ounce the spoon held. Then if/when you got enough gold to round slightly over the full spoon, you multiplied it by 20. Not very accurate, of course, but enough so to give a fair idea.

These spoons were made of horn, as described, also of hard rubber, copper, or polished steel. But spoons made of horn and hard rubber break rather easily, steel spoons rust, and in a dry climate or summer, horn spoons check badly. Hence a spoon made of copper is more durable, and if coated with mercury would give greater efficiency by amalgamation of all flour gold therein. To anyone who is expert with the common gold pan, only a very little practice with this device is needed to perfect the technique of manipulation. They're easily made with a sharp pocket knife.

I confess I've never heard anything concerning their origin, nor where they were first used; but am under the impression that they are comparatively modern and were used first in northern Alaska, though I may be mistaken as to that. However, speaking wholly personally, I prefer one made of horn as described above, as being more easily and cheaply made, also giving better and quicker results in use. The roughened horn surface inside is an ideal surface for retaining "colors," and a darkish or black horn spoon makes the best background possible to detect them, too.

Closing—am mighty doubtful if this device goes very far back toward antiquity, but am frankly from Missouri. Perhaps the modern type of gold pan derives from an early spoon of this character, or from the Spanish and Mexican *batea,* more likely. Let me know, if you find out.

Can anyone else add any information about the "great horn spoon"? We've been swearing by it for years under the apparently erroneous impression that it had something to do with the "Big Dipper." Just goes to show how wrong even editors can be. And we studied "Agricola", too, way back when!

HARD WOOD in the *bondocs.*

Query:—Being in the Philippines, I am amazed at the quality and appearance of the flooring and paneling in many of the native barrios. This wood is harder than anything I have seen from our own forests. I would greatly appreciate any help you will give me on the following questions—

1—There are two types of flooring prevalent in the native huts. Both are reddish in texture, one dark and the other lighter. The lighter type wood I would be inclined to group in at least the same general family as the California redwood. The natives refer to it as *narra,* and it is common enough in these parts, so that I can see that the trees in California and here are not the same. Beyond that I am not qualified to say. The other type wood appears very much the same as mahogany. I know that mahogany does grow in these islands, but I have been led to believe that it is of an inferior type, and this wood is definitely not inferior.

2—Does ebony grow here? The people refer to a black wood which is so hard it

defies description, but unfortunately I have been unable to see any. If ebony does grow here, is it inferior to that grown elsewhere?

3—If you could furnish me with a listing of the type trees that grow in the islands, and if possible the native names of them, I would be very thankful.

—Lt. J. R. Q.
c/o PM, San Francisco, Calif.

Reply by William R. Barbour:—Of the two types of flooring you mention, the one called *Narra* is Pterocarpus indica of the Leguminous family. It is considered the best wood in the Philippines for cabinet work, etc.

The other wood is probably red lauan. This was once called Philippine mahogany, but is not in the mahogany family, being a Dipterocarp. It was exported on a large scale to western U. S. A. and to Japan.

True mahogany does not grow in the Philippines, or in fact anywhere else in the Orient. It is confined to the West Indies, Central America, and South America. The so-called African mahogany belongs to the same family and by some is counted as a true mahogany. It takes an expert to tell them apart. The red lauan does not have at all the same structure as mahogany and should not be confused with it. It is a good wood in its own right, and should not have to ride on mahogany's coat tails. Much of the best, by the way, came from Bataan Peninsula.

Up to the Jap invasion, the Philippines had a very good forest service. For many years it was headed by my good friend Arthur Fischer, who is now a colonel in the army, stationed in Washington. He is the one who flew the cinchona seed out from Corregidor, as you may have read.

Several Filipino foresters were educated in this country, but I do not recall their names at the moment. There was also a forest school connected with the University of Manila, which turned out rangers, etc. Why don't you inquire around and see if you can locate any of the faculty or students or former members of the Philippine Forest Service. They could give you a great deal of data which I can't very well give in a letter, as the forests and woods of the Philippines are complex and varied.

By the way, I have a son in the Philippines, Lieut. W. J. Barbour, 68th Medical Depot Co., APO 73. The last I heard of him, he was in camp some forty miles from Manila. Bill had some training in botany and forestry over here and he and you might find a lot in common.

AND another query on the same subject from the same guy.

Query:—I have the opportunity of going into the lumbering business here in the Philippines. As my actual time of entry into this field will be governed by the needs of Uncle Sam, I am attempting to learn as much about it beforehand as possible. Starting from scratch I find much to confound me. Your help on the following matters would be greatly appreciated.

1—As a good deal of the lumber here is hardwood of a type not found in the States, would special saws for each different type of hardwood be necessary, and for the softwood that will be present? Along the same line, would it be possible to purchase a machine with a type saw that will cut all types without changing saws?

2—As all fuel must be brought from the States, and then in most cases brought over rough terrain, which type power unit do you consider best?

3—Assuming a constant market, would it be more profitable to finish the board, or to ship it rough?

Thank you for your consideration, and any suggestions which you might care to pass along.

—Lt. J. R. Q.
c/o PM, San Francisco, Calif.

Reply by Hapsburg Liebe:—Most of my sawmilling experience was in fast big mills using bandsaws, with steam power. I do, however, know something about the smaller mills that use round saws. All the latter that I have seen had steam power, too, firing the boiler with mill offal; i.e., slabs, edgings, end-blocks and even sawdust—which would be poor business if the timber sawn was some such wet, heavy green wood as our red or black gum. So your judgment is as good as mine if you mean to use a gasoline motor, or Diesel. A note of warning here. Be sure you have *enough* power.

Back forty-odd years ago I was in the P. I.'s, but I remember little about the timber there. I do recall a tree with a whitish bark that the natives said was "seraya" (sa-ry-ah); I got the idea that it was a kind of mahogany, but this may be erroneous.

So your woods are strangers to me. But unless one or more of the hardwoods is very, very hard, one saw should cut all hardwoods. The main difference in saws for hardwood and saws for softwood is the points of the teeth. Less spread (swage) and more pitch (hook) for the harder woods. The softer woods incline to be a bit spongy and press in more on the sides of the saw, which means heat, which means expansion, weakening of the steel and snaky lines. A pail of water dashed on a hot saw is magic for straightening it up. Hardwoods require more power and time for sawing than softwoods.

Since modern log circulars have inserted teeth, the saw itself does not wear out. These circulars must be hammered now and then to level them and to restore the "tension" (looseness) of the middle, which is to offset the expansion of the rim under centrifugal force. So it's best to have two of these log saws, one to use while the other is gone to be hammered up. Hammering them is difficult, but you *could* learn to do it yourself. They are likely to require filing, sometimes swaging, four times a

day, morning and noon, mid-morning and mid-afternoon, especially if the work is tough and/or the logs gritty. Do most of the filing on the faces of the teeth, keeping the original pitch, or hook; "dubbed-off" points cut badly. Keep the swaged points even for smooth work. The saw should be lined a wee bit "into the log" in order that the up-coming points behind won't scratch the stock. If saw leads into the log too much when running, it may be overcome by filing from the log side, taking a hair more metal off the points on the log side. Be sure the saw can't start while you're working on it.

Saw and "machine" are two things, not just one. The machine is only a shaft, mandril, with bearings, and a rig for driving the carriage back and forth by means of rack-and-pinion or cable-and-drum. Ordinarily your saw would come from sawmakers, and your machine from manufacturers of sawmill machinery.

Cutting both hard and soft woods with the same teeth? It can be done, but considerable time would be lost. Bunch your logs. Cut one kind for a day or so, then the other kind, and so on.

As to the gage, or thickness, and the diameter, of the log circular. Both are important. Both depend upon what you're going to saw. Explain in detail to the sawmaker from whom you get your saw. Hardly a chance that he won't advise you correctly, because he will want your future orders. And you'll need some smaller circulars (for edger and cut-off, at least) with the big saw. I found the Simonds Saw & Mfg. Co., Fitchburg, Mass., reliable. Mention of my name to them might help a little. Ask them anything you like. They are, or used to be, famous for helping out beginners, and they do make fine stuff.

It's possible that you could buy used machinery, belting, shafting, and power plant, and save something, but be careful that the stuff isn't too much worn if you try this. Some such lumber journal as *The American Lumberman*, 431 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, should be able to help you out here. Their "used-machinery-for-sale" columns, you know.

Finish the boards or ship them in the rough? Finishing requires a planer, a surfacer, a big and expensive machine, and it would use up a lot of power. I can tell you that much about it.

You say you are starting from scratch. If that means that you've had no sawmilling experience at all, and going to a "furrin" country to start, then you are tackling a tremendous job. In your place, I'd manage to get some experience first, particularly as to the upkeep of saws; this is a ticklish job; back in my sawmilling days the man who fitted the saws had much the highest-paid job in the mill, because so much depended on him; $15 per day wouldn't be too much to pay a saw man now. . . Wonder if you could find a man "over there" with sawmill experience? Or, could you take along somebody with the actual know-how? A partner, maybe?"

Circular saws waste a good deal of stock in sawdust. The thinner the saw, the less waste, but the thin saw won't take the punching a thicker one will take, and they "burn down," need hammering oftener. Here, particularly, is where the sawmaker can advise you. I might mention the fact that log circulars are hammered for one certain speed, and won't work right on any other speed. The sawmaker will tell you what this is for your saw.

Good luck on your new lumbering venture, Lieutenant!

A WEAPON for the hunted huntress.

Query:—My problem is not hunting big game but trying to keep it from hunting me—at least from getting close enough to bite.

I collect botanical specimens in the Canadian Western Arctic. That means carrying a large packsack, a knife and a hand pick and it has always seemed a gun was too much to add, but this summer on Melville Island a couple of wolves stalked me and one got within 12 feet of me—which is too close for my peace of mind. And don't tell me wolves never attack people because I have a friend who was attacked and two others who had close shaves.

My next trip is to King William Land and Backs River, where there are few people so I shall probably have to do most of my collecting alone—the pilot and mechanic have enough to do without having to go along as guards. I have been told throwing lighted paper at wolves will scare them off—and that's easy to do, but will it scare bears? I have thought of carrying a heavy revolver—the noise might be enough to scare animals off—and if I ever have to shoot any it would be at very close range. But I have been told that under no circumstances can one carry a revolver in NWT. I'm well known to the authorities so I might be able to get a special permission if I had a very good reason for carrying one.

I don't know anything about guns except that I like to shoot them and that I can't hold a heavy hunting rifle steady enough for satisfactory target shooting. (Of course I could probably learn that by practice and I'll have till next July to work at it.)

What sort of gun would you advise me to get? (I have a good hunting rifle but all I can remember about it is that the ammunition is Special—I think 30 or 32). What are the most lethal spots to aim at with bear and wolves? Any other advice would be appreciated. Perhaps I ought to carry a supply of Roman candles! Or tracer bullets!

I definitely do not want to kill anything unless I have to.

—Margaret E. Oldenburg,
St. Paul, Minn.

Reply by A. H. Carhart:—Some of my friends who are considered authorities re-

fuse to concede that wolves attack people. But old Bill Caywood, one of the best informed wolfers in this country, told me of an instance when he was sure one was attacking him. As a general rule, most of these wild things will not attack unless they think they have to to get away.

My information is the same as yours; carrying hand guns into the NWT country is prohibited. I talked to Alfred Bailey, head of our Museum of Natural History, who has been into that general section of the north country, and he tells me the men up there on scientific work go unarmed, unless of course, they need arms for collection of specimens.

I believe any sort of a light gun would scare off wolves. Even a .22 automatic. A .38 automatic would be a more certain gun if you had to shoot to kill. It would carry enough slug to do the trick. The Colt .38 weighs 39 ounces. Its magazine holds nine cartridges which should give you a lot of rapid shooting. The new Winchester .30 M1 carbine that went so well in the war, weighs about 5½ pounds, and is an all-around answer to something with more fire power than most belt guns; accurate to 300 yards, shoots a bullet weighing 110 grains, and looks to me like a splendid light field gun. It certainly would take care of wolves, and common black bears, if in the hands of a good shot.

If you are concerned about the larger species of brown bear, anything short of a .30-06 rifle with 150 to 180 grains of weight in the bullet might be more dangerous than no gun at all. A lighter gun would wound a bear and make him really dangerous. I've got no positive answer to stop a big attacking bear short of this larger caliber rifle and heavier bullet.

There is a thought, that since you don't want to kill any animals, but drive them away, a 25-mm. gas pistol might be something to consider, and in case the authorities will not let you take any other sort of arm, they might help you line up one of these. It's just a thought.

The most certain shot I know of in downing larger animals, is in the neck to crack the vertebrae. The next is rather low in the front of the chest, to the heart, but that is not a sure "stopper." A head shot probably is next but there is the chance of the bullet grazing or glancing on thick skull plate. I hope all this gives you some aid. You're going into a section I certainly would like to see, and I wish you success.

SHRIMP *versus* shark.

Query:—I recently purchased a forty-four foot coastal trader which I desire to work through the winter. Fishing being the obvious answer, I am writing to you in the hope you can and will answer some questions.

For the most part, I am interested in shark fishing and shrimping off the Carolina coast. Probably Southport in North Carolina which, I understand, is an excellent spot for both sharks and shrimp. Recently, I heard that shrimpers were making up to $500 per day. Just what type of equipment would I need for shrimp fishing and what would be the approximate cost of such equipment? Do shrimp run all through the winter or is there a certain season for them? How about shark fishing seasons, if any? It is my hope to fish all winter long if possible without going farther south. How about that?

Can you give me any idea of the probable take on a moderately successful sharking trip? I know that shark livers and oil were bringing fantastic prices in the early days of the war. Does that still hold true or has competition, the war ending and so forth, lowered the prices too much? Where could I contact people interested in buying shark liver, skin, meat and fins? Possibly the teeth also? Are the fins, skin and teeth worth bothering about? What is the best method for catching sharks? I can't afford a shark net and will have to use lines. Also the best method for shrimping? I have heard that a shrimp net costs about two hundred dollars. Is this true to your knowledge? Just how far from Southport is the Gulf Stream where most if not all of this fishing will be done?

In plain words, just what is your opinion of the two types of fishing? I'm not especially interested in fishing parties. Do you think I could make expenses and a little profit without exceptional luck? I can't afford to take a total loss on the attempt and even though ill fated, would like some encouragement if you can honestly give it. How is Southport for fishing and dockage? I have heard there is a serious shortage of small boats capable of such fishing and that I should have a very successful season. However, I'm not one to become too optimistic or enthused over an untried endeavor.

—Captain Joseph H. Healy,
1300 Maine Avenue, S. W.,
Washington, D. C.

Reply by C. Blackburn Miller:—I would hardly advise the pursuit of the two industries at one and the same time. You will find either of them, all absorbing.

Being the possessor of a forty-four foot coastal trader, you are adequately equipped to pursue sharks to advantage and you have already attained your maximum of expense.

Sharks appear to be largely a transitory fish and whereas large schools may frequent a given locality, they will suddenly seek pastures new for no explicable reason. You, however, would have the advantage of being able to follow them or to find new and more lucrative fishing grounds.

The modern method of shark fishing which gives a greater yield and is far less expensive than the nets formerly employed, is in the use of a heavy chain, permitted to lie on the ocean floor but

with a buoy attached to one end. From this run leaders, chain or heavy wire to which are fastened hooks baited with fish, slaughterhouse refuse or other odds and ends savory to sharks.

This is tended once in every twenty-four hours, generally before daybreak. The chain is returned by means of an electric winch and as the sharks come aboard, frequently dead, they are released from the hooks, skinned and their livers removed. It is necessary to have a crew of several men who are experienced in performing this variety of work.

The yield of oil from the livers brings a high price but it varies in quantity with the different varieties of sharks. There is also a good market for the hides which, when tanned, make a tough and durable leather. The skins, when fresh, are generally salted in order to preserve them.

The fins, before the war, were highly prized by the Chinese but I doubt, under present conditions, whether they would be considered a valuable article of commerce.

There is a moderate demand for teeth but I doubt if they are worth the effort entailed in extracting them and preparing them for market.

It is difficult to prophesy the probable catch on a sharking trip. I have seen a thirty-five foot cruiser loaded down with the carcasses of these fish. On the other hand I have witnessed the return of one of these craft with but half a dozen sharks on board. Shark fishing like all piscatorial enterprises resolves itself largely into a question of luck.

I question whether your activities in regard to shark fishing will have to lie as far afield as the Gulf Stream. You will find the majority of these fish in relatively shoal waters. The shark is a scavenger save for one or two varieties. They are slow swimmers, hence they are more prone to frequent the harbor mouths and coastal areas rather than the deep, swift current of the Gulf Stream.

I think, of the two types of fishing, shark or shrimp, that you will have a far better chance on the former of making a profit nor will your financial outlay be much more as shrimp nets are very expensive and most perishable.

It is my impression that the Federal Bureau of Fisheries issues an instructive pamphlet on shark fishing, the present markets, etc. and I should advise your writing to them for this booklet.

Wishing you all luck in your enterprise.

FIVE pounds of counterfeit imitation of a copy of an original.

Query:—One of my young friends has brought back from New Guinea a Japanese "aerial camera" which I will describe before asking you several questions about it. If this is really an aerial camera, I know why the Japs lost the war. My idea of an aerial camera is something about the size of an ashcan, with a motor drive and a licensed engineer to run it. But this little camera is as follows:

It takes 2¼ x 2¼ on 120 film rolls. It has what seem to be a Jap imitation of a German lens and shutter. The lens is f. 3.5, focal length 7.5 cm. and trade name "Simlar," according to the markings. The shutter is a dead ringer for a Compur B. There is no provision for focusing, and the only lens apertures provided are f. 3.5, f. 4, f. 5.6 and f. 8; and the only shutter speeds provided are 1/400th, 1/200th and 1/100th. Name on the shutter is "Koo-tiyoko" which I suppose, in a Jap's mouth, might not sound unlike the same person's pronunciation of "Kodak." The front retaining ring on the lens, by the way, in addition to the other data is marked "Tokyo Kogaku" which might also sound like Kodak.

There is a film transport, spring-loaded, which (when in working order) automatically, when the shutter is actuated, transports the film, cocks the shutter through a large cam and turns an indicator disc to record the exposure number. However, I'm damned if I can find anything whatsoever in the mechanism to act as a "metering" device, that is, to measure the length of film to be transported and thus avoid the changing diameter of the spool as it winds.

Don't think that this little camera hasn't got its points. It is housed in what looks like a sectional permanent-mold cast-aluminum housing that is heavy and rugged. There is a round nozzle inside which is the lens, an inch or two recessed to get a sunshade effect, and there is a rabbet and three locating holes which indicate that some sort of extension could be attached. The film winds horizontally across the back, which is fully detachable and has a pressure plate system covering the whole back and having both spool mounts integral. In other words, the whole spool-holding mechanism and film-locating surface is a unit and floats on springs. There are two handles on a sort of diagonal frame which is secured to the camera body with three screws. When these handles are grasped and the elbows held at the sides, the camera is held before the operator, properly pointed, steady, and comfortably held. The handles slant.

In this position, the right forefinger can reach a plunger which actuates the shutter release lever through a simple lever connection, also the film-transporting mechanism. The same finger can also actuate a spring-backed knob-lever working in a notched slot. By this means one can adjust the shutter speed rapidly, by the sense of touch alone. A similar knob-lever on the left is adjusted by the left forefinger to change the aperture.

And finally, there is a piece of celluloid riveted on the outside of the back cover, so that one may write exposure data, etc. on it and wash it clean when the notes are no longer needed. The whole camera weighs almost exactly 5 pounds, unloaded. I should have noted that a large winding

key for the film transport spring-motor is located on the bottom face of the case. There are two square bases provided for some sort of range finder.

1. Did you ever see one of these, or do you know anyone who is familiar with them?

2. Is this really a military aerial camera, or just a civilian camera made up in what is certainly a very handy style? The lack of slow speeds and focusing makes me wonder if this was really an aerial camera or was a civilian model adapted by putting in a limited lens.

3. Would it be worth while to pay to have this mechanism put in shape? The spring governor has one arm broken, there is one gear missing in the train to the cocking cam, and the notched-cup-and-spring-loaded-lever which permits the cup one revolution at a time does not function properly. I am not enough of a mechanic to figure the trouble—half the bearings, etc. are in the case and half in the cover. Archinal is out; it will take a month before he could even take the lid off.

4. If I know these yellow monks, they pinched the whole design somewhere, and in that case the dimensions are probably unchanged. Do you recognize that film transport layout? And do you have any information, by any chance, as to whether the lensboard would take a genuine Compur B with a 3.5 Zeiss Tessar? If a focusing mount could be worked in, and that shouldn't be too difficult, this might make a pretty nifty little snapshot camera. For one thing, by golly, it is just about waterproof—to rain etc. I mean, not submersion.

5. I'm darned if I know now where my English book on lenses is (the paper covered one, you remember?) and offhand I can't figure the infinity distance or hyperfocal distance of that lens. Can you give me the theoretical figures? If I can rig a tripod mount—the one thing which seems to be missing—I'll run a test strip of film. In the absence of a regular test chart, how about a few sheets of newspaper?

6. The camera is marked in two places, on metal plates, "G.S.K. 99" and some Jap ideographs. Do you know offhand of anyone who might translate these for me? I could copy them or perhaps make rubbings.

This is rather a shot in the dark and the foregoing may represent some silly questions. If I am out of order, apologies. In any event, thanks.

—Alfred W. Miller,
55 Liberty St.,
New York 5, N. Y.

Reply by Paul L. Anderson:—From your description, I'd say that the camera is probably a Japanese copy of a German copy of an English reconnaissance camera—that is, a small camera intended for use in a two-seater plane, for scouting the major features of a landscape. The lens is probably a copy of a Tessar. The whole thing, if reconditioned, ought to be a pretty good job; the shutter speeds are about right for aerial work with fast films, and, of course, the lack of a focusing adjustment doesn't matter, since it would always be used at infinity, anyhow. As for the lack of a film metering device, this doesn't matter, either—in fact, such devices are mostly a headache, and are not used; it is simpler and easier just to accept the fact that the spaces between exposures will be a trifle greater at the end of the film than at the beginning. The difference probably wouldn't be more than ⅛ inch, at that—in the big 7x9 brutes which our men use for mapping, and which take 100 or more exposures, it is only about 1½ inches.

From what you say, it sounds as though the film transport mechanism in your Jap camera should move the film ¾" at first and 3" at the end; and it's possible that it will. I wouldn't put it past the Skibbles who built it to have said (in Japanese, of course): "Aw, wotthehell Bill wotthehell! Let it go at that." The Japs, you know, are excellent imitators, with a delightful faculty for getting their imitations wrong. For example, a toy dealer told me that they sold in this country thousands of admirable imitations of Meccano building sets, which created considerable excitement among would-be users on account of the fact that the bolts were too large to go through the holes in the frames. And I have seen Japanese imitations of the Ronson cigarette lighter, which were sturdy, well-built, and functioned perfectly, but had one defect—namely, they were made with springs, so that if you carried one in your pocket, and a coin or a bunch of keys bumped it, it flipped merrily open and set your pocket on fire. On the other hand, there may be some trick which I missed in your description, or which was not apparent to you, which will make the camera work all right. At any rate, give it a workout; that will show you. An expert repairman would be fully justified in charging $50 for the work on the Japanese job. If you really want it fixed up, it'll cost plenty.

As to reconditioning, I can't see why you want it done, unless just for the fun of it, or to use it for aerial work; as a casual snapshot camera, it wouldn't make you happy. You'd get mighty tired of lugging around 5 pounds of snapshot camera, and the fixed focus, and limited number of shutter speeds make it undesirable for this purpose.

As to translating the Japanese ideographs, in ordinary times I'd say go to the Japanese Embassy, but I'm afraid that wouldn't work, just at present. Your best chance, now, is the New York Public Library; go to the Information Desk in Room 315—I shouldn't be at all astonished if they could dig up someone to read them for you; they do the most amazing things, at times. Just as an example, with no bearing on your job, when I was writing a book, some years ago, I went in and asked: "Have you, by any chance, a map of the

island of Malta as it was in the year 1565?" And, by gracious, in less than two minutes they handed me one about the size of an ordinary dining-table! So you'll probably get what you want there.

I can't tell you, offhand, whether or not you can have a focusing mount and Compur shutter fitted.

Since you can't focus it, you'd have no luck trying to use a newspaper as a test chart. Pick out a nice brick building, with conspicuous joints between the bricks, retire to the hyperfocal distance, and photograph that. Then make an enlargement about 8x10 or 11x14, and examine that.

The formula for calculating hyperfocal distance is as follows:

F=focal length of lens in inches (in your case, 2.96)
r=stop number (i. e., 3.5, 4, 5.6, etc.)
d=diameter of circle of confusion. For ordinary work, this may be taken as 1/100 inch.

Then the formula for the distance beyond which everything is in focus is

$$\frac{F \times F}{r \times d \times 12}$$

=hyperfocal distance in feet.

In your case, at f. 3.5 it becomes

$$\frac{2.96 \times 2.96 \times 100}{3.5 \times 12}$$

=20.8 feet approximately.

For extra fine work, such as aerial mapping, a smaller circle of confusion is necessary. In some of the Ektars, Kodak works to a circle of confusion of 2 minutes of arc, which figures out about $\frac{F}{1720}$. If you work to such accuracy (and your lens is sufficiently well made) your hyperfocal distance will be

$$\frac{F \times F \times 1720}{3.5 \times F \times 12}$$

=121 feet approximately.

You can figure it for the other stops from this formula.

On the whole, for a snapshot camera, I don't feel that this would justify the time and money you'd spend on it; but if you want it for a souvenir, it would be rather interesting.

FIRE—Cat's-eyes—and Harlequins.

Query:—A teacher-friend of mine once visited in Mexico, and was marooned in a small town called "the opal center of Mexico" by the guide book. It is the name of this town I would like to find, and it's location. I believe it is in northern Mexico.

I would also appreciate any other information about opals (price, markets, etc.) that you can send me.

—Maxine E. Harriger,
15710 Holmes Ave.
Cleveland, Ohio.

Reply by J. W. Whiteaker:—The small town in which your friend was marooned must have been San Juan del Rio, in the State of Queretaro, a few miles from Queretaro, 5747 ft. elevation, the capital of the State 167 miles north of Mexico City.

The climate of this section is cool in Ameolco and Cadereyto regions, temperate in Queretaro and San Juan del Rio and hot in Jalpan and Toliman. The rainfall is moderate, frosts are light and the winds are variable. The prevailing diseases are malarial fevers and affections of the respiratory and digestive organs.

The opal mines of this region produce considerable revenue although they are crudely and unsystematically worked. The Queretaro district is so rich in opaliferous deposits that traces of the mineral can be seen in the stone used roundabout for building purposes. As certain of the varieties of opals found in Mexico vary in prices from five cents to hundreds of dollars each, a person unacquainted with the tricks and trades is sometimes easily swindled and he is therefore cautioned against making expensive purchases of street venders or unknown dealers.

Mexico City is the best market for opals and most of the good stones quickly find their way thither. The most reputable dealers sell only seasoned stones, in other words those which have been tested for flaws, etc. The oxygen in opals tends to freeze easily and freezing usually cracks the stones. Unscrupulous dealers have been known to immerse cracked stones in oil which fills the crevices, and when the oil dries out the stones are found to be worthless. Again a soft opal will scratch easily and the surface soon becomes dim and lifeless. The safest stones to buy are Fire-opals which have hardness of six against five and five-tenths of the other varieties.

The opal, the birthstone of October, emblematic of Hope and Faith, ranking sixth in hardness (against ten of the diamond) and from 2 to 2.65 in specific gravity, the most prized gem, of the ancient Greeks and Romans, was accidentally discovered in Mexico by an agricultural laborer in 1835. The first mine was called the Esperanza (Hope) and it was not systematically worked until about 1870.

There are various kinds of opals. The Fire-opal, the finest opal of commerce, is usually taken from a grayish-red matrix: it is called the "precious opal" from the variety and beauty of its coloring. Harlequin opals are remarkable for an almost infinite variety of colors and color combinations. The beautiful Cloudy opal is found in the whitish perphyries. They are very common in Mexico. The Cat's-eye opal which exhibits a chatoyant line over the center of the dome, similar to the Cat's-eye, and which is usually of a bright green color, is the rarest form of opal. Agates and fossilized wood and bone are to be found opalized, and are called agate-opals, wood-opals, etc.

THE ASK ADVENTURE SERVICE is free, provided self-addressed envelope and FULL POSTAGE for reply are enclosed. Correspondents writing to or from foreign countries must enclose International Reply Coupons, which are exchangeable for stamps of any country in the International Postal Union.

Send each question *direct* to the expert in charge of the section whose field covers it. He will reply by mail. **Do Not** send questions to the magazine. Be definite; explain your case sufficiently to guide the expert you question. The magazine does not assume any responsibility. **No Reply** will be made to requests for partners, financial backing or employment.

★*(Enclose addressed envelope with International Reply Coupon.)*

Notice: Many of our *Ask Adventure* experts are still engaged in government service of one kind or another. Some are on active duty in the Army or Navy, others serving in an executive or advisory capacity on various of the boards and offices which were set up to hasten the nation's war effort. Almost without exception these men consented to remain on our staff, carry on their work for the magazine if humanly possible, but with the understanding that for the duration such work was to be of secondary importance to their official duties. This was as it should be, and when you didn't receive answers to queries as promptly as we all wished, your patience was appreciated. Foreign mails are still slow and uncertain, many are still curtailed drastically, but now that the war is over we can hope for a more expanded, smoother functioning *Ask Adventure* service very soon. Bear with us and we'll continue to try to serve you as speedily as possible.

ASK ADVENTURE EXPERTS

SPORTS AND HOBBIES

Archery—EARL B. POWELL, care of *Adventure.*

Baseball—FREDERICK LIEB, care of *Adventure.*

Basketball—STANLEY CARHART, 99 Broad St., Matawan, N. J.

Big Game Hunting in North America: *Guides and equipment*—A. H. CARHART, c/o *Adventure.*

Boxing—COL. JEAN V. GROMBACH, care of *Adventure.*

Camping—PAUL M. FINK, Jonesboro, Tenn.

Canoeing: *Paddling, sailing, cruising, regattas*—EDGAR S. PERKINS, 1325 So. Main St., Princeton, Ill.

Coins and Medals—WILLIAM L. CLARK, American Numismatic Society, Broadway at 156th, N. Y. C.

Dogs—FREEMAN LLOYD, care of *Adventure.*

Fencing—COL. JEAN V. GROMBACH, care of *Adventure.*

First Aid—DR. CLAUDE P. FORDYCE, care of *Adventure.*

Fishing: *Fresh water; fly and bait casting; bait camping outfits; fishing trips*—JOHN ALDEN KNIGHT, 929 W. 4th St., Williamsport, Penna.

Fishing, Salt water: *Bottom fishing, surf casting; trolling; equipment and locations*—C. BLACKBURN MILLER, care of *Adventure.*

Fly and Bait Casting Tournament—"CHIEF" STANWOOD, East Sullivan, Maine.

Health-Building Activities. Hiking — DR. CLAUDE P. FORDYCE, care of *Adventure.*

Motor Boating—GERALD T. WHITE, Montville, N. J.

Motorcycling: *Regulations, mechanics, racing*—CHARLES M. DODGE, care of *Adventure.*

Mountain Climbing—THEODORE S. SOLOMONS, 6520 Romaine St., Hollywood, Calif.

Old Songs—ROBERT WHITE, 913 W. 7th St., Los Angeles, Calif.

Rifles, Pistols, Revolvers: *Foreign and American*—DONEGAN WIGGINS, 170 Liberty Rd., Salem, Oregon.

Shotguns, American and Foreign: Wing Shooting and Field Trials—ROY S. TINNEY, Chatham, New Jersey.

Small Boating: *Skiffs, outboard, small launch, river and lake cruising*—RAYMOND S. SPEARS, 11331 Burin Ave., Inglewood, Calif.

Swimming—LOUIS DEB. HANDLEY, 115 West 11th St., N. Y., N. Y.

Swords, Spears, Pole Arms and Armor—MAJOR R. E. GARDNER, care of *Adventure.*

Track—JACKSON SCHOLZ, R. D. No. 1, Doylestown, Pa.

Woodcraft—PAUL M. FINK, Jonesboro, Tenn.

Wrestling—MURL E. THRUSH, New York Athletic Club, 59th St. and 7th Ave., N. Y., N. Y.

Yachting—A. R. KNAUER, 6720 Jeffery Ave., Chicago, Ill.

SCIENTIFIC AND TECHNICAL SUBJECTS

Anthropology: *American, north of the Panama Canal, customs, dress, architecture; pottery and decorative arts, weapons and implements, fetishism, social divisions*—ARTHUR WOODWARD, Los Angeles Museum, Exposition Park, Los Angeles, Calif.

Entomology: *Insects and spiders; venomous and disease-carrying insects*—DR. S. W. FROST, 465 E. Foster Ave., State College, Penna.

Forestry, North American: *The U. S. Forestry Service, our national forests, conservation and use*—A. H. CARHART, c/o *Adventure.*

Forestry, Tropical: *Tropical forests and products*—WM. R. BARBOUR, care of U. S. Forest Service, Glenn Bldg., Atlanta, Ga.

Herpetology: *Reptiles and amphibians*—CLIFFORD H. POPE, care of *Adventure.*

Mining, Prospecting, and Precious Stones: *Anywhere in North America. Outfitting; any mineral, metallic or non-metallic*—VICTOR SHAW, care of *Adventure.*

Ornithology: *Birds; their habits and distribution*—DAVIS QUINN, 5 Minerva Pl., Bronx, N. Y.

Photography: *Outfitting, work in out-of-the way places; general information*—PAUL L. ANDERSON, 36 Washington St., East Orange, N. J.

Radio: *Telegraphy, telephony, history, receiver construction, portable sets*—DONALD MCNICOL, care of *Adventure.*

Railroads: *In the United States, Mexico and Canada*—R. T. NEWMAN, 701 N. Main St., Paris, Ill.

Sawmilling—HAPSBURG LIEBE, care of *Adventure.*

Sunken Treasure: *Treasure ships; deep-sea diving; salvage operations and equipment*—LIEUTENANT HARRY E. RIESENBERG, care of *Adventure.*

Taxidermy—EDWARD B. LANG, 156 Joralemon St., Belleville, N. J.

Wildcrafting and Trapping—RAYMOND S. SPEARS, 11831 Burin Ave., Inglewood, Calif.

MILITARY, NAVAL AND POLICE

Federal Investigation Activities: *Secret Service, etc.*—FRANCIS H. BENT, care of *Adventure.*

The Merchant Marine—GORDON MACALLISTER, care of *Adventure.*

Royal Canadian Mounted Police—ALEC CAVADAS, King Edward High School, Vancouver, B. C.

State Police—FRANCIS H. BENT, care of *Adventure.*

GEOGRAPHICAL SUBJECTS

Philippine Islands—BUCK CONNER, Conner Field, Quartzsite, Ariz.

★**New Guinea**—L. P. B. ARMIT, care of *Adventure.*

★**New Zealand, Cook Island, Samoa**—TOM L. MILLS, 27 Bowen St., Feilding, New Zealand.

★**Australia and Tasmania**—ALAN FOLEY, 248 Elizabeth St., Sydney, Australia.

★**South Sea Islands**—WILLIAM MCCREADIE, No. 1 Flat "Scarborough," 88 Sidney Rd., Manley N. S. W., Australia.

Madagascar—RALPH LINTON, Dept. of Anthropology, Columbia University, N. Y., N. Y.

Africa, Part 1 ★*Libya, Morocco, Egypt, Tunis, Algeria, Anglo-Egyptian Sudan*—CAPT. H. W. EADES, 3808 West 26th Ave., Vancouver, B. C. **2** Abyssinia, Italian Somaliland, British Somali Coast Protectorate, Eritrea, Uganda, Tanganyika, Kenya—GORDON MACCREAGH, 2231 W. Harbor Drive, St. Petersburg, Florida. **3** *Tripoli, Sahara caravans* — CAPTAIN BEVERLY-GIDDINGS, care of *Adventure.* **4** *Bechuanaland, Southwest Africa, Angola, Belgian Congo, Egyptian Sudan and French West Africa*—MAJOR S. L. GLENISTER, care of *Adventure.* **5** ★*Cape Province, Orange Free State, Natal, Zululand, Transvaal, Rhodesia*—PETER FRANKLIN, Box 1491, Durban, Natal. So. Africa.

Asia, Part 1 ★*Siam, Malay States, Straits, Settlements, Java, Sumatra, Dutch East Indies, Ceylon*—V. B. WINDEL, care of *Adventure.* **4** *Persia, Arabia*—CAPTAIN BEVERLY-GIDDINGS, care of *Adventure.* **5** ★*Palestine*—CAPTAIN H. W. EADES, 3808 West 26th Ave., Vancouver, B. C.

Europe, Part 1—*Denmark, Germany, Scandinavia*—G. I. COLBRON, care of *Adventure.*

Central America—ROBERT SPIERS BENJAMIN, care of *Adventure.*

South America, Part 1 *Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, and Chile*—EDGAR YOUNG, care of *Adventure.*

★**West Indies**—JOHN B. LEFFINGWELL, Box 1383, Nueva Gerona, Isle of Pines, Cuba.

Iceland—G. I. COLBRON, care of *Adventure.*

Baffinland and Greenland—VICTOR SHAW, care of *Adventure.*

Labrador—WILMOT T. DEBELL, care of *Adventure.*

Mexico, Part 1 *Northern Border States*—J. W. WHITEAKER, 2903 San Gabriel St., Austin, Tex. **2** *Quintana Roo, Yucatan Campeche*—CAPTAIN W. RUSSELL SHEETS, care of *Adventure.*

Canada, Part 1 ★*Southeastern Quebec*—WILLIAM MACMILLAN, 89 Laurentide Ave., Quebec, Canada. **2** *Ottawa Valley and Southeastern Ontario*—HARRY M. MOORE, 579 Isabella, Pembroke Ont., Canada. **4** ★*Georgian Bay and Southern Ontario, National Parks Camping* — A. D. L. ROBINSON, 103 Wembly Rd. (Forest Hill), Toronto, Onto., Canada. **5** ★*Yukon, British Columbia and Alberta*—C. PLOWDEN, Plowden Bay, Howe Sound, B. C. **6** ★*Northern Saskatchewan; Indian life and language, hunting, trapping*—H. S. M. KEMP, 501—10th St., E., Prince Albert, Sask.

Alaska—THEODORE S. SOLOMONS, 6520 Romaine St., Hollywood, Calif.

Western U. S., Part 1 *Pacific Coast States*—FRANK WINCH, care of *Adventure.* **3** *New Mexico; Indians, etc.*—H. F. ROBINSON, 459 Towner Ave., Albuquerque, N. M. **4** *Nevada, Montana and Northern Rockies*—FRED W. EGELSTON, Elks' Home, Elko, Nev. **5** *Idaho and environs*—R. T. NEWMAN, 701 N. Main St., Paris, Ill. **6** *Arizona, Utah*—C. C. ANDERSON, Holbrook Tribune-News, Holbrook, Arizona. **7** *Texas, Oklahoma*—J. W. WHITEAKER, 2903 San Gabriel St., Austin, Tex.

Middle Western U. S., Part 2 *Ohio River and Tributaries and Mississippi River*—GEO. A. ZERR, 31 Cannon St., Pittsburgh, 5, Penna. **3** *Lower Mississippi from St. Louis down, Louisiana swamps, St. Francis. Arkansas Bottom*—RAYMOND S. SPEARS, 11331 Burin Ave., Inglewood, Calif.

Eastern U. S., Part 1 *Maine*—"CHIEF" STANWOOD, East Sullivan, Me. **2** *Vt., N. H., Conn., R. I., Mass.*—HOWARD R. VOIGHT, 40 Chapel St., Woodmont, Conn. **3** *Adirondacks, New York*—RAYMOND S. SPEARS, 11331 Burin Ave., Inglewood, Calif. **5** *Ala., Tenn., Miss., N. C.; S. C., Fla., Ga.*—HAPSBURG LIEBE, care of *Adventure.* **6** *The Great Smokies and Appalachian Mountains south of Virginia*—PAUL M. FINK, Jonesboro, Tenn.

(Continued from page 8)

armed with an ax in one hand and a carbine in the other. Now, I sit at a desk in an ex-Japanese office building armed only with pen and pencil, supervising the purchase of supplies for Marine outfits in the Tientsin area. Writing is my chief hobby. Poetry has brought me the most success; I've had a book published and poems printed in various magazines. "Of Heroes" is a composite of true incidents and characters.

STAFF-SERGEANT H. A. LARSEN, Royal Canadian Mounted Police, whose "My Beat Is the North Pole" appears on page 88, was born near Borge, Norway, birthplace of Roald Amundsen. He joined the police force in 1928, going north on the first voyage of the *St. Roch* that year. He was awarded the Polar Medal by Great Britain following his 1940-42 voyage. Before joining the R. C. M. P. he was mate of the famed Arctic trading schooner *Old Maid II.*

His crew on the famous voyage were as follows: Cpl. George W. Peters, chief engineer; Cpl. Pat G. Hunt, Moosomin, Saskatchewan, mate. Constables G. Russell, Bear Lake, Alberta; P. Dickens, Chatham, New Brunswick; J. M. Diplock, Ontario; Special Constables F. W. Cashin, Nova Scotia; Frank Matthews, Newfoundland; Ole Andrasen, Norway; Rudolf Johnsen, Denmark; Stanley McKenzie, Newfoundland.

The elapsed time was eighty-six days and the distance covered 7,300 nautical miles.

All his men were on regular police pay but each man earned an additional 50 cents a day while on the *St. Roch* patrol. Forty-three dollars for each man in this case.

WHAT might be called a "moot question" arose regarding Jim Kjelgaard's new Charley Hoe Handle saga on page 66 this month. When the yarn came in there was no outboard motor in the story. Warden Horse Jenkins paddled himself and tow up Water's Shoot without benefit of gas power and solely by the sweat of his own brow. (Just Horse power, you might say, if you want to risk getting a paddle broken over your head for a bad pun!" Anyhow, we were dubious about the possibility of even so accomplished an outdoorsman as Horse being able to accomplish the feat. Recalling some of the white water we'd navigated—up and down—on Algoma's Mississaugi River a few years ago we decided to play safe and give Horse a little auxiliary. With Charley, 600 lbs. of traps and the buck all riding behind we figured he needed more than just his own muscle and skill. Jim chides us for making Horse such a pansy—says he knows a guy who'd think it duck soup to do what Horse did, who wouldn't even be sweating by the time he got to the head and quiet water. Mebbeso. We're still dubious and want to be shown. We've written to our *Ask Adventure* expert on canoeing, Edgar S. Perkins, for an opinion and will let you know next month whether we or Jim pay for the drinks. Any of you readers want to get in on the argument?

PHILIP JOSÉ FARMER, who joins our Writers' Brigade with that comedy of errors, "O'Brien and Obrenov," on page 38, introduces himself thuswise—

Born in 1918. Graduated from Peoria Central High (I've lived in Peoria, Illinois 20 years) and went a year to the University of Missouri, where I met a bunch of characters. Quit for financial reasons and slaved several years as a groundman or "grunt" for a linecrew. Some more characters came my way.

In 1940 I went to Bradley Polytechnic Institute for a year, met more characters, got a letter in track and a crippled foot in football. Also, because of my Cherokee blood, I was sent by the students to New York to present a chief's head-dress to Fred Waring, who had written a theme song for Bradley. I still remember the terrible stagefright I got on his program. However, remembering I was supposed to be an Indian, I let out a warwhoop which brought down the house and broke the tension.

To clear any misapprehension about my aboriginal corpuscles, I will state I am ¼ English, ¼ German, ¼ Scotch-Irish, ⅛ Dutch, ⅛ Cherokee, and 1/16 brew. The brew comes from working nights while I was a student in one of the liquor-making establishments with which Peoria abounds. I didn't like the work. It's far easier to lift a stein than a barrel.

I went back to Old Mizzou. The war cut short my graduation hopes. Pearl Harbor found me an Army aviation cadet at Kelly Field, San Antonio, Texas. It was there I became acquainted with the exasperating redtape of army life. I flew all right in primary but washed out at Randolph Field. Among a thousand other faults, so said the washout board, I was inconsistent, i.e., all right one day, lousy the next. The lousy days outnumbered the others. As I recall it, life then was a series of fallings-in-and-out, Saturday saturnalias, Sunday hangovers, and one screaming face after another attached to various instructors. Again, I met a lot of characters. And I still retain my enthusiasm for flying. Whenever a plane goes overhead, I always look up. Provided I happen to be facing that way.

Armed with an honorable discharge I went home to await a draft call which never came. To while away the time I worked at a steel mill and laid the foundations of two children. As a boy and a girl constitute all the variety desirable in infants, I have ceased producing and turned my hand to rearing these two characters. All the above, you understand, with the

superb cooperation of my wife, my favorite character, whom I met while we studented at Bradley.

I write in my spare time and hope in the near future to devote all my time and some energy to authoring.

AND Donald Barr Chidsey appends the following footnote to go along with "The Lieutenant Follows His Nose" on page 70. Some difference between the Coast Guard of a century and a half ago and today's Navy-merged service! Mr. Chidsey writes—

It is difficult to figure what the shore residents of Connecticut called members of the U.S. Coast Guard in 1808. Probably "revenuers," which, however, they wouldn't pronounce "revenooers," as in Appalachia. Perhaps mariner or government mariner or federal mariner or more likely still revenue mariner, pronouncing the word mareener.

The fact is, the Coast Guard, which today boasts that it is the oldest Federal armed force which has operated continuously since its establishment, having been founded in 1790 by the first Secretary of the Treasury, Alexander Hamilton, didn't *have* a name in those days. That is, it had no *official* name. It was referred to in official papers variously as the Revenue Service, the Marine Service, the Revenue-Marine Service, and many other things; everybody seemed to know what was meant, anyway. (What the people of Connecticut called it, in Embargo days, is another matter, and of course unprintable; but they were a cantankerous lot anyway.) It wasn't until the 1890's, a century after its organization, that the service began to be almost exclusively referred to as the Revenue Cutter Service, though this designation still was not official.

January 28, 1915, it did at last get a name. It was at that time combined with the Life-Saving Service—it took in the Lighthouse Service only a little while before the outbreak of World War II—and called, at last, the United States Coast Guard. It still is called that, even when temporarily merged with the Navy in war times. It probably always will be.

Incidentally, its vessels, then as now, no matter what their size or rig, were always called cutters. This presumably is because the government anti-smuggling vessels in England at that time, which actually were cutters, were the inspiration for ours. But that rig was never popular in America, until yachtsmen quite recently took it up. The American "cutters" of pre-steam days were schooners or sloops, occasionally perhaps yawls or ketches. There probably wasn't a real cutter in the lot.

IT IS with the deepest regret that we note the death of Arthur D. Howden Smith whose name has been associated with this magazine for many years. Truly one of *Adventure's* old-timers, Mr. Smith's name first appeared on our contents page in the issue for April, 1911. Since that time no less than sixty-six stories from his pen have been published here, among them the Grey Maiden stories, "Porto Bello Gold," "Claymore," "The Dead Go Overside" and the famous Swain series, the last of which, "Swain's Landfaring," concluded in the August '44 issue. A distinguished newspaper correspondent and biographer—his biographies of Colonel House, John Jacob Astor and Commodore Vanderbilt are standard works—it was, however, as a fiction writer that Mr. Smith's greatest success came. We shall miss him as a talented contributor as well as a fine friend.

THE little fact feature we printed by Cy Dingman in our January issue on the surrender of the Fenian forces at Malone, N. Y. in June, 1866 to General George Meade, thus terminating the projected Irish invasion of Canada, has brought several queries for more information on that quasi-serious, quasi-comic-opera "war" with our northern neighbor. The campaign constitutes a little-known chapter in international annals and most inquirers were unfamiliar with the facts or background. Most, indeed, even doubted there had ever been such an "incident." We asked William MacMillan, one of our Canadian *Ask Adventure* experts, to expand on the subject and here's what he writes to clarify it—

The Fenians, or Fenian Brotherhood, was a political association which aimed at the forcible separation of Ireland from British rule. The name comes from the ancient Irish warriors, the Finna, Fianna, or Fionna.

When the American Civil war ended in the spring of 1865, hundreds of thousands of trained warriors were thrown upon their own resources, without occupation or employment. The majority quickly resumed their old business or farming pursuits, but a vast number of turbulent and restless spirits remained idle, and ready and willing to embark in any filibustering expedition that might present itself. Thousands of these trained and seasoned veterans enrolled themselves under the Fenian banners in anticipation of a war against the British nation with the invasion of Canada as the first step.

Fenian "circles" or lodges, were organized in every possible corner of the United States for the purpose of stirring up the enthusiasm of the Irish people and securing money to purchase arms and ammunition. Funds were raised by voluntary subscriptions, by holding picnics, excur-

sions, fairs, bazaars and other methods. But the largest source of revenue was derived by the sale of bonds of the "Irish Republic," and hard-earned dollars were pulled out from every nook and cranny in many Irish homes to invest in these "securities" and thus help along the cause.

At the Convention held in Cincinnati, Ohio, Sept. 1865, Col. Wm. R. Roberts was chosen as President of the new Republic, and Gen. T. W. Sweeny (then O.C. of the 16th U.S. Infantry) as Secretary of War. In March, 1866 Gen. Sweeny gave out his plan of operations.

"Expeditions for the invasion of Canada will rendezvous at Detroit and Rochester, and at Ogdensburg and Plattsburg and at Portland. The forces assembled at the two first-named points are to operate conjointly against Toronto, Hamilton, and the west of Upper Canada. From Ogdensburg and Plattsburg demonstrations will be made against Montreal, and ultimately Quebec; Kingston will be approached by Cape Vincent, while Portland will be the general place of embarkation for expeditions against the capitals of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

"The Canadian and provincial borders once crossed, bases of operations will be established in the enemy's country, so that international quarrels with the Washington Government may be evaded. . .

"The Irish Republic calculates to have, by the first of April, fifteen millions of dollars at its disposal in ready cash. This will give transportation and maintenance for one month to thirty thousand men, a greater number than were ever before mustered to the conquest of the Canadian possessions."

The plan of invasion explains in detail how Toronto, Hamilton and Kingston are to be captured, and the Fenians intrenched securely in Upper Canada in the course of two weeks. Then they were to equip a navy on Lakes Huron, Erie and Ontario, and move down the St. Lawrence to Montreal, while Saint John and Halifax were to be attacked and British transports intercepted, and the St. Lawrence effectually closed.

"With the reduction of Montreal a demand will be made upon the United States for a formal recognition of Canada, whose name is to be changed at once to New Ireland. . . A Fenian fleet from San Francisco will carry Vancouver and the Fraser River country. . . "

Meanwhile the Canadian Government deemed it prudent to place troops at some exposed points along the border, and on Nov. 15, 1865 volunteer corps were called out for frontier service, and were stationed at Prescott, Niagara, Sarnia, Windsor, Sandwich and Brockville. These troops were kept on service for several months, warning the Fenians that Canadians were resolved to guard and protect their homes from desecration by invading foes.

All through that winter the soldiers of the Irish Republican Army were drilled, and preparation for the invasion continued, and the enthusiasm of the men was kept warm by fervid oratory appealing to their patriotism, and the singing of their song—

We are a Fenian Brotherhood, skilled in the arts of war,
And we're going to fight for Ireland, the land that we adore.
Many battles we have won, along with the boys in blue,
And we'll go and capture Canada, for we've nothing else to do.

Early in March, 1866, the Canadian Government was warned by its agents in the States, that a "rising" was planned for St. Patrick's Day. On March 7th, Col. Macdougall, Adjutant-General of the Canadian Militia, issued a general order calling out 10,000 volunteers for active service, and 14,000 men promptly responded to the call.

However, due to an usually late and severe winter, the Fenians reconsidered their plans, and decided to delay their invasion until early summer, and at the end of March the Canadian troops were relieved from duty with the exception of the advanced frontier posts.

Early in April a vessel loaded with arms and ammunition, sailed from New York to Eastport, Maine. A Fenian force gathered there, and in Calais and adjacent towns, with the avowed purpose of capturing the Island of Campo Bello. Three British war vessels steamed quietly into the St. Croix River, ready for instant service, and a couple of American gunboats were also on guard to prevent a crossing. Canadian volunteers were posted along the New Brunswick frontier, and General Meade, with a battalion of U.S. troops arrived at Eastport to see that a breach of the Neutrality Act was not committed.

When the Fenian vessel arrived at Eastport it was promptly seized by the U.S. officials, and the dejected Fenians returned to their homes, bitterly cursing their leaders and the American authorities for this fiasco. The expedition had been under the direction of "General" Dorian Killian, who was one of the leaders of the Stephens-O'Mahony faction of the Fenian Brotherhood. They were the original leaders of the movement in America, but Col. Roberts and his followers disapproved of their policy, and seceded from the Stephens faction before the Cincinnati Convention.

Toward the end of May, Fenian forces under Gen. Sweeny began massing at strategic points, making preparations for simultaneous raids on Canada, at different places. In the morning on June 1st, two powerful tugs and several canal boats, loaded with men and munitions of war, crossed the Niagara River, and landed at the Lower Ferry Dock, a mile below the

(Continued on page 144)

THE TRAIL AHEAD

The flight across the Hump to Cheng-tu had begun well enough, but when a man's spent eighteen months dodging tree-tops and ground-fire he forgets about the upper air. That's what happened to Rick Hale. Suddenly they were above the hills—nice seventeen-thousand footers mantled permanently in ice—and weather is invented in those hills. The plane shot into the thing that looked like a cloud——a fogbank caught in a tremendous shaft of wind and flung from the mountain top the way a Naga tribesman hurls a javelin. That's what it was—a white javelin, for suddenly the plane was mortally wounded and spinning down, out of control, to land on the roof of the world.

"WHITE JAVELIN"

by NICK BODDIE WILLIAMS

—takes you from the corner where Thibet and India and China meet—half across the world and back to the lofty scarpments of the High Pamirs—on as strange an adventure trek as you will ever make. Slav and Mongol, Chinese and Yank, playing a fantastic game of cross and doublecross in the high hinterland of Asia against a desolate backdrop of desert, mountain and perpetual snow. This stirring four-part tale of post-war intrigue and international diplomacy begins next month.

Plus "A Cannon for Mr. Bibbs"—another gripping novelette by Merle Constiner set in the Ohio River country a century ago. . . . "The Village of Darkness" by D. L. Champion, a strange tale of modern Mexico set in that blighted Chiapas area where the deadly *simulium* fly is king and man and beast walk in neverending night. . . . "Indianapolis Bait"—a thrilling story of the dirt-track midget-auto races by Coleman Meyer. . . . "Baldy Sours and the Mighty Atom"—an uproarious yarn by Charles W. Tyler that'll make you glad you're living in this trepidatious era of split nucleа after all . . . A cockfighting yarn, "Breed of the Blue Hen" by Jim Kjelgaard. . . . The stirring conclusion of R. W. Daly's "Cleared for Action." In addition to the usual fine fact stories, features and verse you can find each month only in—

ON SALE MARCH 13th

LOST TRAILS

NOTE: We offer this department to readers who wish to get in touch again with friends or acquaintances separated by years or chance. Give your own name and full address. Please notify *Adventure* immediately should you establish contact with the person you are seeking. Space permitting, each inquiry addressed to *Lost Trails* will be run in three consecutive issues. Requests by and concerning women are declined, as not considered effective in a magazine published for men. *Adventure* also will decline any notice that may not seem a sincere effort to recover an old friendship, or that may not seem suitable to the editors for any other reason. No charge is made for publication of notices.

Information is desired about Alfred W. Southwick, who left his home in Middletown, Rhode Island, in March, 1884. He went to live with a family named Potter on a farm near Baltimore, Maryland. Anyone having knowledge of his whereabouts after this time please write his son, Lt. Alfred W. Southwick, 78 Burnside Avenue, Newport, Rhode Island.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Sidney A. Levinson of Yonkers, New York, thought to have been discharged from the army, please contact his buddy who served with him in Melbourne, Australia, in early 1942. Pvt. George Raybin, 12035917, 26 Military Government, Hq. and Hq. Company, APO 235, San Francisco, California.

Pfc. Robert Wallish, 39735959, 3292nd Sig. Base Maint. Co., APO 75, c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, California, would like to get in touch with Robert Limbach, now sailing with the Merchant Marine, whose home is somewhere in Chicago.

George Bates, last known to have been at an RFD address in Camden, Minnesota. He is a jack of all trades, but worked mostly in steel work. Any information will be appreciated by Robert L. Page, 3308 Alabama Avenue, St. Louis Park, Minneapolis 16, Minnesota.

B. E. Tribble, R. Route 2, Rising Star, Texas, wants to hear from anyone who knows what happened to Sgt. James F. McDonald, 38094492, 3rd Auxiliary Surgical Group, APO 230, last heard from in February, 1943. He is especially interested in hearing from anyone who served with Sgt. McDonald in Africa.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Carl Hatfield, born in western Kentucky, last heard of at Hardinsburg, Kentucky, in 1939, where he was in the taxi business, please communicate with his son, Pvt. James Ralph Hatfield, 35981592, 1-2 RR, AGFRD-2, Fort Ord, California.

Karl Miller, 1522 Mary Street, Marinette, Wisconsin, wishes to hear from anyone knowing the whereabouts of David Edwin (or Edward) Rivers, age 50, last known to be at 919 Bellameade Avenue, Evansville, Indiana.

Roy H. Edman, General Delivery, Riverside, California, would like to locate the following people: H. Goodwin, his son, Reece Goodwin, or his daughters, Rebecca, Lucinda, Minnie and Naomi Goodwin, or Ruth Doyle, last heard of in Wichita Falls, Texas, in 1921.

I would like to hear from anyone knowing the address of W. F. (Billie) Benz, who used to ride rodeo in California some years ago. He was last heard of in Willits, California. C. R. Douglas, 628 Del Mar, Pasadena 5, California.

I would like to get in touch with anyone knowing the whereabouts of Joe Zimmer or any of his family. He formerly lived in Marion, Indiana, where he worked in a glass factory. M. Shulaw, 506 Dubois, Lawrenceville, Illinois.

Would like to hear from or about Leonard Owens last heard from in Indianapolis in 1944; George J. Snyder of Clarksburg, W. Va., last heard from at U.S.N. Receiving Station, Norfolk, Va., 1943; Lt. Robert Hairston 3rd, was in 15th Air Force, home in N. Carolina; Cpl. Pennington (nicknamed Penrod) 11th. Inf., Ft. Benj. Harrison in 1941; Leo Corns, lived in Indianapolis in 1944, now believed to be in Chicago; Sgt. Richard Thompson, 125th, Inf. Reg., Camp Maxey, Texas, 1944; Pvt. Douglas Williams or Wm. Douglas, home around Eldorado, Ill., last heard from in 11th. Inf. Reg., Ft. Benj. Harrison, 1941. Any information will be appreciated by G. E. Ziegler, care of Adventure —Lost Trails.

Charles Edward Fetter, born at Dennison, Ohio, age 36, height 6 ft., weight 170 lbs., blond hair. Last heard of in or around Toronto, Can. Any information will be appreciated by his brother James P. Fetter, Comm. Spec. N. A. S. No. 28, Fleet Post Office, San Francisco, Calif.

Can anyone help me find the whereabouts of my brother-in-law, William Henry Roberts. I last heard from him in 1920, from New York City. He is a veteran of World War I, in which he fought with the Canadian Army. He is about six feet tall, and has gray eyes, and probably gray hair. He was born in Wales, and reared in England. If anyone can help, please address Raymond S. Willard at: 1565 Airline Avenue, Toledo, 9, Ohio.

Corp. J. W. "Red" Egan, 386436 USMCR, Barracks 14-B-4. Receiving Co., Staging Reg., Camp Pendleton, Oceanside, Calif., would like to hear from any of his old buddies from the 349th Platoon, USMCR who trained with him at San Diego in April-May-June 1942.

Francis E. Northrope, Monico, Wisconsin, wishes information about his brother Melvin H. Northrope, last heard of driving a bus out of Hastings, Neb. He served four years in Canadian Army and is twenty-four years old, 5 ft. 6 in. tall, weighs 100-110 lbs., blue eyes, ruddy complexion, dark brown hair. His broth-

er is too young to handle horses and needs help running the farm.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Wilfred E. Schmaultz, born and raised in Chicago, Ill., last heard of residing at 84 Jackson St., San Francisco, Calif., please notify M. H. House, Box M, c/o Atlantic Refining Co., Meeteetse, Wyoming. He probably shipped in the Merchant Marine in Oct. '44.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of John Andrew Lannan born at Summerville, P.E.I., last heard of at City Island, New York about fifteen years ago, was then engaged in ship building business and is believed to have moved to the State of Connecticut. Age about 64 years. Please communicate with his sister, Mrs. Hugh D. McClelland, St. Peter's Bay, Prince Edward Island.

L. Ptmn. J. L. March, V25183, Royal Canadian Navy, 20 St. Anne St., La Providence, P. Q., Canada, wants information about his father, Sydney Wilford March, whom he hasn't seen in 17 yrs. He was born in Portsmouth, England, came to North America in his youth, last heard of in Rochester, N. Y.

E. E. Bloom, W. B. Morgan, A. J. Nelson, M. J. Rowan, C. Van Encan and "Tex"—old buddies of Co. D, 109th Eng., 34th Div., 1918-19 in France—write J. R. Cuddihy, 32 Osborn Ave., Staten Island 8, N. Y.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Leonard Jewel Bolton, reared in McLoud, Calif., by foster parents and a World War I veteran, please notify George Burr, Jr., Rockport, Wash.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Louis Dworak, born July 26, 1919 in Meriden, Conn., left home in Paterson, N. J., in August 1938. Last heard from in Chicago heading West. Had worked in rodeo which went bankrupt in Miami, Fla. Christmas of 1937. Please notify Joseph J. Dworak Cox, Fire Dept. B, Camp Peary, Va.

Anyone knowing anything of the whereabouts of Pvt. Robert William Anderson, 28th Bombardment Squadron, Fort Stotensburg, Manila. Last heard of at Bataan. Please write William J. Sponsler, 18136 Parkmount Ave., Cleveland 11, Ohio.

Fred Hebron of 6216 S. Oakes St., Tacoma 9, Wash., or anyone knowing his whereabouts, please write his father H. M. Hebron, same address. Fred disappeared from Tacoma April 9, 1945. He may have tried to enlist in one of the services. Though only 15 he was big for his age, 5 feet 6, wt. 160. He has a brother Sam in the Marine Corps.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Herbert A. Roig—forty-three years old, five feet ten inches tall, weighs a hundred and fifty pounds, gray eyes, brown hair, last heard of in 1939 in Houston, Texas—please communicate with his friend Frank Landon, 1146 Webster St., San Francisco 15, Calif.

AUTO
BOOKS ON APPROVAL

CAN YOU FIX IT?
These wonder books tell step by step HOW to make difficult repairs and adjustments, how to keep a car at maximum efficiency, including latest improvements in car design and operation. Engine troubles and how to correct them well covered.

6 BIG VOLUMES
2800 pages, 2000 illustrations, wiring diagrams, etc., including Diesel engines. Beautiful modernistic, washable cloth binding.

SEND NO MONEY. Just mail the coupon for a complete set of Six Big Auto Books, 20th Edition. Whether you are a mechanic or helper, expert or apprentice, auto owner or driver, take immediate advantage of this FREE EXAMINATION OFFER.

MAKE GOOD MONEY NOW
HOLD A PERMANENT JOB

America wants its automobiles kept in good repair. Men with "know how" are in demand, at big pay. These books will help you get and hold an important job, or give you a chance to go into business for yourself now or later. Any man who half tries to improve himself can learn auto servicing and repairing by this quick reference method. Use the JIFFY INDEX to find easily understood answer to any auto problem. These wonder books prepared by eleven of America's great automobile engineers. Many hundreds of valuable illustrations. Send the coupon TODAY.

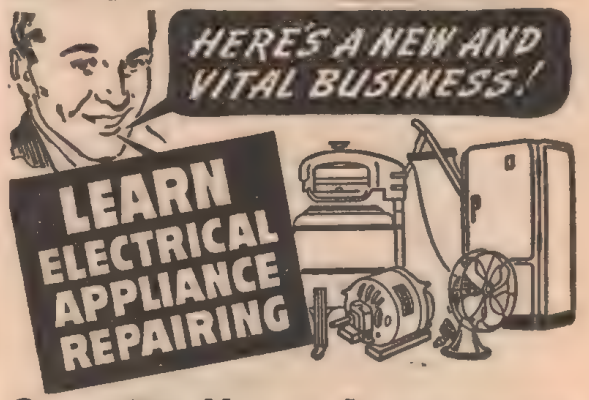
[A year's consulting privileges with our engineers now given with these books without extra charge.]

Vocational Publishers Since 1898

AMERICAN TECHNICAL SOCIETY, Dept. A331
Drexel Ave. at 58th St., Chicago 37, Ill.
I would like to examine your Six-Volume Set of Auto Books. I will pay the delivery charges only, but if I choose I may return them express collect. If after 10 days use I prefer to keep them, I will send you $2 and pay the balance at the rate of only $3 a month until $24.80 has been paid. Please include consulting service as offered above.

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State .....

Please attach letter stating age, occupation, employer's name and address, and name and address of at least one business man as reference. Men in service, also please give home address.



Offers Big Money—Independence

If you are mechanically inclined—can hold and use tools it will pay you to learn electrical appliance repairing. Operate from your garage, basement, etc. Work as many hours as you wish—the appliance repairman is his own boss. On many types of repairs it is usual for a repairman to charge on the basis of $5.00 to $6.00 an hour.

No Previous Experience Needed

Profusely illustrated our new course shows you in simple, easy to understand language plus drawings and photographs, how to make each repair on refrigerators, vacuum cleaners, washing machines, motors, fans, irons, etc., etc. Explains and gives you a working knowledge of electricity, welding, nickel plating, etc. Shows you how to build the power tools you need and how to solicit and keep business coming to you. Not a theory course but an honest to goodness practical course written by and used by repairmen the country over. Price of course is so low that the savings on your own household appliances will pay for it. Act now! Send today for FREE literature. **Christy Supply Co., 2835 N. Central Ave., Dept. D-918, Chicago 34, Illinois.**

BUILD YOUR OWN
FAST FREEZER PLANS $1.00

It's easy to build this household appliance and profitable to use. Save up to 75%. Operates on 110 or 32 volts. Plans show 5 sizes and are easy to follow. ENJOY MAKING ONE OF these freezers from new or used parts. No expert knowledge needed. Mail $1.00 bill or check for complete plans and catalog.
5 sizes 8 to 40 cu. ft.
LEJAY MFG., LeJay Bldg., Minneapolis 8, Minn.

REFRIGERATION AND AIR CONDITIONING SERVICE MECHANICS COURSE

Learn at home—how to start your own repair shop on little capital. No previous experience needed. Common school education sufficient. Splendid opportunity for older men. Prepare now for your future. FREE illustrated booklet.
MECHANICS TRAINING SCHOOL
7217 So. Broadway, Dept. R-3, Los Angeles 3, Calif.

SAMPLE LESSON IN
Free · DRAFTING
FREE SAMPLE LESSON
More good jobs now in Drafting. Learn AT HOME in spare time (or at our Chicago School). Send postcard for FREE SAMPLE LESSON and see how easy to learn at home.
CHICAGO TECHNICAL COLLEGE
C-241 Tech Bldg., 2000 S. Mich. Ave., 16 Chicago, Ill.

Learn to Service and Repair
ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES
Open your own electrical appliance service shop. Complete illustrated course covering house wiring, motor repairs, house appliance repair. Send today for FREE BOOKLET without obligation.
PACIFIC TRAINING SCHOOL
7217 So. Broadway, Dept. R-3, Los Angeles 3, Calif.

25c per copy

Servicing Stops
—are as few and far between as efficient railroad practice will allow. You can clip eleven "servicing stops" from your own crowded schedule by subscribing to *Railroad Magazine*, the original picture-story publication that covers every phase of America's most colorful transportation industry. And you save fifty cents, at our special rate of $2.50 for twelve big issues. Address:
RAILROAD MAGAZINE
205 E. 42nd St., New York City 17

(Continued from page 140)

village of Fort Erie about 3:30 A.M. There were no Canadian troops within 25 miles of Fort Erie, and the village was occupied by the invaders without resistance. 1,340 men with 2,500 stand of arms came over by the first boats, but by evening the strength of the Fenian army in Canada amounted to about 2,000 men. It was estimated that there were over 10,000 Fenians in Buffalo and vicinity, with a plentiful supply of arms and ammunition. Most of them remained there, cautiously awaiting developments.

Gen. O'Neil demanded food and horses from the villagers, and posted guards all along the river front, from the ruins of old Fort Erie to a point below Haggart's Dock, with instructions to shoot any person who attempted to interfere with them. Telegraph wires were cut and part of the track of the Buffalo and Lake Huron Railway was destroyed. An attempt was made to burn a railway bridge also, but after the Fenians left the fire was put out by local residents before much damage was done.

An early morning train on the B.&L.H. Railway had just transferred its passengers to the ferry boat *International* and was starting back westward empty, when a detail of Fenian troops put in an appearance. The plucky engineer, seeing the danger, pulled the throttle wide open and narrowly saved the train from capture.

Mounted scouts galloped for miles in all directions, seizing horses and food supplies, and seeking information as to the whereabouts of the Canadian forces, and at the same time distributing copies of a proclamation—"To the People of British America," signed by T. W. Sweeny, Major-General Commanding the Armies of Ireland; appealing to Irishmen, Frenchmen and Americans to receive the Fenians "as the Irish army of liberation—the foes of British rule in Ireland."

Late on the night of May 31st, the Canadian Government issued the second call to arms. June 3rd more than 20,000 eager men were ready for active service besides the numerous companies of Home Guards.

The Canadians, too, had their marching song—

Tramp, tramp, tramp, our boys are marching,
Cheer up, let the Fenians come!
For beneath the Union Jack we'll drive the rabble back
And we'll fight for our beloved Canadian home.

How the Fenian cause fizzled out over a breakfast whiskey sour in Malone a few days later was amusingly told by Mr. Dingman. We hope the above summary of the situation preceding the surrender will allay the doubts of those who were so suspicious of the whole farcical episode.—K.S.W.

(Continued from page 127)

equipment, although even if she had it probably would have made little difference because of the sudden climax.

Captain Kilty had no thought of abandoning his ship. Even though the pumps were slowly losing the battle, he could still make Manitowoc with a considerable safety factor at the rate the water was gaining.

Then it happened! With no noise, without any preliminary warning, *Eighteen* listed heavily. It was as though a whole section of the hull had given way and allowed Lake Michigan to run in. And with the listing, hell broke loose. Victor Hugo's carronade on the loose aboard a warship was child's play compared to twenty-nine loaded railroad cars on the loose. As the deck inclined to a steep pitch the cars broke from their moorings, surged down the deck toward the bow. This increased the list; the ship went down by the head and like an avalanche the cars smashed right on through the heavily reinforced bow.

Up on the spar deck a few well-trained men tried to launch a boat. They didn't even begin to get it over. The rail of the spar deck was under water before the davits could be swung out.

As the vessel plunged down, water reached the fire-room. There was a terrific explosion. The cold deep green waters of Lake Michigan closed over *Père Marquette Eighteen.*

Had it not been for one thing, there would have been no survivors to tell the tale. The one thing was the purely coincidental arrival on the scene of the *Eighteen's* twin ship, the *Père Marquette Seventeen* en route from Manitowoc to Ludington. Sighting *Père Marquette Eighteen* several miles away, her skipper thought that vessel abnormally low in the water and had altered his course a few points to investigate, just to be on the safe side.

But the *Eighteen* went down before her sister ship could come to her aid. The *Seventeen* did arrive in time, however, to rescue 33 crew members and passengers in the water. The others went down with the ship. And Captain Kilty, brave mariner, true to the traditions of his calling, was on the bridge when she was swallowed by the engulfing waters.

To this day nobody knows what caused the disaster. Many theories have been advanced, but on detailed analysis none is acceptable to marine engineers and designers. Lake Michigan is too deep for divers with present-day diving equipment. Some day when deep-sea diving is further advanced, some diver may drop down to the eight-hundred-foot depths where the *Père Marquette* lies on Michigan's floor and unearth that buried secret. But until then, it must take its place with the schooner *Celeste* and the collier *Cyclops,* one more of America's maritime mysteries.

THE END

START NOW TOWARD A FUTURE IN
REFRIGERATION and AIR CONDITIONING

Refrigeration and Air Conditioning are among the giant Industries of America. Such industries need men who KNOW. Many men servicing and installing equipment are making large incomes.

Spare Time Training

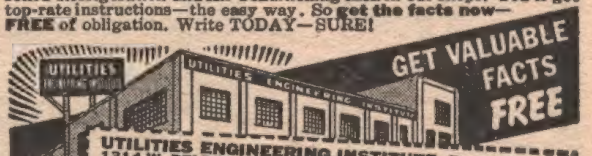
If mechanically inclined, get the training you need to qualify for experience installing & servicing Refrigeration and Air Conditioning in stores, offices, homes.

Then you should have no difficulty getting started in these great industries. As experience, tools and a personal following are acquired; you may find it practical, later, to start your own REFRIGERATION and AIR CONDITIONING SHOP.

Rush Coupon Below Today!

Practical Interesting Training

You'll like our way of training—through capable home-study instruction followed by practice on actual equipment under watchful eyes of seasoned Refrigeration and Air Conditioning men in our shops. You'll get top-rate instructions—the easy way. So **get the facts now—FREE** of obligation. Write TODAY—SURE!



UTILITIES ENGINEERING INSTITUTE, Dept. L-4
1314 W. BELDEN AVE., CHICAGO 14, ILL.

Please send me the Free FACTS about opportunities in Air Conditioning and Mechanical Refrigeration. I marked the one that interests me most.

☐ Air Conditioning ☐ Mechanical Refrigeration

REFRIGERATION TRAINING SINCE 1927

NAME _____ Age _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ Zone _____ STATE _____

INTRODUCING-New Victory Model
HANDIWELD ELECTRIC
ARC WELDER

RETAILS ONLY $1.95

FULLY GUARANTEED

PLUGS into LIGHT SOCKET

VICTORY Model Handiweld Arc Welder operates from 110 volts, A.C. or D.C. current same as other arc welders higher priced; generates tremendous heat to weld all metals. Not a toy welder that uses carbons, but actually uses standard coated rods —sizes 1/16" and 3/32". Generous quantity of 1/16" and 3/32" rods supplied with the welder. Guaranteed not to burn out. Repairs fenders, auto bodies, radiators, machinery parts, etc. Take Victory Model Handiweld anywhere to job, operate right from light socket. You'll find a thousand uses for this welder around your home, garage, workshop. Also in garages, factories, repair shops, tin shops; mechanics, inventors, plumbers, farmers, etc. Order a "VICTORY MODEL" HANDIWELD today!

SEND NO MONEY We'll rush one to you with rods, helmet, operating instructions, and all necessary parts with the exception of a large jar and small piece of extension cord; these most everyone has. Pay postman only $1.95 plus few cents p'st'ge. If not delighted return Victory Model Handiweld in 5 days from receipt and money paid for it will be refunded promptly. Rush your order now.

KUMFY PRODUCTS, Dept. F-229, **Cincinnati 25, Ohio**

GET INTO RADIO ELECTRONICS & TELEVISION NOW!

Hundreds of Industries Need Radio and Television Men Now and for Great Future Demands

The man trained in electronics is wanted not only in Radio and Television, but in Aviation, Transportation, Communications, ... in the designing, engineering and operation of hundreds of industries today and for years to come. Learn how great the field is for YOU...How you may GET INTO BUSINESS FOR YOURSELF. Mail the coupon now.

Send for FREE Lesson and Prove to Yourself How Quick and Easy You Get Ahead in Radio by the NEW

SHOP METHOD HOME TRAINING

OF THIS GREAT, ESTABLISHED RESIDENT SCHOOL

Learn by Doing!

Use Real Radio Equipment Furnished with Your Course

Experience is the best teacher and you learn by experience with the National Shop Method of Home Training. You build a long distance, high fidelity, superheterodyne receiver—build many other circuits and conduct experiments with the big kits of standard radio parts *included with your training at no extra cost.*

Here is the kind of training that gives you a first-hand knowledge advanced and approved means and methods. Not only do you understand the basic principles of the industry but you become expert with practical experience.

Send the coupon for detailed information on all the different departments of this course of training.

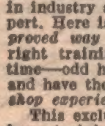
CHOOSE YOUR FUTURE

1. Radio is a $6-billion business. Radar, just starting, already does $2-billion a year.
2. Thousands of men needed for stations and communication companies—for operation and maintenance.
3. Half million jobs in Television right at start is the opinion of industrial leaders.
4. Limitless future in Electronics—in the home and industry.

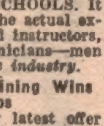
Get ready for Television and FM. Get your share of the Radio Service Business. Take your place in industry as an Electronics expert. Here is a *sensationally improved way* for you to get the right training. Study in spare time—odd hours, even minutes—and have the *advantage of actual shop experience* behind you.

This exclusive shop method of home training comes to you right from one of the *world's greatest vocational educational centers*—the resident training shops and experimental laboratories of the great NATIONAL SCHOOLS. It is sound, based on the actual experience of qualified instructors, engineers and technicians—men who are *right in the industry.*

Shop Method Training Wins Good Jobs



"My latest offer was $5,800.00 as Radio Photo Engineer...but I'm doing well where I am now engaged. I am deeply indebted to National."—Joseph Grumich, Lake Hiawatha, New Jersey.



"Due to my training at National I was selected to instruct in the laboratory work of Navy and Marines."—R. R. Wright, Blackfoot, Idaho.

"I believe National offers the best course to be had.... Keep up the good work."—O.K. Ivey, Washington, D. C.

Read what hundreds of other enthusiastic students have written about National Training. Send in your coupon today.

National Schools has been training men for *higher pay and greater opportunity* for more than a third of a century. Fill out and mail the coupon below for details.

Grasp This Opportunity

Experts agree that Radio, Electronics and Television is right at the start of the greatest boom in history. Right now is the time to prepare yourself for BIG SUCCESS and LIFETIME SECURITY. Take part in the great expansion. *The field is wide open.*

You need no previous experience—no electrical or mechanical knowledge. National Shop Method Home Training *is complete in itself—up-to-date.*

Make use of your free time NOW to build yourself a great future. See how *quickly you progress*—how easy it is to get a firm, practical understanding of Electronics in all branches.

See for Yourself

Take the first step now. *Fill out, and mail the coupon below.* Be among the first to get into the *big money*—to win a position of importance—to have a BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN.

Examine the National Shop Method of Home Training carefully. *Make up your own mind. Fill out and mail the coupon today.*

Learn for yourself just how easy this SHOP METHOD HOME TRAINING gives you the practical, down-to-earth experience you can never get from theory alone.

NATIONAL SCHOOLS

LOS ANGELES 37, CALIFORNIA EST. 1905

MAIL OPPORTUNITY COUPON FOR QUICK ACTION

NATIONAL SCHOOLS, Dept. PP-3
4000 South Figueroa Street
Los Angeles 37, California

(Mail this in an envelope or paste on a postcard.)

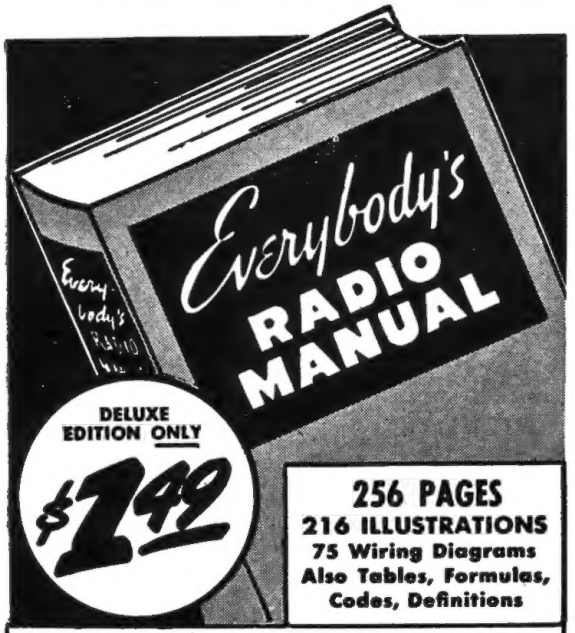
Send me FREE the two books mentioned in your ad including a sample lesson of your course. I understand no salesman will call on me.

NAME ..... *AGE*.....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... *STATE*.....

HOW TO BUILD AND REPAIR RADIO RECEIVERS



PARTIAL CONTENTS OF THE 10 BIG CHAPTERS

THE RADIO WORKSHOP. The art of soldering. Chassis making. How to cut and bend metals.

READING RADIO BLUEPRINTS. Radio symbols explained. Checking your circuit. How to read diagrams.

MEASUREMENTS, FORMULAS AND DEFINITIONS. How to build multi-purpose test meter. How to measure condenser capacities. How frequencies are measured.

SIMPLE RADIO TESTS. Testing condensers for open circuits. Testing transformers, coils, dynamic speakers.

RADIO KINKS AND SHORT CUTS. Soldering and wiring kinks, transformer kinks, antenna kinks, etc.

ELIMINATING INTERFERENCE. How to locate and eliminate noises of all kinds.

IMPROVING OLD BROADCAST RECEIVERS. Rewiring a battery set for AC current. How to add a phonograph attachment to a broadcast receiver.

RADIO SERVICING AND TROUBLE SHOOTING. Step-by-step servicing. How to build a simple tube checker. Locating mysterious ailments. Etc., etc.

THE SHORT WAVES. How to adapt old-fashioned receivers for short wave reception. How to tune short wave stations correctly.

BUILDING ALL WAVE AND SHORT WAVE RECEIVERS. How to build a simple AC-DC Short Wave Receiver. Three-Way Portable. Wireless Record Player. Home Recorder. An Inexpensive FM Receiver. High Fidelity Amplifier. Lightbeam Transmitter.

OTHER POPULAR SCIENCE BOOKS NOW AVAILABLE

Include, with your order, one or more of the practical books described below. Money back if not satisfactory. Check coupon.

FIX IT YOURSELF

Clear, simple directions and practical diagrams show how to fix electric appliances, windows, doors, fixtures, chimneys, furniture, plumbing, boilers, weatherproofing. 163 illustrations. 256 pages. Price, DeLuxe edition, $1.49.

TINKERING WITH TOOLS

A great book for the hobbyist and handyman. How to do carpentry, painting, masonry, shingling, woodworking, etc. 256 pages, 215 illustrations. Price DeLuxe edition, $1.49.

BOOK OF FORMULAS

250 pages of formulas, recipes, methods and secret processes for making glues, cleaners, paints, cosmetics, dyes, soaps, photo chemicals, toothpaste, etc. Price $1.00.

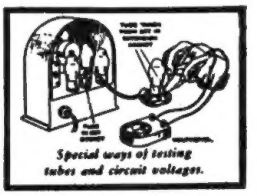
NEW HOME WORKSHOP ENCYCLOPEDIA

Complete directions and illustrations show how to keep home equipment in top-notch condition; how to make useful furniture, home appliances, toys, games, gifts, gadgets for the home. Over 800 separate articles, 1500 drawings, 580 pages. Price $2.98.

POPULAR SCIENCE PUB. CO., Dept. 3PG, 353 Fourth Ave., N. Y. 10

THIS plain, simple how-to-do-it radio manual tells you how to build and repair home radios, FM receivers, portables, radio-phonographs, shortwave sets, wireless record players, home recorders, etc. Even if you don't know a condenser from a tube, the instructions, diagrams and illustrations in this book will enable you to "trouble-shoot" and repair like an expert. Contains 256 pages, 10 big chapters, 216 illustrations, 75 wiring diagrams. Also, tables, codes, formulas, definitions.

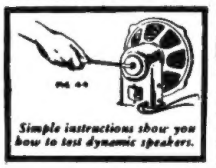
READ IT SEVEN DAYS FREE!


Special ways of testing tubes and circuit voltages.

Prove to yourself that you can learn to check radio troubles of all kinds and repair them. Read the chapter on elimination of interference. Read how to set up a radio workshop; how to use tools; how to make your own equipment; how to build your own receivers; how to modernize old-fashioned sets. Mail coupon for "Everybody's Radio Manual" and see how easily you can learn to build, repair and modernize almost any type of radio receiver.

The chapter on modernizing old-fashioned sets is alone worth 10 times the price of the entire book. See how easily you can learn to solder, paint, cut, drill, and refinish materials; how to read radio wiring diagrams; how to understand symbols; check circuits; make your own testing materials; measure capacities; identify high voltages; calculate resistances; locate open circuits and troubles in condensers, speakers, transformers, and coils. Every job easy to follow.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR BUILDING 11 COMPLETE SETS


Simple instructions show you how to test dynamic speakers.

By following the simple instructions and wiring diagrams given in this book, you can build your own battery-operated, 1-tube shortwave receiver; AC-DC shortwave receiver; 3-way portable that operates on batteries or house current; an 8-tube FM receiver; a 3-tube table set; a 4-tube week-ender's radio with built-in over-night luggage carrier. Here is, in fact, everything you want to know about radio, so clearly presented, even beginners understand.

SEND NO MONEY! JUST MAIL THE COUPON

When this 256 page book arrives, pay postman only $1.49, plus delivery charges. If you are not delighted, after 7 days, return the book and your money will be refunded at once. If remittance is sent with coupon we will pay delivery charges. Same money-back guarantee applies. Mail coupon NOW.

POPULAR SCIENCE PUBLISHING CO., DEPT. 3PG
353 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

Please send me the book (or books) checked below. When they arrive I will pay postman price plus postage. It is understood that I have the privilege of returning the book (or books) for refund within 7 days after receiving them.

- ☐ EVERYBODY'S RADIO MANUAL. DeLuxe Edition, Price $1.49
- ☐ Fix It Yourself, Price, DeLuxe Edition, $1.49
- ☐ Book of Formulas, Price $1.00
- ☐ The New Home Workshop Encyclopedia, Price $2.98
- ☐ Tinkering With Tools, DeLuxe Edition, Price $1.49

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Zone .... State .....

We pay postage if you send remittance with order. Money refunded if not delighted with books. State here amount enclosed. $.....

"They ain't cut the quality!"—says HI to HATT

So many guys want Kessler's there ain't a drop to waste
HI
But ev'ry drop is pre-war in rich and silky taste!
HATT
KESSLER'S
Private Blend
BLENDED WHISKEY
SMOOTH AS SILK but not "High Hat"

KESSLER'S BLENDED WHISKEY

True Pre-War Quality

KESSLER'S PRIVATE BLEND. 75% Grain Neutral Spirits. 85 Proof. Julius Kessler Distilling Co., Incorporated, Lawrenceburg, Ind.